

## Chapter 82 Waylen, Be Gentle

"I'll ask Mr. Williams to lend us his driver," Waylen said in a hoarse voice, pressing his forehead against Rena's.

Rena looked into his deep eyes and bit her lip.

Tipsy Waylen was so horny!

Dudley was reliable and efficient. It didn't take long before his trusted driver showed up to send them to their apartment safely.

Waylen somehow managed to restrain himself the whole car ride back home, but as soon as they entered the elevator, he began to kiss Rena. And when Rena was changing into indoor slippers at their apartment, he hugged her from behind and gently bit her earlobe. "Let me fuck you in this dress."

Rena was surprised.

She thought he'd make her take a shower first.

But she didn't have the chance to protest. Waylen scooped her up and carried her to the bedroom, all the while kissing her and squeezing her bum. He was domineering yet charming at the same time, and Rena found herself completely unable to refuse him.

She shyly wrapped her arms around his neck and looked into his eyes affectionately.

"Waylen, be gentle, okay?"

But Waylen was too worked up. He made love to her passionately, and Rena was very cooperative. It seemed that they both enjoyed it very much.

To Waylen's surprise, he later discovered that it really was Rena's first time to have sex.

He hadn't believed her at first because she had been with Harold for four years. How could she not have slept with him?

Although Waylen wasn't obsessed with the concept of virginity, he was still happy to know that he was the first man she had ever been with. He kissed her and scolded her lightheartedly, "Rena, you should've told me earlier."

If he had known it earlier, he would've been much gentler with her in bed.

Rena blushed and turned her face away shyly.

She looked so pure and innocent. Because she had just lost her virginity, Waylen was considerate and only did a couple of rounds with her.

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When Waylen and Rena kissed passionately in the parking lot just now, unbeknownst to them, Harold was sitting in a black car nearby.

He watched them make out for a long time.

And he clearly saw how Rena had kissed Waylen back. He could see every change in her expression clearly.

It was obvious that she liked Waylen!

Harold's face was livid.

Clutching the steering wheel tightly, the driver didn't dare to move until Harold finally barked, "Start the car!"

The driver breathed a sigh of relief and quickly pulled the car out of the parking lot. After driving for a while, he asked, "Mr. Moore, where would you like to go?"

"The club," Harold answered gloomily.

The driver had been working for Harold for a while, so he knew which club Harold was talking about and slowly turned the car around.

Harold had drank a lot at the reunion.

When he arrived at the private room of the club, he wasn't sober and asked Lillian to accompany him.

Lillian liked Harold very much because he was handsome, rich, and powerful. Leaning against his chest, she drank with him and sang a few love songs. But Harold wasn't interested in these things.

He just wanted to have sex to vent his resentment against Rena!

Lillian, who looked a little like Rena, became his target. He wasn't gentle with her at all. He thrust in and out of her roughly, muttering hoarsely, "Am I not as good as him? Did you give yourself to him, hmm? Tell me, Rena! Tell me! Fuck!" Perhaps it was because he was too crazy that Lillian was scared into tears.

Her petite body trembled underneath him. "Mr. Moore, I'm not Rena. I'm Lillian..."

Only then did Harold open his eyes.

They were bloodshot and looked a little terrifying.

Indeed, the girl in his arms wasn't Rena, but a pitiful-looking Lillian.

Rena was busy having the time of her life with Waylen. How could she be pitiful? Harold gritted his teeth. He really wanted to continue, but he found that he couldn't bring himself to fuck another woman.

Even if Lillian looked like Rena.

Harold turned over and lay on the sofa. He closed his eyes and murmured, "Get out. I want to be alone."