

Chapter 162 Waylen, Don't Torture Me

The party proceeded splendidly, brimming with joy and merriment.

The dinner, meticulously prepared for a gathering of two hundred esteemed guests, was a culinary masterpiece. Paisley went the extra mile by extending an invitation to the renowned emcee from Duefron, enhancing the already vibrant ambiance.

As one of the partners, Rena found herself obliged to partake in the revelry, raising her glass in toasts alongside others.

Vera, in her supportive role, took it upon herself to ensure Rena's glass remained filled.

Inside the lavatory, the two young women engaged in touch-ups to their makeup, their reflections mirroring their camaraderie.

Concern creased Rena's brow as she gazed at Vera. "I noticed you consumed quite a bit. Are you feeling alright?"

"I assure you, I'm perfectly fine," Vera reassured her, her tone unwavering.

Vera's eyes held a mischievous glimmer as she

deliberately adjusted her neckline, allowing a suggestive glimpse of her décolletage. "Isn't it alluring? Roscoe adores this particular aspect. He takes great pleasure in nipping at me during our intimate moments."

Vera shared her revelation with a joyous laughter.

However, Rena sensed a deeper turmoil within Vera.

She suspected that Vera's emotional distress still stemmed from her past marriage to Joseph, and that she was employing physical intimacy as a means of numbing her pain. Rena knew all too well that once Vera awoke from her intoxicated slumber, a profound emptiness would engulf her.

Gently patting Vera's arm, Rena voiced her concern. "Vera, you've had quite a lot to drink."

Vera nonchalantly flipped her flowing locks and responded with a smile.

Meanwhile, Vera herself harbored worries about Rena's personal affairs.

During Darren's hospitalization, Vera paid him a visit and serendipitously encountered Waylen.

In that moment, Vera learned that Rena had not completely severed ties with Waylen.

Curiosity piqued, Vera questioned Rena about the situation. Rena, speaking softly, held nothing back as she confessed, "For now, we haven't reconciled. We're just indulging in a casual fling."

A brief silence enveloped Vera as she contemplated her next words.

Finally, she addressed Rena, "Elvira is getting married. The wedding is scheduled for the upcoming days. The Fowler family has journeyed to Braseovell to attend the ceremony, but Waylen chose to abstain. Perhaps he seeks to avoid giving Elvira any semblance of a special connection."

Rena stood frozen, her mind reeling from the revelation. She really knew nothing about that.

Inebriated and overwhelmed with emotion, Vera sought solace, leaning her head upon Rena's shoulder as tears streamed down her face.

"Rena, it appears we are helpless in our desires. We have both fallen for men who were forbidden to us."

Disappointment lingered in Vera's heart regarding Joseph, while Roscoe was supposed to be merely a companion with no emotional attachments.

She didn't want to be emotionally involved with Roscoe, but she couldn't seem to help it.

With reddened eyes, Vera implored, "Rena, I'm beyond help. But I still hope you can marry a good man."

Aware of Vera's intoxicated state, Rena sighed deeply.

Taking hold of Vera's phone, she dialed Roscoe's number.

Initially assuming it was Vera, he spoke directly.

"When will you return? Luck has abandoned me and I have suffered considerable losses."

Softly, Rena interjected, "It's Rena. Vera is a little drunk. Would you mind picking her up?"

Instantly, Roscoe discarded his cards.

"Where are you? I'll be there in no time."

Roscoe's arrival was swift. He was lightly dressed, resembling a man of affluent heritage.

Additionally, a subtle fragrance of women's perfume lingered about him.

Subconsciously, Rena found herself harboring a disfavor towards him.

However, upon seeing Rena, Roscoe's enthusiasm surged. He lifted Vera into his arms and repeatedly referred to Rena as his cousin-in-law.

Rena's tone remained flat as she stated, "I have no connection to Robert anymore. Please refrain from addressing me as such in the future."

Roscoe gazed at Rena, a smile adorning his face.

Concealing the fact that Robert had caused a domestic disturbance, Roscoe kept the family scandal under wraps. Nevertheless, he managed to maintain a lighthearted rapport with Rena.

"You will forever be my friend, whether you are with Robert or with Waylen in the end," Roscoe declared.

Rena responded with indifference, her tone cool. "You need not trouble yourself with my affairs."

Gently directing her gaze towards Vera, Rena uttered in a soft voice, "Take care of Vera."

Roscoe stood momentarily stunned.

In his perception, Vera was a carefree woman, while Rena seemed detached. He never expected Rena to exhibit concern for Vera.

Offering a brief acknowledgment, Roscoe departed with Vera.

Once Roscoe had whisked Vera away, Rena turned and proceeded to wash her hands.

Joseph's affluent family and his own reprehensible behavior vexed her.

While Roscoe possessed his fair share of privileged dilemmas, Rena still held a glimmer of hope that he could safeguard Vera.

Rena's worry for Vera weighed heavily on her heart.

Standing alone by the corridor window, Rena gazed at the bustling nocturnal panorama of Duefron for an extended duration.

The city teemed with festivity, yet amidst the throngs, numerous individuals remained without companionship.

*

It was at this precise moment that Waylen's call reached her.

His voice, laden with tenderness, pierced through the winter night.

"Do you want me to come up?"

Rena sought to maintain a certain level of detachment, desiring to keep her personal and professional lives

separate. Softly, she replied, "Just a moment. Wait for me in the car."

Waylen chuckled softly in response.

A faint blush colored Rena's cheeks, attributing it to the consumption of red wine.

By the time she descended the stairs, the clock neared ten in the evening.

Waylen's resplendent golden Bentley Continental GT awaited outside the hotel, positioned beneath a streetlamp.

He stood there, devoid of a cigarette, emanating an air of elegance that attracted the attention of many women.

Rena approached him, closing the distance between them.

Waylen enveloped her in his embrace, his voice a tender murmur, "I've yearned for you throughout the night."

Not a single woman could resist the allure of such sweet words, and Rena was no exception.

Lifting her head, her eyes glistened with moisture.

Guiding her gently, Waylen opened the car door and aided her as she settled inside.

The car's heating enveloped them with a comforting warmth. As Rena situated herself, she naturally removed her coat and placed it on the backseat. Upon turning back towards Waylen, she found herself captivated by the depth of his gaze.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

Waylen's touch caressed her, his voice husky with

emotion. "You look radiant."

A slight blush adorned Rena's cheeks.

In a gentle tone, Waylen said, "Jazlyn informed me that your father has been discharged from the hospital."

Rena confirmed his statement with a soft affirmation. Gratefulness swelled within her, yet before she could express her thanks, Waylen silenced her by gently placing his slender fingers upon her lips.

"We are on a date tonight. No more talks about other things."

Rena reclined against the back of the seat, her gaze fixed upon his striking countenance.

Waylen had abstained from physical intimacy for an extended period, leaving her uncertain of his intentions for the night.

Merely the thought of it weakened her knees.

With a delicate touch on the accelerator, Waylen drove at a leisurely pace, the car gliding along the streets. Duefron had been enveloped in continuous snowfall since the previous night, imparting an added layer of romance to the city. However, the accumulated snow had yet to form a substantial presence upon the ground.

Throughout the journey, both Rena and Waylen remained silent.

Perhaps, they both understood what the night held in store.

Or... Perhaps, the prolonged absence of physical

intimacy had engendered a sense of inhibition within them both.

To Rena's astonishment, upon her arrival at Waylen's apartment, Claribel was also present.

Claribel's face lit up with delight upon hearing Rena's arrival.

"Good day, Miss Gordon," greeted Claribel.

Rena couldn't help but feel a tinge of embarrassment.

However, Waylen appeared unperturbed. He retrieved a small gift from his pocket and presented it to Claribel.

"It's from Miss Gordon," he stated.

Rena surmised that the gift was undoubtedly of considerable value.

Claribel's grin stretched from ear to ear as she showered Rena with words of gratitude.

Engaging in polite conversation with them for a while, Claribel bid farewell as she went off duty for the day.

Inside the opulent dining room.

The table was adorned with an array of delectable dishes.

By the time Rena had put away her coat, Waylen had already poured two glasses of wine.

A smile graced his handsome countenance as he said, "This time, please refrain from pouring wine on my pants or anywhere else... Otherwise, wherever the stain is, you need to..."

Rena glared at him before he could finish his sentence.

"Alright, let's have dinner," Waylen responded, his gaze filled with intensity.

He made it clear that he was serious in his pursuit of her. And so, they dined with proper decorum.

Rena couldn't help but feel a sense of being valued.

This natural sensation of appreciation was pleasant, yet she still harbored a desire to inquire about Elvira's wedding. However, if Waylen didn't mention it, she couldn't bring herself to ask.

Yet, later on, she noticed a newspaper in the trash can.

The headline featured Elvira's wedding photograph.

Staring at the image, Rena entered a state of dazed contemplation. Elvira had indeed gotten married...

Just as Rena's mind wandered, she felt the embrace of Waylen from behind. He pressed his lips tenderly against the nape of her neck, whispering, "What are you looking at?"

And then, he too caught sight of it.

In a calm tone, Waylen stated, "My parents and Cecilia have gone to Braseovell."

Naturally, Rena refrained from questioning Waylen about his absence. She possessed a reasonable understanding.

Moreover, they were meant to enjoy a delightful evening together.

This incident did not dampen Waylen's spirits. Before Rena could react, all the lights in the living room dimmed, leaving only the warm glow of an orange night

lamp.

The ambiance exuded romance.

Rena enveloped her arms around Waylen's neck, anticipating his desire.

Yet, to her surprise, he didn't make a move. Instead, he embraced her and uttered, "I shall play the piano for you."

Rena had never been aware of Waylen's piano-playing skills, but no woman could resist a man with such intentions.

However, she did not expect that he would pull her to sit on his lap.

"Waylen..." she voiced, her unease evident.

With a gentle pinch of her chin, Waylen turned his head and their lips met in a kiss.

They kissed fervently, as if the very temperature around them had risen.

The intensity of the kiss weakened Rena, causing her to lean against Waylen's chest.

Her face flushed with warmth.

She thought to herself, thankfully, the dim lighting concealed her vulnerability, for he would surely tease her otherwise.

Just then, the gentle melodies of the piano began to fill the air.

It was the enchanting strains of her beloved "Moonlight Sonata"...

Outside, snowflakes gracefully fell from the sky.

Inside the apartment, a cozy warmth enveloped them. Rena nestled in Waylen's arms, their necks pressed together.

At that moment, even if her heart had been made of stone, it would have melted, especially considering her longstanding affection for him.

Rena's heart melted into a puddle.

Moreover, having just had a drink, she found herself easily aroused.

Waylen shared the same sentiment, but he was not impulsive like a young boy. He insisted on providing her with a pleasurable night, albeit gently...

She seated herself on his lap, fully aware of his intentions.

Rena, too, felt a surge of desire. Having spent two hours on his lap, she could hardly contain herself.

The longing within her was overpowering. She yearned for his kiss, yearned for it desperately...

"Waylen," her voice dripped with sensuality.

Given her current state, she could no longer resist.

Ignoring her feigned ignorance, he asked quietly, "What's wrong, Rena?"

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Rena turned around, lifted her head, and boldly initiated a kiss.

Outside, the snow continued to fall...

Through the grand French window, the silhouette of a

Outside, snowflakes gracefully fell from the sky.

Inside the apartment, a cozy warmth enveloped them. Rena nestled in Waylen's arms, their necks pressed together.

At that moment, even if her heart had been made of stone, it would have melted, especially considering her longstanding affection for him.

Rena's heart melted into a puddle.

Moreover, having just had a drink, she found herself easily aroused.

Waylen shared the same sentiment, but he was not impulsive like a young boy. He insisted on providing her with a pleasurable night, albeit gently...

She seated herself on his lap, fully aware of his intentions.

Rena, too, felt a surge of desire. Having spent two hours on his lap, she could hardly contain herself.

The longing within her was overpowering. She yearned for his kiss, yearned for it desperately...

"Waylen," her voice dripped with sensuality.

Given her current state, she could no longer resist.

Ignoring her feigned ignorance, he asked quietly, "What's wrong, Rena?"

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Rena turned around, lifted her head, and boldly initiated a kiss.

Outside, the snow continued to fall...

Through the grand French window, the silhouette of a

man and a woman entwined was reflected.

Suddenly, Waylen lifted her and put her on the piano...

The piano keys immediately reverberated.

"Waylen...

Waylen... Don't torture me like this."

Rena's voice merged with the melodies of the piano. It was difficult to discern whether she was weeping or trembling. Her shamelessness filled her with immense embarrassment, but she could no longer concern herself with such matters. She yearned for him to take things even further.

Waylen had other plans for tonight though.

He leaned in to kiss her, but refrained from going further. In a hoarse voice, he uttered her name.

"Rena, savor it. It's unlike anything you've experienced before."

Rena stared at him, her eyes wide open.

They were moist, glistening with tears. She appeared fragile and pitiful.

Waylen had never ventured into such territory with a woman, but tonight, he wanted nothing more than to bring her happiness...

Rena's vision was obscured.

She could see nothing as he kissed every inch of her body.

A slight tremor of fear coursed through her, and all she could do was call out his name again and again, her

voice husky.

"Waylen...

Waylen...

Waylen... Way... len..."

