

Chapter 12 Miss Gordon, You Are Really Something

Tyrone didn't dare to disobey Waylen.

Although the two men were about the same age, Waylen had done a good job at accelerating his career and was much more powerful than Tyrone.

So Tyrone just winked at Rena and said, "I'll wait for you in the car."

Rena forced a smile, which disappeared as soon as Tyrone left. ①

The officers in the room were quite sensible and excused themselves. "You heard the man, Mr. Fowler wants to speak with this lady in private. Let's go."

The speechless Rena watched them walk out.

Now, it was just her and Waylen left. Waylen lowered his head and tinkered with the cigarette between his fingers. His fingers were slender, and his simple movements somehow added to his charm. ②

After a while, he looked up at her and said

meaningfully, "Miss Gordon, you are really something."

Rena didn't know what to say.

Her first instinct was to defend herself. "What happened today has—"

"You want to say it has nothing to do with you?"

Waylen cut her off with a mocking smile. "Can't you guess why they fought?"

All the color drained from Rena's face. 1

When it came to reasoning with Waylen, any attempt at defending herself would be futile. He was the most powerful lawyer in the country after all.

While she was nothing.

A lump formed in her throat, but she managed to croak, "Mr. Fowler, I swear I won't get involved in your sister's relationship."

All of a sudden, Waylen stood up and walked straight towards her. 1

Rena didn't dare to move a muscle.

She raised her head and looked up at him through teary eyes.

Waylen met her flustered gaze and even reached

out his hand to gently touch her delicate cheek. Feeling humiliated, Rena immediately turned her face away.

He murmured, "You feel angry, don't you? Harold was the one who betrayed you and found a new girlfriend, and yet you're the one who has to pretend you have nothing to do with him in front of Cecilia. That must hurt, right?"

"No, that's—"

"Do you still have feelings for him?" Warlen interrupted her again.

"I don't!" Rena cried indignantly.

Waylen withdrew his hand and smiled.

"I believe you, and I trust you'll keep your promise."

Rena gritted her teeth with resentment. Why did he treat her like this? How could he? But she didn't dare to lose her temper with him. She could only hiss, "Waylen, you bastard!"

The man didn't get angry. Instead, he simply fixed his eyes on her without saying anything for a long time.

After what felt like an eternity of silence, he opened his mouth and said gently, "You didn't do anything wrong. You just believe in love too much."

Rena stiffened.

By the time she came to her senses, Waylen was long gone.

Waylen got in the car, where Cecilia and Harold were already waiting.

From time to time, he could see Cecilia leaning on Harold's shoulder in the rearview mirror, looking happy and contented.

A mocking smile tugged at the corners of Waylen's lips.

The Bentley Continental GT slowly pulled to a stop in front of the Thai restaurant. Harold got out of the car and bowed to thank Waylen. The two men exchanged meaningful glances.

Waylen nodded and pulled away.

Cecilia climbed into the passenger seat.

"This is a moving car. You should be more careful," Waylen scolded his sister, but it was too late. Cecilia had already fastened her seatbelt.

She rolled her eyes, refusing to take her brother seriously. ①

All of a sudden, her eyes lit up mischievously and she started to gossip. "Miss Gordon is very

beautiful, don't you think? But I didn't know that she's Tyrone's type. I think her cup size is C!" 5

Waylen gulped and rolled down the window.

For some reason, he suddenly felt a little hot!

But Cecilia was oblivious. "She's gorgeous, and I almost doubt there's something fishy going on between her and Harold. Fortunately, Tyrone's pursuing her, so I won't have to worry about her."

Waylen didn't say anything and kept his eyes on the road.

After a long time, he broke the silence and asked, "So, when's the wedding?"

Cecilia blushed shyly. "It depends on Harold. He's busy with his career now, so I don't want to push him."

It was a red light up ahead, so Waylen slowly stepped on the brakes.

He turned to look at his sister and asked casually, "Does he love you?"

"Of course!"

"What does he love about you?" Waylen pressed. 1

Cecilia counted off with her fingers. "He loves my good looks, my educational experience, and my

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family background. And he loves that I have
decent parents and a capable brother..." 11

Waylen chuckled.

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