

Chapter 368 He Kissed The Young Rena (1)

Waylen gracefully removed his coat in the hallway before following Rena into the room.

Rena found herself involuntarily gazing at him.

Waylen exuded a magnetic confidence with every step he took. His handsome features were enough to captivate anyone.

He approached Rena and gently placed his hand on her shoulder, his tone casual as he suggested, "Do you like it? Take a seat and play."

Rena felt a flutter of flattery at his words.

The piano held a beautiful tale, a treasure she had longed to witness in person.

She pursed her lips and seated herself before the instrument, her slender fingers poised above the ebony and ivory keys. Unexpectedly, Waylen spoke again, his voice carrying a hint of longing. "I'd like to hear the Moonlight Sonata."

Her eyes were suffused with mist, and Rena looked sideways at him.

Her heart skipped a beat.

That same feeling surged again!

How did Waylen seem to know her so intimately?

Doubt crept in. Had he investigated her somehow?

With his gaze intently fixed on her, a fervent desire to claim her emerged in his eyes. Her tender and determined visage, reminiscent of Alexis, called to him irresistibly.

Finally, Rena's fingers began to dance upon the piano keys.

She played flawlessly, her foot no longer hampered by injury. Every note flowed effortlessly beneath her touch, evoking a profound sense of intelligence.

As Waylen gradually drifted into slumber, Jarrod's words surged through his consciousness, returning his memories to him.

He was Waylen, his memories reclaimed in full.

Moved by Rena's piano performance, even his eyes blazed with passion.

If only he had handled Elvira differently back then, Rena might not have suffered regrets and lost the opportunity to fulfill her dreams. Perhaps by now, she could have become a renowned pianist on the world stage.

But "if only" held no place in reality.

All he desired now was to ensure her safe return.

After Rena's final note resonated, she slowly lowered her hands, her heart heavy with emotion.

Unbelievable, the sensation was hauntingly familiar, tugging at her heartstrings.

In that moment, Waylen moved behind her, his warm palms gently settling on her slender shoulders, drawing her close.

His extreme tenderness was enough to disarm anyone.

Rena was taken aback, a swirl of emotions coursing through her. Days prior, Harold's memory had been a constant presence, even affecting her appetite. Yet now, her heart seemed firmly

ensnared by the man beside her.

Obedying the pull, Rena's resistance dissolved as Waylen lowered his head, his lips brushing against her ear as he whispered, "I've missed you so much. Did you know?"

Rena's body tensed, a sensation entirely new to her.

She had never been this close to a man before.

Her voice trembled as she responded, "I... I didn't know."

Waylen said nothing further. He pressed his face into her cascading brown hair, embracing the softness. It had been too long since he held her like this.

Beside them, Cecilia observed with a mixture of amusement and incredulity.

What were they doing?

Why had he suddenly embraced Rena like that?

Cecilia quietly slipped into the kitchen, her thoughts centered on finding something to eat. As she rummaged around, her eyes fell upon a brand new air fryer. Muttering to herself, she asked, "Why did my brother buy this?"

With an eager anticipation, she awaited the moment when they would be finished.

Under the soft embrace of twilight's embrace, the last golden rays of sunset kissed the world beyond the French window.

The scene was nothing short of enchanting.

Yet, Rena remained enveloped in Waylen's arms.

Inexperienced and uncertain, she finally gathered her courage and said, "Mr. Fowler, please release me."

Waylen's hold on her waist tightened, his boldness unyielding.

His voice took on a deep, husky quality as he uttered, radiating an irresistible masculinity. "I've held onto you for so long! Rena, can you honestly say you feel nothing for me?"

Rena's silence spoke volumes, a tacit acknowledgment of her feelings.

In his embrace, her cheeks flushed, her heart raced, and her legs threatened to buckle beneath her.

It wasn't that she couldn't push him away. She simply didn't want to.

The man who had continually stirred her soul now held an enigmatic allure she couldn't resist.

With a gentle caress of her slender waist, Waylen drew Rena into his embrace and whispered softly into her ear, "We're officially a couple now, aren't we?"

Rena felt the urge to retort, yet as she stood in his apartment, held by him, the truth was undeniable.

Her momentary hesitation offered Waylen an opportunity.

Leaning closer, Waylen planted a tender kiss on her lips.

As their lips met, Rena's mind raced, her heart pounding wildly. She finally experienced firsthand that their noses didn't bump when he kissed her.

The sensation of kissing him was indescribable.

It was as if his overpowering masculinity was enveloping her, igniting her nerves with an irresistible fervor.

"Close your eyes," he urged in a husky voice, his palm gently cupping the back of her head to encourage relaxation.

Inexperienced and vulnerable, Rena succumbed to his passionate kisses. Waylen proceeded to cover her eyes and

effortlessly carried her to the piano. A tremor of anticipation coursed through the air, and then she felt the pure force of his masculinity envelope her.

The kiss was intense, almost overwhelming, and a hint of fear surged within her.

Blindfolded, she groped to find her bearings and eventually placed her hands on his shoulders.

Waylen's affectionate kisses stoked her passion, surging past her rationality.

After an extended moment, he seemed content with the kiss and released her. However, he still buried his face against the curve of her neck, his ragged breath reminiscent of his primal desire.

Inexperienced as she was, Rena could sense his yearning to possess her.

A flush of crimson spread across her tender cheeks, accentuating her alluring beauty in her youthful form.

Waylen tenderly caressed her face and spoke in a hushed voice. "Don't be afraid. I won't push further."

Rena, noting the polished surface of the piano, hesitated, afraid of slipping.

She instinctively wrapped her arms around his muscular waist and protested, "You've already pushed further."

Waylen looked down at her.

With the lively and youthful Rena held in his arms, if he didn't harbor some improper thoughts, he wouldn't be a true man.

A playful smile curved his lips as he pinched her nose, teasing, "I'm going to cook! Cecilia must be famished, barely able to stand it."

Rena blushed deeply.

In the midst of her own embrace and their lingering kisses on the piano, she almost forgot Cecilia's presence.

Her face reddened like a tomato.

Amused by her embarrassment, Waylen leaned in to kiss her again, his voice teasing. "Are you feeling shy?"

Rena shook her head, gazing up at him with a soft expression. "No, it's just that things have moved so quickly."

At twenty years old, she couldn't fathom being with a man so easily, especially not for the allure of a piano and his handsomeness.

Merely contemplating it seemed surreal.

Rena whispered, "Waylen, it feels like a dream."

Waylen fell silent.

Because indeed, it was a dream.

He had come into this dream and fallen in love with her, a twenty-year-old girl, knowing all too well that it would end in departure.

He hoped that they would both remember this dream upon waking, cherishing it as a romantic memory to reflect upon as they grew older.

Yet, his melancholy remained his own burden to bear. Gently patting Waylen's head, he carried her away from the piano. Now, she was truly his.

Waylen led Cecilia out of the kitchen.

The two girls enjoyed a camaraderie that complemented their distinct temperaments.

Speaking of intimacy, Cecilia retrieved a picture from her phone, displaying it to Rena as if unveiling a cherished treasure. "Take a look. Isn't he handsome? Waylen said I stand a chance."

Rena examined the image closely.

The photograph featured an aristocratic man walking in the rain, surrounded by a crowd, his secretary shielding him with an umbrella.

The image exuded an indescribable aura.

However, Rena was struck by an inexplicable familiarity in the man's face, particularly from his nose to his lips. It was a striking resemblance to her own features.

Rena knew she wasn't Darren's biological daughter.

Could this man from Czanch, Mr. Evans, be her biological father?

Observing Rena's expression, Cecilia's concern was evident. She voiced her thoughts candidly. "Rena, you have my brother. Don't compete with me for Mr. Evans!"

Rena found herself caught between laughter and exasperation.

Avoiding discussion of her family background, Rena focused her attention on the man in the photograph.

It was Mark Evans from Czanch.

Seeing Rena's denial, Cecilia visibly relaxed.

Waylen prepared the meal, showcasing his culinary skills.

As they sat down to enjoy the dishes, Cecilia savored each bite, praising. "Waylen, when did you learn to cook?"

Between mouthfuls of food, she continued, "Rena, you're in for a treat from now on! Waylen never cooked before."

Rena agreed wholeheartedly, savoring the delicious dishes.

Waylen served her some food, his touch gentle, as he whispered softly, "I learned just to woo you."

Every woman appreciated sweet words, especially when they came from a handsome man. Rena was no exception.

Yet, a trace of doubt lingered in her mind.

Waylen tenderly brushed her long hair, providing comfort that swept away any fleeting misgivings.

In that moment, Rena realized that perhaps she truly wanted this relationship with him.

Having experienced the allure of secret love, she was now faced with an exceptional man who treated her with the utmost tenderness. She couldn't resist, nor did she want to.

In the ever-shifting tides of their relationship with men, Rena chose to go with the flow.

As they ate and later cleaned up the dishes together, Rena couldn't help but appreciate the newfound sense of comfort and companionship.

While Cecilia might not have been accustomed to household chores, she willingly participated under the influence of her brother's advice that Mr. Evans preferred virtuous women.

Believing herself to be virtuous and filled with leisure time, Cecilia enthusiastically embraced the task.



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