

Chapter 158 He Was Too Powerful And She Was...

The moment of the kiss had passed, leaving behind a trail of exhilaration.

Their breaths were unbridled, charged with desire...

Rena sought solace by leaning against the bathroom wall. Were it not for Waylen's support, her trembling legs would have given way, yet their strength remained feeble.

Waylen was no different from her in this state.

His captivating countenance grew flushed and his breath was in disarray, hinting at a prolonged period of sexual abstinence.

"Rena..." he uttered in a husky tone, his voice strained. "What did Harold say?"

Concerned about disturbing her parents outside, Rena anxiously bit her lip before whispering, "I don't know."

Waylen's gaze was profound, its depths elusive.

After a brief pause, his voice softened slightly and he leaned down to embrace her once more.

"You don't wish to discuss it. You merely desire my

kisses, don't you?"

Rena felt a mix of shyness and irritation, causing her to lightly kick him.

"Waylen, you always toy with me. You claimed to want a fresh start... Is this how you choose to begin anew with me? You scoundrel!"

As her words flowed, her eyes turned crimson.

Waylen persisted, showering her with gentler kisses. Finally, he pressed his forehead against hers, his breathing slightly labored.

"Rena, I yearn for you deeply. When a man holds affection for a woman, his desire to be intimate with her simply becomes undeniable. Should that yearning be absent, he ceases to be a man. Am I not right?"

Rena stared at him, finding his rationale unreasonable.

Waylen grinned knowingly.

He gently took her hand and placed it against his handsome face.

Rena's palm made contact with his warm skin, emanating a scorching heat that tempted her to retract it.

Yet, Waylen refused.

He observed her unease.

Moreover, he pressed her lightly against the wall,

Chapter 158 He Was Too Powerful And She Was  +120 Points at most
skillfully engaging in playful banter.

Rena found herself unable to resist.

She bit her lip, her face flushing crimson.

Waylen delicately held her hand, guiding it to caress his face, his eyes filled with a seductive and romantic allure.

"Rena... I'm offering myself as your plaything. I'm here for your amusement, alright?"

His audacity knew no bounds.

Suddenly, Rena pushed him away.

She gasped, her gaze fixed upon him, her chest rising and falling with intensity.

A subtle smile graced Waylen's lips.

He possessed an irresistible charm. It came naturally to him to flirt with women, while Rena felt defenseless against his advances.

She was no match for him.

However, even in the presence of such a stunningly handsome man, Rena did not lose herself. She pursed her exquisite lips, drawing a firm line, and spoke softly. "Mr. Fowler, I will await your call."

She discerned his profound attraction to her physique.

And that was all she could offer him.

Rena hadn't forgotten how desperately she had once yearned for his love. But as their passion waned,

she discovered the fragility of his affection and pity towards her.

She no longer wished to shed tears for him.

Waylen discerned her thoughts from her expression. Surprisingly, he did not grow angry. Instead, he remarked, "I will be away on a business trip for two weeks."

Rena's eyes grew moist.

He smiled. "I won't be heading to Braseovall. I'll be going to Heron. The Carson Group is embroiled in some legal troubles over there, and I must resolve them."

Rena felt a tinge of embarrassment.

See, he understood her innermost thoughts perfectly.

Waylen refrained from teasing her.

He would be absent on business for the next two weeks. How he would miss her dearly. If it weren't for Darren's condition, he would have taken her to Heron regardless. When he didn't have to work, he could whisk her away for ice-cold beer and a beachside barbecue.

He tenderly caressed her cascading chestnut locks, reluctant to let go of her.

Rena could sense it.

When a man truly bared his emotions, they were difficult to conceal. Though she had become less

guarded, she hesitated to articulate her own sentiments.

How could Waylen not perceive it though?

He held her gently in his arms, their embrace suffused with tranquility.

He said softly, "I'll take another secretary with me while Jazlyn will remain in Duefron. If anything arises concerning Mr. Gordon, you can contact her, alright?"

Waylen orchestrated thoughtful arrangements and treated her with utmost care.

Rena owed him immeasurably.

Waylen smiled. "My flight departs in an hour and a half."

Rena raised her head, her gaze inscrutable.

Waylen uttered no further words. Instead, he simply stared back at her.

Finally, Rena whispered softly, "Wishing you a safe journey."

"I was waiting for you to say that."

Waylen leaned in, planting a tender kiss on her lips, and mused, "I'll go first. You... Stay here for a while longer?"

Rena remained silent.

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Waylen departed, leaving behind a much quieter ward.

Rena couldn't discern how much Eloise knew about the events that transpired in the bathroom that day. In the days that followed, Eloise unintentionally mentioned Waylen on multiple occasions, and her words revealed her satisfaction with him.

Rena could understand why. After all, Waylen hailed from a wealthy family and was exceptionally sophisticated.

It was challenging for any mother not to harbor appreciation for such a potential son-in-law.

Subsequently, Harold visited the ward twice.

Darren did not let Harold in though. Harold then refrained from reappearing.

Darren's condition remained stable. Rena resumed her work at the music studio and seized the opportunity to catch up on the available courses. Waylen remained silent.

Ever since uttering those enigmatic words, he seemed to have vanished from her world. However, she could still catch glimpses of news about him.

He was immersed in a legal battle concerning the Carson Group in Heron.

The Carson Group, renowned as the wealthiest and most prominent enterprise in Heron, conducted substantial business operations. However, due to past involvement in illicit transactions, the group

found itself entangled in perpetual troubles.

Approximately two weeks later, Waylen made headlines.

"The Legal Industry's Leading Lawyer Creates Another Miracle!"

The accompanying photo depicted Waylen alongside Brandon Carson, the owner of the Carson Group.

Waylen exuded confidence and vigor.

He was undeniably handsome. Standing next to a seasoned business tycoon in his early fifties, Waylen still exuded an aura of authority. In addition to his personal capabilities, he enjoyed the unwavering support of the influential Fowler family.

The Fowlers and the Carsons held sway over the northern and southern territories of this country, their powers equally formidable.

Rena gazed at the photograph and experienced a stirring within.

Curiosity also seeped into her thoughts. The Carson family had hosted a grand celebratory event, rumored to have been attended by numerous high-profile ladies and actresses. Yet, there were no pictures of Waylen with any of them.

Of course, this was merely Rena's conjecture.

She would never broach the subject with Waylen, as

it would imply she cared...

In truth, there were indeed untold stories that eluded Rena's knowledge. All the surreptitiously taken photographs remained blocked from the Internet, including those featuring the audacious female star, Ella Brown.

Waylen was a golden bachelor and his net worth amounted to a staggering 100 billion dollars.

Wherever he went, an abundance of refined and amiable women would surely surround him, some even throwing themselves willingly at his feet.

Amidst the grandeur of the banquet hall, after indulging in a few glasses of wine, Waylen seized an opportune moment to make his exit, leaving his secretary behind to handle the remaining guests.

Brandon held Waylen in high regard.

Calling over his son Zack, Brandon remarked, "You'll see Waylen off. Use the car ride as an opportunity to learn something from him. Don't just spend your days frivolously playing with cars. Such pursuits are fruitless."

Zack donned an expensive suit, yet failed to exude a sense of seriousness.

Brandon offered an apologetic smile as he said to Waylen, "His mother passed away early and my business keeps me occupied. I've been neglectful in

his upbringing. It's a source of embarrassment, really."

Naturally, Waylen refused to be petty.

He cast a sidelong glance at Zack.

Huh!

He thought Zack was nothing more than a rich brat.

Nonetheless, Waylen replied with a smile, "Mr. Carson, you son possess remarkable looks. He must have a promising future ahead of him."

Brandon brimmed with delight.

He relished hearing such praise.