

Chapter 154 Rena, Let's Give It A Try

The theatrical charade had come to an end.

Swiftly, Rena departed from the bustling cafe.

Her relationship with Robert had ceased but now she found herself entangled in greater turmoil.

Waylen hastened his steps, grasping her wrist firmly. "Rena," he called out.

With a slight nip on her lower lip, Rena retorted, "You're absolutely out of your mind!"

The recent incident had left her utterly mortified.

He was so...

Although she and Robert couldn't be a couple any longer, she believed they could at least maintain a polite acquaintance. Yet Waylen's threats just now made things so much worse.

Waylen's temper had flared up.

Abruptly, he forcefully pressed Rena against the car.

His lengthy fingers delicately caressed her face, as he queried in a slow, menacing tone, "Do you worry about him, Rena? I've been forced to see you

and him together lately. Don't you care about me?"

Waylen's jealousy was truly evident.

Anxiously, he gently pinched Rena's chin and asked, "Have you two kissed?"

Rena's anger surged, leading her to slap him.

Following the impact, she raised her face slightly, bracing herself for a retaliatory strike. She knew Waylen had a volatile temper.

Waylen was indeed furious but how could he strike a woman?

He touched his cheek and then chuckled.

"Rena, I've explicitly told you that only I can endure your impudence!"

Having been apart from Rena for an extended period, Waylen's proximity to her now was overwhelming. He couldn't resist tenderly caressing her, his voice hoarse with desire.

"Rena, let's give it a try!"

As he uttered those words, he planted a kiss on her delicate ear.

Her flawless skin turned rosy pink where his lips had grazed, exuding an irresistible allure.

Rena's body became rigid, frozen in place.

Although Waylen had already broached the topic before, Rena had avoided dwelling on it. She hadn't dared to confront it.

However, now that he had brought it up again, Rena had no choice but to give it her attention.

She gently pushed him away and whispered, "Waylen, it's simply impossible for us to be together!"

Waylen took a step back, his deep eyes surveying her delicate state with appreciation.

"Why is it impossible? Haven't we been happy when we're together? Did you ever truly love Robert?"

Rena slowly regained her composure.

Locking her gaze with his, she declared firmly, "There will be someone else in my life, someone other than Robert! Waylen, you were the one who left me back then. You suggested we try again and now you expect me to return to you gratefully? In that case, not only would I look down on you but I would also disrespect myself!"

She took a deep breath.

"We are through! Don't come to me again and don't engage in those peculiar behaviors, or else..."

Waylen chuckled.

Lowering his head, he lit a cigarette and shamelessly asked, "Or else what? Are you going to sue me for sexual harassment?"

Rena's anger flared up once more.

She opened the car door, intending to get in, but he grabbed hold of her arm.

Waylen blew a smoke ring in her direction, sporting a faint smile as he said, "Miss Gordon, I simply offered you my assistance, yet you didn't even express a single word of gratitude. How heartless you are!"

Knowing Waylen all too well, Rena shook off his grip, got into the car and drove away.

Waylen remained unperturbed. He stood still, calmly smoking. In the midst of his smoke-filled exhales, he exuded an air of maturity and charm...

Robert emerged and caught sight of Waylen.

Squinting his eyes, Waylen sneered, climbed into his car, and departed.

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The romantic chapter between Rena and Robert had come to an end.

Feeling the need to confide in someone, Rena dialed Eloise's number and relayed the situation.

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before Eloise finally spoke up. "Since the timing and circumstances haven't aligned for you two, don't force it."

Rena replied with a resigned "Okay."

Unbeknownst to Rena, Eloise had just received a call from Winnie.

Winnie was undoubtedly fuming with anger and had

vented to Eloise about what Waylen had said and done. However, since Rena had not brought it up during their conversation, Eloise decided it was not appropriate to inquire further.

Rena ended the call, feeling a sudden emptiness engulf her. She tidied up the apartment and lit a soothing aromatherapy candle.

The night enveloped her in silence.

Contemplating her recently over relationship, Rena poured herself a glass of wine.

Originally intending to have a quick sip, her sadness overwhelmed her and she couldn't resist drinking more and more...

As Rena began to feel a pleasant buzz from the alcohol, her phone rang, displaying Robert's name.

After a moment's hesitation, Rena answered the call.

Robert's voice carried a hint of huskiness. "Rena..."

It seemed he had pondered over his words for quite some time before he asked in a hushed tone, "Rena, is it truly impossible for us to be together?"

Rena remained silent.

She understood the sadness that lingered within Robert...

Despite the relationship not working out, she wanted to extend him some kindness.

With a bitter smile, Robert's voice grew lower as

he continued uneasily, "Well, Rena, I might be getting engaged. It's a girl from my mother's side of the family."

The rapid pace of events took Rena by surprise.

However, she was far from naive. It didn't take long for her to surmise that this other girl had always been in the picture.

Robert had probably previously rejected the idea of marrying her but after this incident, he had embraced the notion.

Rena graciously congratulated Robert.

Inwardly, Robert couldn't help but wonder if Rena had never truly harbored any affection for him.

Perhaps he had merely filled a void in her life after her breakup with Waylen. He had never truly occupied her heart...

Rena ended the call, her mood taking a turn for the worse. It wasn't because she was saddened by the news, but rather the realization that even Robert had found a fiancée. She possessed the qualities and looks that others admired, so why was she still single?

Neither Robert nor Waylen were the right match for her.

Regardless, getting drunk at home seemed inconsequential, so she poured herself another

glass.

In the midst of the night, Rena found herself inebriated.

The door to her apartment clicked open.

Waylen entered, clutching a new key in his hand.

Within the confines of her modest abode, the heating warmed the space, while the aroma of orange filled the air from the lit aromatherapy candle.

Rena slumped against the sofa and drifted into slumber. Clad in a comfortable cotton pajama, her head tilted slightly, eyes closed, and her enticing red lips slightly parted...

Waylen's body grew tense.

It had been a long while since he had been intimate, and the sight before him proved too much to resist.

He was not a man to suppress his desires. He wanted her. He desired a fresh start with her. With such intentions, he carried no psychological burden in possessing her and sharing a night of passion.

Waylen removed his tweed coat, revealing a sophisticated business suit underneath.

With delicate precision, he unbuttoned two buttons of his shirt, his Adam's apple gracefully bobbed.

Approaching Rena, he extended one hand to support himself on the sofa, while the other rested gently on her face.

Her lips were slightly parted, carrying the faint aroma of red wine.

Waylen felt that if he continued to restrain himself, he would not be true to his manhood.

Bowing his head, he engaged in a tender exchange of kisses. As the moments stretched on, he found them insufficient and couldn't resist holding her tightly.

She was exquisitely soft...

Under the influence of alcohol, she became docile and enchantingly sweet.

Waylen's desire grew fervent and amidst their passionate embrace, he called out her name.

"Rena..."

Although Rena was inebriated, she remained partially conscious.

Her eyes fluttered open, and before her lay Waylen's magnified handsome visage. He slightly raised his firm jawline, partially closed his eyes, his face flushed with a rosy hue, and his entire being exuded an irresistible aura of sensual longing.

Rena couldn't resist the urge to caress his handsome face...

Waylen's body trembled, his voice growing husky.

"Rena..."

Had it been in the past, Rena would have succumbed to the allure. Yet she couldn't forget that night in the hospital, where cold machinery inflicted painful sensations upon her... and he wasn't there by her side.

Rena was weak and drunk, but she stood firm.

"How did you manage to enter my apartment? Waylen, we ended our relationship a long time ago, and I just recently parted ways with Robert... Even if I were to seek solace in someone's arms, it certainly wouldn't be your turn."

With those words, she defiantly kicked out at him, refusing to yield.

Waylen, however, found himself in a state of arousal.

She narrowly missed kicking him in a sensitive area. Undeterred, Waylen seized her delicate leg and fixed his gaze upon her with his profound eyes.

"What enjoyment could you possibly find in a loser like Robert?

Can he truly bring you the same level of pleasure I once did? Moreover, am I not the only man you've ever had?"