

Chapter 155 I Can Give You Whatever Robert...

As Waylen's words left his lips, his lust grew even more palpable.

Rena had dated Robert for a mere ten days, and their most intimate moment was when he helped her dry her hair—a trivial gesture.

Waylen was the only one who had truly touched her. In his arms, Waylen coaxed Rena, pleading, "Rena, please, be good. I want to be with you."

With those words, he began to unbutton his shirt, his intentions becoming evident.

A soft sob then echoed through the apartment, barely audible.

Waylen froze in place, his actions halted.

Rena curled up beneath him, her voice barely a whisper as she uttered a feeble "no" and confessed that it hurt.

Perplexed, Waylen leaned in and kissed her, insisting, "I haven't done anything yet. How can it hurt?"

Rena opened her eyes.

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Rena opened her eyes.

Her gaze was glistening with tears.

She delicately touched his handsome face and unconsciously revealed, "It hurt so much during the surgery. When the instruments went in, the pain was unbearable... Waylen, since you weren't there, all I could do was cling to the sheets..."

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Rena's voice broke as tears streamed down her cheeks.

She started sobbing so hard.

"It hurt so much. I counted every minute and second during that half-hour. I wished for the pain to end quickly, but it persisted... The pain was unbearable. Waylen, you were the one who took me to the hospital. Why did you go to see Elvira afterward? You know, when I saw Elvira's glowing face, when I saw her laughing and talking, I felt like a joke... I'm not even her substitute to you..."

Perhaps Rena was intoxicated, or perhaps her inhibitions were simply lowered.

She took advantage of the moment to pour out her deepest thoughts to Waylen, desiring nothing more than to push him away.

"Waylen... I don't want to do this to myself anymore. I don't want to feel the pain anymore."

Waylen listened in a trance, his heart aching with a sudden pang.

Rena had never shared these feelings with him

before.

Was that night truly unforgettable for her? To the extent that she was unwilling to engage in such intimacy now?

Rena was partially inebriated, and Waylen knew he could easily coax her into relaxation and then turn her on with his skills, leading to a night of passion.

But when Rena expressed her pain, he hesitated.

Gradually, his desire waned, overridden by a surge of tenderness.

He didn't leave Rena's side; instead, he held her gently.

Pressing his face against hers and her neck, he comforted her softly, "It won't hurt anymore, Rena. I promise it won't hurt anymore... I'll be careful. I'll be with you whenever you have to go to the hospital in the future, okay?"

Rena didn't respond.

In his embrace, she fell asleep, tears still staining her cheeks.

In the silence of the night, when hearts were tender, Waylen discovered that he, too, possessed a capacity for tenderness, despite considering himself cold-hearted.

Yet, Rena didn't deem it enough.

She didn't want him. She would rather sift through the wreckage to find something of value.

Waylen sneered inwardly.

Amidst the wreckage, how could she uncover a treasure?

He firmly believed that only he, Waylen, was the treasure Rena sought. No one else could touch her without incurring misfortune.

Waylen acknowledged his overbearing nature, but he didn't care.

He simply wanted her to return to him.

Even though he hadn't succeeded in consummating their relationship, he felt a surge of satisfaction after triumphing over his love rival, Robert.

Carrying Rena into the bedroom, he gently laid her on the soft bed.

Observing her delicate form, he even placed a stuffed rabbit doll in her arms, adding to her charm and allure.

Waylen then proceeded to undress and take a shower in the bathroom.

Since there were no pajamas available, he opted to sleep naked, clasping Rena in his embrace.

As the night deepened, the atmosphere grew increasingly tranquil.

A hint of orange fragrance wafted through the air.

The next morning, as Rena awoke and opened her eyes, she was startled to find Waylen beside her in bed.

"Why staring at me like that? Do you want a morning kiss?" Waylen asked lazily.

Rena bit her red lips, a mix of surprise and annoyance evident on her face.

"Why are you in my home, Waylen? Get out of my bed, you bastard!"

Nonchalantly, Waylen placed his hand on the back of her head and kissed her passionately.

The kiss lingered, leaving Rena breathless.

She hadn't even brushed her teeth, yet he had no qualms about kissing her.

When Rena regained her composure, fragments of the previous night rushed back to her mind. It seemed that Waylen had come over when she was intoxicated. They had shared a kiss on the sofa, and she had cried and spoken her heart out.

She tentatively lifted the covers to assess her body.

Waylen had already risen and now stood there, smirking as he observed her discomfort.

"You cried out in pain, Rena. How could I continue with our intimacy?"

Blushing, she scolded him once again and demanded that he leave.

Waylen had always possessed a thick skin.

He leisurely picked up his pants and shirt, deliberately dressing in front of her, as if they had indeed engaged in physical intimacy the previous night. With his well-toned physique, his V-line abs clearly visible, he presented an enticing sight.

Unwilling to look at him, she turned her face away, feeling awkward.

She bit her lip and uttered, "Leave the key here." Waylen smiled mischievously. "I had a duplicate key made, paid for it myself. Why should I give it back to you?"

Rena seethed with anger at his shamelessness.

Waylen fastened his pants and approached her.

He relished the sight of her flushed face, appreciating her beauty.

"Rena, I'm serious. Let's give it a try, shall we? I don't know if we'll make it to the end, but I'm willing to give you whatever Robert is willing to give you... Let's give it a shot and get married when the day we fall deeply in love with each other."
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With a penetrating gaze, he locked eyes with her.

Rena wavered.

Her feelings for him were still strong. But she had

been hurt before. Could the wounds heal so easily?

After a moment, she murmured softly, her voice filled with apologies, "Waylen, I'm sorry, but I can't accept your offer."

Waylen frowned.

Before he could respond, his phone rang. It was Lyndon calling.

Rena, no longer interested in talking to him, instructed, "Answer the phone."

She stood up and made her way to the bathroom, ignoring Waylen's attempts to stop her.

Left alone, Waylen sat on the edge of the bed and picked up the call.

On the other end, Lyndon's voice was filled with urgency. "Waylen, Elvira urgently needs RH-negative blood due to excessive bleeding. The hospitals here in Braseovell don't have enough supply, so it's impossible to obtain it quickly. Waylen... I wouldn't ask for your help unless it was necessary. Can you please come to Braseovell?"

Instinctively, Waylen glanced at Rena.

She was freshening up, and it was evident she had overheard the conversation.

She paused momentarily, and then continued brushing her teeth with a touch of force.

Then, she proceeded to make breakfast.

What had she heard?

Elvira, his first love, required the same blood type as him, making them a perfect match.

Rena's inner turmoil dissipated.

She resolved to sever ties with Waylen completely and allow him to be with his precious Elvira.

Once he was able to think it through, he would surely go back to Elvira.

Waylen watched Rena enter the kitchen.

He could tell that she was unhappy and she still had feelings for him.

Hearing no respond from Waylen, Lyndon's impatience got the better of him.

"Waylen... Waylen... Can you make it? I hope you..."

In a cold tone, Waylen responded, "I know you saved Cecilia's life before and I'm eternally grateful for that. The thing is, I've been busy recently and unable to travel to Braseovell. How about this? I'll go to the hospital, have some blood drawn, and send it to Braseovell by plane."

Lyndon felt both disappointed and relieved.

He was disheartened because Elvira's condition was grave, and if Waylen came, he could offer her comfort and readily provide blood when needed, a convenience that home couldn't offer.

Waylen hung up the phone after the exchange.

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He stealthily entered the kitchen, the morning light casting a captivating glow on Rena's profile as she prepared breakfast.

Waylen embraced her from behind and inquired, "Are you still angry?"

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