

## Chapter 159 Rena, I Want No One But You

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Zack harbored a deep disdain for Waylen, holding him in contempt.

Well, well, look at how this 28-year-old man had become astute and refined, surrounded by a clique of elderly gentlemen all day long. Waylen's words were cunningly crafted and exasperatingly vexing. However, Zack found himself obligated to heed his father's words.

With an effortless gesture, Zack calmly addressed Waylen, saying, "Please, Mr. Fowler."

A shadow of anger crossed Brandon's face.

Waylen generously remarked, "Zack is still young; he requires more practice. For instance, if he isn't handed excessive wealth, he will truly comprehend the hardships of life and, in turn, learn the value of hard work."

Waylen struck the right chord, echoing precisely what Brandon had been contemplating.

In that very moment, Brandon resolved firmly, uttering, "Zack, Waylen is correct. It's time for

you to endure some hardship."

Zack found himself speechless, unable to respond. He stared at Waylen intensely, his captivating eyes fixed upon him, while his pearly white teeth clenched together tightly.

"Thank you, Waylen!" Zack exclaimed, forcing a smile.

Waylen responded with a smile, saying, "You're most welcome!"

Huh!

Waylen perceived Zack as an innocent and naive individual.

During the ride back to the hotel in the car, Zack and Waylen maintained an uncomfortable silence between them, their lack of camaraderie apparent. Only when they finally arrived and stepped out of the car did Zack hold the door, expressing affectionately, "Waylen, have a wonderful time!"

Waylen was stupid.

And Zack's words obviously provided a clue.

There was definitely a trap waiting for Waylen.

Zack aimed to tarnish his reputation.

Donning a sophisticated suit, Waylen stood beneath the glow of a streetlamp, calmly lighting a cigarette.

He took a leisurely drag on his cigarette and

grinned. "I certainly will!"

Zack reciprocated the smile.

Immediately after getting into the car, Zack swiftly sent a message. "Take good care of Mr. Fowler."

Waylen lingered by the hotel gate, savoring the final moments of his cigarette.

Then he dialed 911 and reported an unauthorized intrusion into his room.

The police swiftly arrived at the scene.

Upon laying eyes on the strikingly handsome and dignified man, the police officers immediately adopted a more courteous tone. "Mr. Fowler," they addressed him.

Waylen extinguished his cigarette, flashing a smile as he gestured.

A group of policemen followed Waylen into the hotel.

The receptionist was filled with fear and had an immediate impulse to dial the main office.

Waylen advanced, reaching out to unplug the phone's wire, effectively cutting off her attempt.

His profound gaze fixated upon her, causing her legs to quiver with weakness.

They then ascended the stairs together.

Accompanying the police was a recording device.

Their astonishment was palpable when the door swung

open.

Lying on Waylen's hotel bed was a B-list actress, scantily clad. Hearing the door open and mistaking the arrival of the police for Waylen's return, she grew increasingly flirtatious...

Little did she expect the unanticipated visit from the authorities.

"Ah!" screamed the woman.

Waylen turned to the police, stating firmly, "I intend to press charges against her for unlawfully entering my room, engaging in harassment and tarnishing my reputation. Furthermore, I suspect she may be a corporate spy. Additionally, I shall file a lawsuit against this hotel."

Upon hearing Waylen's words, the hotel's owner hastily approached.

The boss offered profuse apologies.

Meanwhile, the actress hastily dressed herself, tears streaming down her face as she sought forgiveness.

In the end, Waylen was awarded two million dollars as compensation for the mental distress he had endured.

He promptly upgraded his room to a presidential suite, deeming the bed previously occupied by the woman as tainted.

Having been born into wealth, Waylen was no stranger to the ways of the world.

He would never engage in a scramble for the affections of female celebrities.

Who could say whether she had kissed any older men prior to her arrival?

Waylen held a fondness for Rena, a woman of innocence and purity. Being in her presence brought him immense joy and he took pleasure in teasing her, watching her cheeks flush.

The thought of her filled his mind and he longed for her deeply...

After taking a refreshing shower, Waylen reclined on the bed and dialed Rena's number.

In the midst of the night, the phone rang several times before Rena groggily answered, clearly having drifted off to sleep.

"Are you at the hospital or in your apartment?"

After a brief pause, Rena replied, "I'm in my apartment."

Waylen simply inquired about Darren's well-being. When he learned that Darren was doing fine, he didn't elaborate further.

Having been apart for two weeks, Waylen yearned to utter sweet nothings to Rena.

In a gentle murmur, Waylen complained, "If you were

here with me in Heron, I wouldn't need to change rooms in the middle of the night."

Waylen treated Rena with great kindness.

Summoning her courage, Rena asked him what he meant by that.

When Waylen informed Rena that he had rejected the advances of another woman, Rena found herself momentarily at a loss for words.

Yet, as a woman, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of excitement.

Waylen possessed a deep understanding of how to captivate a woman's heart.

In a husky voice, he declared, "Do you still doubt that I only want you, Rena? I don't lack of women who throw themselves at me, but they're not you."

Rena found herself slightly perplexed by his words.

At times, she found his words to be accurate, while at other times, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

Waylen seized the opportunity to flirt with her, skillfully playing with her emotions.

"Rena, please, talk to me. I yearn to hear the sound of your voice. Say something, anything... And I will..."

His subsequent words became indistinct. Rena didn't need to ponder for long to discern what he was

doing right now. Her cheeks blushed in response.

He was truly shameless.

In a soft reproachful tone, she scolded him, "Waylen, you rascal!"

A soft chuckle emanated from the other end of the line...

Waylen's gentle smile resonated like a spring breeze within Rena's heart. He eagerly expressed, "I long to kiss you, Rena. I'll be flying back tomorrow afternoon. Come to my place tomorrow night, won't you?"

He knew the timing wasn't ideal.

He was well aware that discussing such matters now might lead to misunderstandings. Yet, he had no time to be concerned about that.

His longing for her was overwhelming...

He couldn't wait any longer.

Upon hearing the commotion on the other end of the line, Rena dared not listen any further and abruptly hung up.

Waylen refrained from calling her again.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she turned over in bed. As she drifted off to sleep, her phone emitted a soft chime.

Rena reached for her phone.

It was a voicemail from Waylen.

Unsuspecting, she tapped to listen. Suddenly, her bedroom was filled with the hoarse and seductive timbre of a man's moans...

Rena hastily discarded her phone.

She had always known that Waylen possessed prowess in the bedroom, but she hadn't expected him to be so audacious. At the same time, her curiosity piqued as to how he managed to reject the advances of those women, given his insatiable desire.

Regardless, she had spent the entire night sleepless.

At dawn, she got up and checked her phone.

He sent her the details of his upcoming flight, indicating his desire for her to pick him up from the airport.

Rena didn't feel inclined to comply.

She feigned ignorance, pretending not to have received any messages from him. In fact, she even deleted all his previous messages. Perhaps she would simply go to his apartment later that night.

When she made her way to the music studio, Paisley noticed the dark circles under her eyes and playfully teased her.

"Rena, do you have a boyfriend? Do you spend the night together last night?"

Rena felt too embarrassed to divulge the truth.

Instead, she responded vaguely to Paisley's inquiry.

However, Paisley's gaze carefully swept over Rena's face. Eventually, Paisley remarked, "I see. It must be your old flame."

Rena fell into silence.

Paisley swiftly changed the topic, enlightening Rena about the operations of the music studio.

Perhaps it was merely Rena's imagination but she couldn't shake the feeling that Paisley was concealing something from her. When they initially became partners, it was mutually agreed that Paisley would handle matters outside the studio, while Rena would take charge of affairs within.

Yet now, Paisley was gradually delegating tasks to Rena, teaching her the ropes and entrusting her with greater responsibilities.

It was as if Paisley intended to hand over the entire business to Rena.

Rena was not oblivious to the shift in dynamics. After pondering for a moment, she hesitated and asked, "Paisley, are you keeping something from me?"

Paisley responded candidly.

A warm smile graced her lips. "Of course not. I simply want you to gain more experience and be prepared for any situation that may arise in the future. Besides, even though I'm over thirty years



old, one can never predict when a crush might come along. If I were to marry and have children, who would manage the affairs here? I can only rely on you."

Paisley's reasoning held merit.

Standing up, Paisley gently caressed Rena's back.

"Rena... Only your own career is truly within your control. Don't ever let it slip away."