

Chapter 206 Rena, Don't Be So Cold Towards Me

Waylen and Rena had spent an additional two weeks together, their bond seemingly devoid of excitement.

Waylen longed for a romantic outing and Rena rarely turned down his requests, yet her demeanor remained gentle but detached. The vivaciousness that once defined her character seemed to have waned.

In contrast to Rena's calmness, Waylen grew increasingly dissatisfied.

He yearned for her to display some emotions towards him.

He even wished she would slap him, believing it would be a sign of her former opposition towards him.

Only now did he realize that when she loved him, she couldn't resist indulging in childish behavior and challenging him. She possessed the audacity to engage in confrontations.

However, now that her love had faded, she treated him politely, maintaining her dignity and ready to leave at any moment.

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Waylen found solace in alcohol at the club...

The room remained packed, filled with familiar faces, including Harold's.

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Since marrying Vera, Roscoe seldom engaged in clubbing. He came solely to keep Waylen company upon hearing of his presence, for he had Waylen and Rena to thank that he could marry Vera.

Roscoe comfortingly tapped Waylen's shoulder and inquired, "Are you alright? I can drive you home."

Resting against the sofa's back, Waylen leisurely exhaled smoke, exuding an alluring and enticing aura.

A few young women also occupied the private room. They surreptitiously stole glances at Waylen, captivated by his charm, yet none dared to make advances. Waylen's reputation for aloofness preceded him, leaving them no choice but to admire him from afar.

Roscoe sensed Waylen's inner turmoil. He smiled and remarked, "With such a captivating face, who could possibly resist your allure?"

"Come on."

Waylen narrowed his eyes at Roscoe and slowly uttered, "Rena remains uninterested in me. Roscoe... I wholeheartedly devote myself to her. Why doesn't she feel anything for me? She used to be so nice to me, her face blushing at the mere sight of me and she delighted in our intimate encounters."

Roscoe forced an awkward smile.

Indeed, women differed from men. When they loved a man deeply, they reveled in intimacy but, when love faded, they turned cold.

Fearful of provoking Waylen further, Roscoe simply urged him to return home.

"You've had too much to drink. Allow me to drive you back. Don't you have a court trial tomorrow?"

Waylen cast another glance at Roscoe.

Then, without warning, he tossed his phone to Roscoe and instructed, "Call Rena. She should still be at the music studio. Ask her to come and pick me up."

Roscoe was taken aback, his disbelief evident.

How could Waylen stoop so low?

With a wistful smile, Roscoe inquired, "Waylen, are you genuinely intoxicated or merely feigning drunkenness?"

Waylen remained silent, snuffing out the cigarette and downing another half glass of brandy, as if determined to intoxicate himself.

Roscoe found himself torn, caught in a predicament.

After weighing the advantages and disadvantages, he summoned the courage to dial Rena's number.

Rena answered the call after several rings.

Roscoe offered an awkward smile. "Rena, it's Roscoe... Waylen is inebriated. Could you please come and retrieve him?"

Rena had just concluded a meeting.

Brandon from Heron had entrusted her with an excellent project and she had recently assembled a team. Tomorrow, she was scheduled to embark on a business trip that would span roughly two weeks.

Upon hearing Roscoe's words, Rena was momentarily stunned.

She knew that Waylen was upset because of her. It would be disingenuous to claim she felt nothing but she had resolved not to concern herself with him any longer.

They had broken up and their relationship now existed in this peculiar state.

Countless captivating women graced the world. Rena believed that even without her, Waylen possessed the attributes to forge the connections he desired with someone else.

Rena did not refuse, however.

Considering she would be leaving the following day, she felt it necessary to have a conversation with Waylen.

Rena nodded. "Alright, send me the address. I'll need some time to wrap up here."

Roscoe felt a profound sense of gratitude. "Rena, you have such a generous heart."

Rena playfully teased Roscoe, saying, "Enough with the chatter. Return home early and spend time with Vera."

Roscoe promptly responded with a few lighthearted remarks, aiming to uplift Rena's spirits. However, upon ending the call, a disquieting feeling washed over him. Rena had agreed to come, but...

She did not inquire about Waylen's state at all.

An icy chill coursed through Roscoe's body.

He had once believed that Waylen and Rena would be a perfect match and always remain together but now the future appeared uncertain.

Rena terminated the call.

As she prepared to switch off the lights and depart, she noticed Zack standing by the door, his countenance clouded with displeasure...

He stared intently at her.

Rena said gently, "You performed admirably just now."

Zack entered the room and settled at Rena's desk. The intensity in his gaze dissipated as he casually inquired, "Are you going to meet Waylen?"

Rena nodded in affirmation.

Zack furrowed his brows. "You... Do you harbor such strong feelings for him?"

Rena momentarily drifted into a trance.

Swiftly regaining her composure, she responded, "You shouldn't pry into my personal matters. We made a deal. I secured the opportunity to work with Mr. Carson through your connection, so I intend to offer you a 30% commission for that project... Don't treat money as nothing just because you come from a rich family. It represents the accumulation of efforts."

Zack's eyes reddened.

He found himself unable to utter a word, as this woman always stood up for him, reminiscent of his father.

Rena smiled. "Please inform my mother that I'll return tomorrow morning."

Zack sneered, "Humph. You still have time to visit Mrs. Gordon? I thought you would only care about Waylen now."

Rena believed Zack needed a lesson.

In the end, they descended together. Zack drove Rena's BMW, while she acquired another vehicle with a dedicated driver tailing behind...

Rena settled into the car and shared the name of the club with the driver.

The driver shuddered and remarked with a grin, "That's a fine establishment. They say it's heaven on earth."

Rena smiled.

Silently seated in the backseat, she glanced sideways at the traffic and neon lights outside, quietly tallying the days...

Two months had elapsed since the one-year deadline she had set with Waylen.

Time flew by...

When the black car halted at the club's entrance, Roscoe had already assisted Waylen in exiting the premises.

Observing that Waylen wasn't excessively inebriated, Rena discerned his train of thought. In a gentle tone, she instructed the driver, "Please assist Mr. Fowler into the car."

The driver had deduced the circumstances between them. "Miss Gordon, you are truly magnanimous."

Rena smiled again.

The driver and Roscoe aided Waylen into the car.

Once Waylen settled inside, the vehicle's atmosphere became suffused with masculinity, mingling with the scent of alcohol and a hint of pine, an unexpectedly alluring combination.

Rena turned her head slightly and posed a light question, "Why did you indulge in such excessive drinking?"

Waylen leaned back against the seat.

He extended his hand, loosening his tie and unbuttoning two buttons...

Following his alcohol consumption, Waylen's complexion flushed, lending him a captivating allure.

Aware of the driver's presence, Rena grew concerned that his actions might compromise his dignity if he continued unbuttoning his shirt. She swiftly grasped his hand and urged, "Even if you feel uncomfortable, you should change once we arrive home."

Waylen halted and turned to face her.

Rena smiled, redirecting his attention forward.

With a slight closing of his eyes, Waylen seemed to be resting, his intoxicated state feigned. However, after approximately ten minutes, he emitted a soft sigh. "Rena, don't be so cold towards me."

The driver cleared his throat discreetly.

Rena had no choice but to feign ignorance.

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop at Waylen's villa. Rena assisted him in exiting the vehicle and instructed the driver to depart.

Clearly, Waylen was consumed by his infatuation for her.

He simply desired to see her.

Rena guided him to the living room, settling him into a seat,

before heading to the kitchen to prepare a sobering cup of tea. On one hand, he needed it, and on the other hand, she wanted to avoid direct interaction with him...

While waiting for the kettle to boil, she focused on reviewing the contents of today's meeting.

From behind, her slim waist was embraced.

Familiar fragrance enveloped her senses. She didn't resist but whispered softly, "Stop it. I'll make you some tea to sober up. Roscoe mentioned that you have a court trial tomorrow morning. It wasn't wise to drink so excessively."

Waylen chuckled softly.

He kissed the back of her ear and nibbled at her tender skin...

Rena was highly sensitive in that area. The gentle nibble caused a slight tremor to ripple through her. Lately, he had developed a penchant for such actions. It seemed that only by teasing her could he elicit even the slightest response from her.

After teasing her for a prolonged period, he whispered in her ear, his breath a gentle caress.

"Rena, let's spend the weekend together. It'll be a date."

A date?

Rena found herself visibly stunned.

The recent demands of her work had engulfed her so completely that she had nearly forgotten everything else. Moreover, it was indeed her intention to give Waylen the cold shoulder...

With his hands nestled in his pockets, Waylen touched the

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small velvet box and uttered in a husky voice, "This time, I'll
take care of the arrangements, alright?"

Rena slowly poured the sobering tea into the cup. After a brief
pause, she responded, "I'm embarking on a business trip
tomorrow."