

## Chapter 204 My Pursuit Continues

Waylen gripped his phone tightly, affirming his commitment, "I'll be there right away."

Placing the phone down, he shifted his gaze towards Rena.

Rena overheard the conversation. In a gentle tone, she advised, "Go ahead. Make haste but drive safely."

A nervous lump formed in Waylen's throat, causing his Adam's apple to bob.

In truth, he deeply desired Rena's company, wishing to introduce her to his beloved grandmother, Betty. However, he pondered the possibility that Rena might decline due to the complexities of their relationship. Even if she agreed to accompany him, she would likely feel embarrassed.

After contemplating for a while, Waylen murmured under his breath, "I might be occupied for some time."

Rena's demeanor softened, indicating her newfound warmth.

When she got out of the car, Waylen suddenly rolled down the window and said to her, "Rena..."

Standing amidst the nocturnal surroundings, she waved him forward, declaring, "Go ahead."

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A two-hour journey lay ahead as Waylen drove towards the eastern suburbs. His grandmother, Betty, who was Korbyn's mother, had been residing there for an extended period due to the favorable air quality and conducive environment for recuperation.

Tonight marked a fateful occurrence, as Betty's impending demise loomed. Delirium had overtaken her since dusk.

The nurse urgently summoned the family. Korbyn arrived and comprehended Betty's imminent passing, prompting him to summon Betty's children and grandchildren, urging them to bid their final farewells.

As the eldest son, Korbyn held a prominent position, while Waylen stood out as the most exceptional member of the younger generation. Betty held a special fondness for Waylen.

Drawing her last breath, Betty patiently awaited Waylen's arrival.

Parking the car, Waylen hastened to Betty's bedroom. The entire Fowler family made way for him, granting him access. Korbyn leaned in close to Betty's ear and whispered, "Mother, Waylen has returned to see you."

Betty teetered on the edge of life.

Yet, upon hearing footsteps, her eyes gradually fluttered open, revealing a glimmer of recognition.

Her gaze exuded a remarkable clarity.

Korbyn recognized this phenomenon as terminal lucidity. Betty had been waiting all this time for her grandson to return and exchange a few words with him...

True to form, Betty sat upright.

Waylen swiftly approached, squatting before her, clasping her frail hand and tenderly kissing it.

Betty extended her trembling hand to caress his hair.

This cherished grandson held a special place in her heart. He possessed not only good looks but also an exceptional intellect from a young age. However, he remained unmarried, and she yearned for a great-grandchild.

Betty's mind remained lucid as she spoke slowly, drawing from her previous conversation with Waylen's mother. "I was informed by your mother that you've taken an interest in a girl. She mentioned that you intended to introduce her to me... Why haven't you brought her along?"

Waylen lifted his head, his gaze gentle as he fixated upon Betty's snow-white hair.

He smiled warmly and responded, "She was caught up with work, and I couldn't get a chance to call her."

A tinge of disappointment marred Betty's countenance. "You're just deceiving me... I know, I know... How could I be unaware of your temper? You must have upset the girl."

With a subtle grin lingering on his lips, Waylen responded, "Indeed, I may have upset her. Nonetheless, my pursuit continues... I will bring her to you on another occasion, Grandma. I implore you to speak kindly of me."

Betty breathed a sigh of relief and remarked, "It's reassuring to know that you're still pursuing her."

Betty persisted in her inquiries about the girl's characteristics.

Concerned that Betty might struggle to hear him, Waylen gently whispered in her ear, "She is a stunning young woman, Grandma. She possesses admirable qualities, although she can



be a bit short-tempered at times."

Betty listened intently, her attention fully captured.

As her life dwindled, regret gnawed at Betty's heart. She murmured, "I yearn to lay my eyes upon her before I depart."

Inside the room, the female members of the Fowler family wept inconsolably.

Betty's kindness had endeared her to all, making it agonizing for them to witness her final moments. Yet, deep down, everyone knew that this would be their last encounter...

Waylen tenderly caressed Betty's head.

He retrieved his phone and whispered, "I'll let her speak to you, alright? After conversing with her, you'll know that I haven't deceived you..."

Betty's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Waylen dialed Rena's number and the call connected.

Rena answered.

In a raspy voice, Waylen relayed, "My grandmother wishes to speak with you."

Rena sensed that he sought to provide solace to Betty's departing soul. After a brief moment of silence, she acquiesced with a quiet "Okay."

Waylen held the phone near Betty's ear.

On the other end, clutching her phone, Rena listened to the voice of the elderly woman whom she had never met. The words spoken were about granting leniency to Waylen, which brought to mind Rena's own regret of not being able to bid her

father a final farewell.

What regrets did her father carry in his heart at the time of his passing?

A wave of sadness washed over Rena. She didn't want this elderly woman to depart with unfulfilled wishes. Even if it meant deceiving Betty, Rena knew it would bring solace in her final moments.

Gently, Rena assured, "Don't worry, Mrs. Fowler. I promise."

A smile curled upon Betty's lips, and her pupils dilated, yet she did not release the phone.

Holding the phone tightly, Rena felt the impending departure of a soul...

She could sense Waylen's profound sorrow even though she couldn't see him right now.

It was two weeks later that they finally saw each other again.

Rena knew that Waylen had attended Betty's funeral, and then traveled to Braseovell to attend the initial hearing of Elvira's divorce case with her husband.

The details eluded Rena's knowledge.

Elvira held no significance to her whatsoever...

Upon Waylen's return, he called Rena, suggesting they meet.

Rena was in her apartment at the time. Waylen expressed a desire to visit her, but she declined, softly suggesting, "Let's meet at your place."

Late afternoon had already arrived by the time Waylen arrived in his car.

The cicadas perched in the trees filled the air with their vibrant chorus, lending a lively atmosphere to the evening.

When Rena stepped out of the building, she spotted Waylen leaning against his car. As she approached, he courteously opened the door for her and inquired tenderly, "Where is Snowball?"

Rena entered the car gracefully, replying nonchalantly, "I sent him to my mother's place."

Waylen's gaze bore into her.

Having been apart for two weeks, Waylen's eyes held a myriad of emotions as he beheld Rena. Sensing this intensity, Rena averted her gaze, allowing her eyes to descend in avoidance of direct contact.

A gentle smile graced Waylen's face as he closed the car door with utmost care.

As he settled beside her, his hands automatically fastened the seat belt, his mind preoccupied with thoughts. After a prolonged silence, he couldn't resist the urge to inquire, "Why haven't you asked?"