

Chapter 129 Some Men Made Advances To Her

No matter which woman heard Tyrone's sincere words, they couldn't help but be moved.

Rena's thoughts were in disarray, a chaotic mess.

She was unsure of the exact moment she had ended the call.

All she could recall was Tyrone's final words—"Investing time and effort in pursuing women is never a waste... Rena, I've been waiting for you for a considerable time, and I wouldn't mind waiting a little longer."

Rena brought the car to a halt.

Her hand caressed the steering wheel with tenderness...

She truly didn't know how to decline Tyrone. He possessed such charm that wasting his time on a woman like her seemed unnecessary.

Having spent four years with Harold, she now found herself entangled with Waylen.

Rena, in her own right, would not become Tyrone's Miss Right.

With a sigh, Rena stepped out of the car.

Naturally, Rena had no desire to encounter Harold. She handed the check to the receptionist and politely requested, "Could you please deliver this to Mr. Moore?"

The receptionist had been employed at the Moore Group for six years.

She recognized Rena

as Mr. Moore's former girlfriend, Miss Gordon.

While others believed that Mr. Moore had abandoned Miss Gordon, there were whispers within the Moore Group suggesting that he had broken off an engagement and sought to rekindle his relationship with Miss Gordon, only to be rejected.

Mr. Moore was furious due to her rejection.

The receptionist assured Rena, "Do not worry, Miss Gordon. I will personally deliver it to Mr. Moore."

As she spoke, she glanced behind Rena.

"Mr. Moore!"

Rena turned slowly on her heels.

Harold had been standing behind her all this time, silently observing.

With a calm demeanor, Rena said, "I want to express my gratitude for your kindness, Mr. Moore. I truly appreciate it."

There was no need for them to delve into each other's lives.

Having said that, Rena was prepared to depart.

But before she could take a step, Harold reached out and grasped her hand.

"Rena!" he exclaimed urgently, as if fearful that she would vanish before his eyes.

Rena forcefully released her hand from his grip and uttered, "Harold, control yourself!"

A bitter smile formed on Harold's lips.

He let go of Rena's hand and whispered, "Please have a seat in the reception area. I'll ask my secretary to prepare a cup of coffee for you. Rena... There are many people around. I assume you wouldn't want to create a scene, would you?"

Rena glanced around.

Indeed, numerous employees were surreptitiously observing their encounter.

If she didn't lend an ear to Harold, he might resort to drastic measures...

Five minutes later, Rena found herself seated with Harold in the tea room of the reception area.

Harold personally brewed a cup of Mandheling coffee for Rena. Then, in a gentle tone, he inquired, "How many sugar cubes would you like?"

"Just one."

Placing the sugar cube delicately into the cup, Harold handed the coffee to Rena, taking a seat opposite her.

Rena locked her gaze onto his face.

Harold had noticeably shed a significant amount of weight recently, a visible testament to his struggles.

In the past, Rena would have been deeply concerned, but now, she felt nothing.

Only a year had passed, and they had both changed so much.

Rena sighed, emotions welling within her.

With tenderness, Harold said, "Why don't you give the coffee a try? If it doesn't taste good, I'll make another cup for you."

Speaking coldly, Rena replied, "Harold, if you have something to say to me, say it directly. I didn't come here for a casual chat."

"I understand."

He spoke with a tinge of melancholy in his voice.

Raising his head, his gaze met Rena's as he pleaded, "That five million dollars is merely a small token for you. Rena, please don't reject me. I simply want to make amends... I only wish to treat you well. Won't you even grant me that chance?"

The previous night hadn't been quite pleasant for Rena.

She still felt a lingering headache.

Yet, within the span of an hour today, two men had professed

their love for her and showered her with affection. One of them was even her ex-boyfriend, the same man who had betrayed her trust.

Rena had no desire to engage in conversation with him any longer.

She knew that Harold had not relinquished his pursuit of her simply because he never really had her and it bruised his ego as a man.

She rose from her seat and said with politeness, "I appreciate your hospitality, Mr. Moore. I have some pressing matters to attend to, so I must take my leave."

Harold halted her departure.

Gazing deeply into her eyes, he questioned, "Rena, after what happened last night, do you still want to be with him?"

Rena's countenance froze.

In the presence of Harold, she felt a certain degree of embarrassment, yet she mustered a delicate smile and replied, "Mr. Moore, it has nothing to do with you!"

Harold recognized this as a rare opportunity.

Lowering his voice, he pleaded, "I know you have a desire to acquire the music studio you used to work in. Rena, allow me to assist you."

Anxious that she might misconstrue his intentions, he hastily clarified, "I don't mean anything else by it. It's simply a small



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gesture of kindness, for old time's sake."

Rena was not so naive.

She offered a faint smile and gracefully said, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Moore."

Then she took her leave.

Harold watched her departing figure with a lingering gaze.

Harold found himself lost in a daze for a moment. He had noticed Rena's reddened eyes earlier. Could it be that she had been crying because of Waylen?

An intense discomfort settled within Harold and after a prolonged pause, he retrieved his phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Scott, I have a favor to ask of you. Please get in touch with Starlight Music Studio. Speak with the person in charge. I'll cover the expenses. Once it's done, you can choose any project from my portfolio..."

Harold ended the call, his eyes reflecting profound contemplation.

He yearned to see Rena. She had undergone a remarkable transformation. She exuded a newfound femininity. Even if they were to spend their time merely conversing, he still felt... content.

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Having departed from the premises of the Moore Group, Rena sought out an agency and secured a small apartment through a rental agreement.

After signing the contract, she glanced at the time. It was nearing 11 o'clock, a time when Waylen would typically be absent from their apartment on weekdays.

Rena planned to return and retrieve her belongings.

To her surprise, however, Waylen happened to be at home on this particular weekday morning.

Rena opened the door and stepped inside.

Casually dressed, Waylen sat on the sofa, engrossed in reading a magazine. It was evident that he hadn't gone to the law office that day.

His eyes conveyed anger as he noticed Rena's presence.

However, he remained silent, seemingly awaiting her surrender.

An uncomfortable feeling settled within Rena.

She cleared her throat and declared, "I'm here to retrieve some belongings."

Waylen disregarded her, his attention still fixed on his magazine. His apathetic demeanor only served to intensify Rena's unease.

Hastily, she made her way to the master bedroom.

As she began to pack her belongings, she realized that she didn't possess many items. Most of her clothing, skincare products, and the like had been purchased by Waylen...

Rena had no desire to take those possessions with her.

She put her own things into a small suitcase, its weight barely noticeable.

As she prepared to depart, Waylen leaned against the doorway.

His gaze fixed upon her as he inquired, "Miss Gordon, have you forgotten anything?"

Rena placed the key gently upon the bedside table.

Furthermore, although she hadn't utilized the bank card he had given her in quite some time, it remained within her wallet. She retrieved it and handed it back to him...

Softly, she uttered, "The valuable jewelry and clothing are all here. You can have Jazlyn verify their presence!"

A dark cloud seemed to pass over Waylen's face.

He snorted disdainfully. "What about the stray dog you used to feed?"

Recalling the white dog, Rena couldn't bear to abandon it entirely. Perhaps she would return secretly to provide it with sustenance in the future.

However, she replied, "What about it? No matter how long I've

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fed it, it has never shown any closeness to me. So why bother?"

Waylen was left speechless.

Satisfied that she had addressed all necessary matters, Rena moved to leave with her suitcase.

But Waylen intercepted her by the door, lowering his head until his prominent nose was near hers, their breaths intertwining...

Rena averted her gaze.

Nervously, she turned her head and said, "Mr. Fowler, if you require my assistance, I am at your disposal."

Waylen stared intently at her.

There was an unfamiliar expression in his eyes, one that she had never witnessed before: an amalgamation of anger and something else.

After an extended silence, he abruptly released her and sneered. "Miss Gordon, your professionalism is truly commendable!"