

Chapter 61 They Look Like A Perfect Match!

Rena displayed an unexpected boldness when intoxicated, defying fear as she enveloped Waylen with her arms and softly murmured, "I'm feeling rather low-spirited and just don't wanna cook."

Vera, observing from the sidelines, felt a surge of excitement at the sight of Waylen holding Rena close.

She yearned to continue observing them but Waylen wished to avoid prying eyes. He tenderly carried Rena, cradling her in his arms and gently placed her inside the luxurious golden Bentley Continental GT stationed by the bar entrance.

Fortunately, Rena obediently settled herself in the car.

With a graceful closure of the door, Waylen turned back and courteously inquired of Vera, "Would you like me to give you a ride?"

Vera swiftly waved her hand and replied, "No, thank you. Your utmost care for Rena is all that matters!"

Waylen had heard tales of Vera's prowess in alcohol consumption and her frequent visits to bars. Nevertheless,



he had never expected her to develop a genuine camaraderie with Rena.

Waylen nodded in acknowledgment and proceeded to enter the vehicle.

The golden Bentley Continental GT glided away leisurely.

Vera exclaimed, "They look like the perfect match!"

Suddenly, she slapped herself forcefully across the face, and it hurt!

This wasn't a dream!

The reality sunk in that Rena had indeed found an incredible boyfriend!

Waylen drove onward, patiently waiting for the traffic light to turn green. During this brief interlude, he turned his gaze towards Rena.

Even in her intoxicated state, she remained composed and well-behaved.

There was no pungent odor of alcohol clinging to her person. Instead, her inebriation lent her a captivating allure.

Her visage displayed a slight flush, and her eyes shimmered with a hint of moisture.

A sudden craving for a cigarette overcame Waylen but, mindful of Rena's presence in the car, he relinquished the idea and drove back to the apartment in silence.





As the car came to a halt, Rena, seemingly in a daze, questioned, "Have we reached our destination?"

Her hand reached out to open the door, only to be halted by a firm grip.

Rena froze, her gaze meeting Waylen's.

Waylen appeared composed, his eyes profound, yet he held her hand tightly.

"Waylen..." Rena uttered weakly.

A soft click resonated within the confines of the car as he locked the door.

Waylen turned to face her and softly stated, "Sit on my lap."

Upon hearing his words, a blush colored Rena's cheeks.

Her mind went blank, never expecting him to make such a request.

Waylen did not press her, instead, he observed her intently.

Her dress, crafted from silk, gracefully adorned her figure, reaching just above her knees.

Her legs, supple and delicate, captivated Waylen's attention.

Although he hadn't considered having any particular fascination, he was acutely aware of his fondness for Rena's legs. Whenever they embraced and slumbered together, his hands would invariably find their way to her thighs.

Now, he yearned to taste her with fervor.





Meeting his handsome countenance, Rena unbuckled her seat belt and obediently positioned herself upon him.

Uncertain of how to flirt with him, she simply wrapped her arms around his neck and emitted a soft sigh.

Lowering his head, Waylen chuckled and said in a hushed tone, "Shouldn't you be ensuring my comfort? Yet it seems you derive greater pleasure from it."

A rosy hue adorned Rena's cheeks.

His visage exuded a striking handsomeness, tempting her to initiate a kiss. However, her lack of finesse hindered her attempts.

Enduring the tension for what felt like an eternity, Waylen ultimately succumbed, unbuckling the seat belt and reclining the seat.

Within the confines of the car, an intimate tableau unfolded.

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When Rena awoke, the clock already displayed midnight.

Sitting upright on the bed, she ruffled her hair, recalling the events that had transpired at the bar and the passionate kiss within the car.

"I shouldn't have indulged in so much alcohol!"

Just as she was about to message Vera, Waylen entered the bedroom.



He leaned casually against the doorframe and remarked, "You didn't prepare dinner."

Rena hastily rose from the bed, exclaiming, "What would you like to eat? I'll start cooking right away."

As she approached the bedroom door, Waylen halted her in her tracks.

