

Chapter 144 Waylen, Do You Love Me

Rena couldn't shake off the feeling of unease that came with Waylen's persistence. Determined to find some solace from her family, she drove her car back to her parents' place.

As she entered the house, she was met by the welcoming presence of Darren and Eloise, who were both pleasantly surprised to see her.

Eloise pulled her into the room, a smile spreading across her face. "Darren was just talking about you, and here you are. It's incredible how connected you and your father are."

Rena set down the fruit she had brought and approached Darren, engaging in a conversation with him.

They chatted about various topics, enjoying each other's company.

In the midst of their conversation, Eloise's voice resonated from the kitchen. "Rena, could you come and help me?"

Rena nodded with a smile and headed towards the kitchen.

But as she walked in, Eloise swiftly closed the door behind them. Rena was taken aback.

"What's wrong, Eloise?" she inquired, perplexed by the unusual behavior.

Eloise guided Rena to the window and pointed outside the building. "Is that Mr. Fowler's car? It's been parked there for quite some time. What happened between you two? Did you have a quarrel or break up?"

Rena hadn't expected Waylen to show up here.

She absentmindedly began washing the strawberries.

"We have indeed broken up," she finally replied, her voice tinged with resignation.

Unbeknownst to Rena, Waylen had exited the car, holding a gift box in his hands, and was making his way upstairs to pay her family a visit.

Eloise leaned in, her voice low and concerned. "I can tell that he still cares about you deeply, Rena. Have you considered giving it another thought?"

Rena shook her head resolutely. It was a decision she had already made.

In that moment, the doorbell rang, and Eloise covered her mouth, a mischievous smile dancing on her lips.

"He's here," she whispered excitedly.

Rena felt annoyance bubbling within her.

While in the past, Waylen's unexpected presence would have

brought her immense joy. However, their relationship had now ended, rendering his visit meaningless.

Taking a stand, Rena stood in front of Eloise and declared, "I will handle this."

She went to open the door, revealing Waylen standing there.

He was carrying imported fruits and fixated on her with his gaze.

Rena stepped out and closed the door behind her, facing him directly.

"Waylen, what are you doing here?" she asked, her voice laced with a mix of surprise and apprehension.

"I'm here to visit your parents," he replied, holding his ground.

She bit her lower lip, her voice firm. "We have broken up. There's no need for you to do this."

At that moment, Darren's voice echoed from behind the closed door, curious about the visitor Rena had received.

"Rena, who is it? Why don't you invite them in?"

Rena responded casually, trying to divert Darren's attention.

"It's an insurance salesman," she quickly replied.

"Alright," Darren acquiesced, accepting Rena's explanation without suspicion.

Rena gently pushed Waylen, urging him to leave.

But instead of complying, Waylen raised his voice,

announcing to those inside, "Mr. Gordon, I am Rena's boyfriend."

Rena's anger surged within her.

"Waylen, how dare you!" she exclaimed, feeling utterly humiliated by his audacity.

"Rena, should I introduce myself as your boyfriend, or should I just tell your father that we are intimate partners?"

Waylen taunted her, his words cutting deep. Rena blushed, her cheeks turning crimson at the thought.

Waylen reached out and playfully pinched her cheek.

"If you don't let me in, I swear I'll even find a way to spend the night in your house tonight."

Rena couldn't fathom agreeing to such a request.

However, before she could protest further, Darren had already approached the door and opened it. Standing before him was a handsome young man, holding onto Rena.

Darren froze, his eyes widening in surprise.

Waylen swiftly composed himself, wearing a polite and charming smile.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Gordon. I am Waylen Fowler, your lawyer, and Rena's boyfriend," he introduced himself smoothly.

Darren's impression of Waylen immediately shifted in a

positive direction.

He turned to Rena, inquiring, "Why did you leave Mr. Fowler outside?"

With an apologetic smile, he then turned to Waylen. "Mr. Fowler, please forgive her. She acted thoughtlessly sometimes."

Waylen responded with admiration, "Rena is amazing. She even looks cute when she's angry."

Rena found his shamelessness unbearable, but she had to endure it.

Waylen seamlessly integrated himself into the Gordon family's home, as if he belonged there.

With his sophistication and charismatic demeanor, he effortlessly won over Darren and Eloise.

Darren, in high spirits, proposed a game of chess.

"Waylen, let's play a game," he suggested enthusiastically.

Waylen smiled faintly, accepting the invitation. "Please go easy on me," he replied, removing his thin black coat and handing it to Rena.

He addressed her casually, "Could you please go and cut some fruits?"

Darren and Eloise exchanged glances.

They were genuinely pleased with his behavior.

Rena clenched her teeth and resigned herself to cutting the fruits.

To her surprise, Waylen suddenly entered the kitchen and closed the door behind him.

"What do you think you're doing, Waylen?" she questioned, her voice laced with frustration.

Before Rena could react further, he kissed her passionately, taking her by surprise.

She stared at him, her eyes wide with astonishment.

Waylen's voice turned husky as he remarked, "It's only been a few days, and you've already forgotten how to kiss? Rena... Relax and let me show you the depths of passion."

Rena's body tensed up, a mix of conflicting emotions overwhelming her.

She retaliated by punching his shoulder.

"Waylen, you bastard!"

"Shh, be quiet. The bastard is going to kiss you," he whispered, undeterred by her resistance.

The thrill of their secret encounter heightened the intensity of their desires. Rena knew that if she made even the slightest noise, her parents would become aware of their actions.

She pressed her fist against Waylen's shoulder, desperately

trying to contain her own desires.

Waylen wrapped his arms around her waist, savoring the sensation.

He was indeed skilled in the art of kissing, causing Rena to lose herself in the moment.

However, shame soon enveloped Rena.

She remembered the pain she had endured that night.

All of a sudden, fear began to replace her initial excitement.

Trembling, she murmured, "No..."

She then whispered, leaning against Waylen's shoulder, her voice barely audible. "Waylen, can you let me go? I don't want to be your plaything."

Waylen, driven by his intense sexual desire, realized Rena's hesitancy.

Although her body responded to his advances, her mind resisted.

Turning his head, Waylen softly kissed Rena's ear, his voice filled with sincerity.

"Rena, I have never considered you as a mere plaything."

He wanted to pursue her and be in a genuine relationship.

The time they spent living together brought him immense happiness.

"Waylen, I admit that I have feelings for you," Rena confessed

reluctantly. "But I don't want to continue this relationship."

With those words, she gently pushed him away and opened the kitchen door.

Waylen felt a deep sense of discomfort.

He had kissed Rena, and his body had reacted accordingly. With the door now open, the risk of being noticed by Darren had increased.

However, Darren remained oblivious and cheerfully called out, "Come here, Waylen!"

Waylen pretended to wash his hands and shot Rena a scowl before responding, "Okay."

Rena's face turned scarlet with embarrassment as she grabbed the fruit platter and returned to the living room.

She then retreated to her own room, seeking solace from the chaotic situation. Waylen lingered in the Gordon family's home until late at night, finally bidding them farewell.

Standing outside Rena's bedroom door, he informed her of his departure. "Rena, I'm leaving now."

She had no desire to engage in conversation with him.

Darren, satisfied with Waylen's presence, reproached Rena for her apparent rudeness. "Rena, don't be impolite. Escort Waylen downstairs," he instructed.

Rena reluctantly complied.

She hoped to convey her message clearly to Waylen that she didn't want him to return to her home.

Silently donning her coat, she followed Waylen downstairs.

Waylen opened the car door, inviting Rena to talk inside his car.

However, Rena stood her ground. "No, let's talk here," she insisted.

Waylen lowered his head and lit a cigarette, taking a drag before asking with a smile, "What did you want to say? That you don't want me to come back to your home anymore?"

She fixed her gaze on him, determined to assert herself.

Waylen pressed her against the car, leaning in closer as he whispered, "When I kissed you earlier, your body responded. Why aren't you willing to be with me?"

He attempted to reignite her passion with a gentle kiss.

Initially, Rena resisted, struggling against his advances. But eventually, she relented and allowed him to continue.

After what felt like an eternity, she finally mustered the courage to ask softly, "Waylen, do you love me?"