

## Chapter 181 Because Of Your Disloyalty, I Will...

The experts had exhausted all their options and Rena still didn't wake up.

That was until a beautiful spring night.

The air filled with a sense of renewal and hope that very night, and Rena finally woke up.

Waylen had just concluded his discussion with the experts and returned to the ward when he suddenly heard Rena's voice, slightly weakened but undeniably hers.

His heart skipped a beat.

A yearning like never before had been coursing through him.

He hastened his steps and gently pushed open the door.

Rena sat against the head of the bed, engaged in conversation with Eloise. She appeared thinner, her long brown hair cascading over her delicate shoulders. A profound sense of pity washed over Waylen as he took in her appearance. However, Rena's smile faded upon seeing Waylen, and the atmosphere became tense.

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Eloise, sensing the tension, stood up uneasily and suggested, "You two should talk."

Rena grabbed Eloise's sleeve and whispered, "Mom, I want some soup."

Eloise responded lovingly, "I'll go get it for you. Just wait here."

Eloise left the room, leaving Waylen and Rena alone.

Waylen approached Rena slowly, standing by her side. He was so close to her, yet he dared not touch her.

The proximity only intensified his inner turmoil.

With calmness and politeness, Rena spoke up. "I heard that you helped me find doctors. Thank you, Mr. Fowler."

"It was my pleasure," he replied, his voice hoarse as he stared at her greedily.

Rena looked back at him, and then she said slowly, "However, there's no need for any of this between us. You don't have to take Vera's words to heart. It's all in the past. From the moment we broke up, my problems ceased to concern you."

Waylen was a skilled and articulate lawyer in the courtroom. However, he found himself at a loss for words right now.

He had believed their breakup had been amicable, not realizing the extent of Rena's pain.

Leaving the ward, Waylen didn't leave the hospital premises.

He sat in his golden Bentley Continental GT, smoking silently.

The attraction between Rena and him had blossomed during their adult years, not in their youth. He had always managed their relationship with ease. While he had cared for Rena, he had never thought he loved her deeply. When they had broken up, he had even given her a check directly. Yet, when Rena had walked out of his life with that check, Waylen realized the unbearable truth. He couldn't bear the thought of Rena belonging to someone else someday.

He couldn't bear the idea of her falling in love with someone as she had fallen in love with him.

Leaning back in his seat, Waylen raised his head slightly, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. He had always

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claimed that Rena couldn't afford to play, but now he was  
the one unable to bear it.

Waylen remained in the car throughout the night.

At dawn, he extinguished his cigarette and strode out of  
the car.

He ascended the stairs and arrived at Rena's ward.

Rena was awake, sitting on the bed and taking her  
temperature. She wore a loose hospital gown, and a  
thermometer was nestled in her mouth. She appeared  
pitiful, like a wounded creature.

When she saw Waylen approaching, a cold gleam flickered  
in her eyes.

Waylen reached her side, removing the thermometer and  
reading a temperature of 36 degrees Celsius.

Rena looked up at him, awaiting an explanation.

Waylen spoke in a hoarse voice. "Come with me."

Without waiting for any resistance, he lifted her up,  
carrying her out of the ward.

Rena was taken aback, pounding his shoulder and asking,  
"Waylen, what are you doing?"

He allowed her to hit him, the pain insignificant to him.

The nurse arrived to retrieve the thermometer and was  
shocked upon witnessing the scene. "Mr. Fowler, where are  
you taking the patient?"



Waylen paid no attention to the nurse, continuing to carry Rena swiftly down to the car parked downstairs.

He secured her seatbelt and locked the car door.

No matter how composed Rena tried to remain, she couldn't suppress her emotions any longer.

"Waylen, are you out of your mind?" she exclaimed.

Waylen slowly fastened his seatbelt, his gaze fixed ahead, though his voice was surprisingly gentle. "I'll bring you back later."

Rena ceased her struggle, realizing the futility of resistance. She said softly, "Waylen, it's pointless. This won't change anything. I would rather you be as unrestrained as you were when you gave me the check than entangled as you are now."

When Rena had taken the check back then, her intention had been to sever ties cleanly.

Their breakup had been peaceful.

Wasn't that what he had wanted?

Rena didn't wish to say more. She turned her head, gazing out of the car window.

After a while, Waylen started the engine. Rena recognized the route—they were heading to his apartment. True enough, half an hour later, Waylen parked the car beneath his apartment building.

He forcefully carried Rena to his apartment.

As the door swung open, Rena stood there, stunned, her emotions surging despite her efforts to suppress them.

Morning dew, the Baroque curtains, the blue vases, couple slippers...

Everything was exactly as it had been when she used to live here. Waylen had even restored the black-themed decorations of Valentine's Day.

They were all reminders of her love for him.

Rena's heart ached.

What was the purpose of this? Did he think these actions would move her?

Waylen embraced her from behind, planting tender kisses on her nape. Overwhelmed with emotions, he uttered in a hoarse voice, "Rena, let's start anew. Let's live our lives just as we did before. This time, I will be good to you. I won't let you down again. I'll find the best doctor to cure your foot and ensure you have no regrets."

Rena believed she had shed all her tears that night.

But seeing all this, she felt the urge to cry once more. However, it wasn't due to being moved; it was the profound sadness that washed over her. Everything in this apartment reminded her of how deeply she had loved him, how she had yearned for him every night, and how she had envisioned a future with him.

But each time, he had chosen to be by Elvira's side.

Regret...

The word couldn't capture the magnitude of her loss that night.

She had lost her father, her dreams, and her trust in Waylen.

She was utterly disappointed in him that fateful night.

Waylen gazed at her tenderly, kneeling on one knee before her, holding a diamond ring in his hand—more brilliant and flawless than the previous one.

Rena's body stiffened.

At this moment, she lost all her strength.

Waylen kissed her fingers, his voice choked with emotion.

"Rena, it took me a week to persuade the antique merchant in Ypsila to sell the piano to me. If your foot never recovers, we can play the piano at home. I'll play for you! Rena, I beg you to let me take care of you for the rest of my life.

We'll celebrate Valentine's Day together every year.


We'll spend our birthdays together.

And if you want children, we can have more."

He longed to be with her, to settle down.

He had never desired marriage so fervently.

Waylen clasped her finger, gently trying to slide the

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diamond ring onto her ring finger.

It should fit her perfectly, but Rena withdrew her hand.

She didn't want him to place the ring on her finger.

Waylen slowly straightened up, his gaze fixed on Rena.

Rena said calmly, "I'm very moved. Really. You have done so much for me, but Waylen... Because of your disloyalty, I will never trust you again. Besides, you have been unfaithful to me many times before. Waylen, it's impossible for us to be together. I don't care whether you love me or not now, because... I don't want to, and I will not love you anymore."

Waylen stood up slowly.

He looked down at Rena...

In the morning light, she appeared adorable, yet her expression was resolute. "Send me back to the hospital, please. I don't want to cause any commotion."

Waylen reached out, tenderly caressing her delicate face.

Suddenly, he seized her head and forcefully kissed her lips, thrusting his tongue deep into her mouth.

He desired to relive their past intimacy.

He wanted to rekindle the memories of their physical connection.

He refused to believe that Rena could forget all that.

A resounding slap landed on his handsome face.



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Rena's eyes were red, and she panted heavily. "Waylen, don't make me lose respect for you. We can't be together. It didn't work out in the past, it isn't possible now, and it will never be possible in the future. Do you understand?"