

Chapter 163 Lyndon's Daughter

Rena was drenched and seemed to be just pulled out of the water after the intense sex.

On this night, although she had been intimate with Waylen before, this man gave her yet another unprecedented experience, which overshadowed everything she knew.

Soon, the lights were turned on.

But Waylen didn't stop kissing her. When he finally pulled away, he appreciated her flustered face.

"Rena, you look so beautiful just the way you are. Don't you want to see yourself?"

Rena covered her eyes and shook her head shyly.

No! She didn't want to see her blushing face at all.

Unfortunately, Waylen wasn't asking. He scooped her up by the bum and carried her straight to the bathroom. Rena leaned on his shoulder and bit his shoulder hard, but the man still ignored her feeble protests.

The next moment, she felt the cold porcelain of the wash basin being pressed against her back. Waylen wrapped his arms around her waist and turned her around to face the

mirror, appreciating her natural beauty.

"Rena, your face is even redder now."

He whispered shameless flirtatious words in her ear.

Rena was so embarrassed that she wanted to run away, but the moment she tried to avert her gaze, the man stopped her.

Her delicate chin was pinched and raised, forcing her to look at the mirror.

Of course, Rena knew that she was a mess now. Her neat dress was crinkled up a little, her hair was disheveled, and her face was as red as a tomato.

Rena knew that he wouldn't sleep with anyone casually, but he was still from that social circle teeming with rich players.

She suspected that Waylen knew women better than men like Roscoe.

He was such a good lawyer. Did that mean he was better at other things, too?

She closed her eyes and begged for mercy.

"Waylen, don't do this!" she wailed softly.

Only then did Waylen listen to her.

He stopped teasing her, but he still held her in his arms and appreciated her carefully in front of the mirror. At the same time, he considerately helped her smooth her dress.

"Don't go back tonight," he murmured. "I promise I won't do anything to you. I just wanna be with you."

It was such a romantic night.

And Waylen just craved for her company.

Hearing his request, Rena calmed down a little.

She slowly opened her eyes and looked at him, her ears still red from his teasing just now.

Waylen had such a way with her. Any woman would fall for him and his romantic antics.

But Rena still didn't want things to move too fast between them, especially knowing that their relationship had an expiration date.

After some hesitation, she said softly, "I'd better go home."

Waylen was a little disappointed, but he still respected her decision. "Then stay with me a little longer, Rena... I want you to keep me company for as long as you can."

Naturally, having gotten along with Waylen for a while now, she knew what he meant by asking her to "keep him company".

She blushed, but Waylen didn't force her to do anything she didn't want to. He just made out with her for a little longer.

This was nothing like the way Waylen treated her when they still lived together. Previously, he had never been

serious about their relationship. Now, Rena wasn't so sure...

Later that night.

The golden Bentley Continental GT slowly pulled into the Rena's neighborhood.

After parking the car, Waylen glanced at his watch. "It's already three o'clock in the morning. Can I stay the night?"

Despite his irresistible charm, Rena managed to refuse him.

Waylen sighed. He didn't want her to leave him so soon, so he held her in his arms tightly.

Such a hug was most tender.

After a long time...

Rena finally pulled away from the hug and said softly, "Waylen, I'm going upstairs."

Waylen looked down at her with his deep-set eyes.

Rena could clearly see the fiery desire in his eyes. In a hoarse voice, Waylen said, "Will you move back to my place? Maybe next week?"

Rena was stunned.

She sat up gently in his arms and looked at him quizzically.

She knew that what happened tonight was too ambiguous, which was why he was making such a request.

She couldn't blame him since she hadn't made herself clear.

Rena ran her fingers through her thick, wavy hair. After

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Rena shook off his hand calmly.

She was not afraid of him. Averting her gaze shyly, she whispered, "You did those things on your accord. I didn't ask you to."

Waylen's expression immediately softened. He didn't have the heart to stay angry at this woman.

Rena didn't think it was a good idea to continue the conversation, so she opened the door to get out of the car. But the man suddenly held her hand and pulled her back. Losing her balance, she fell into his arms.

Before she could react, Waylen pressed his lips against her ear and whispered in a low voice, "I'm sorry, Rena. It's all my fault. I was too anxious just now. Rena... Please. I really want to be with you. It's not just about having a physical relationship. I want to be with you on a deeper level."

Truth be told, he still skirted around the idea of marriage. Rena, on the other hand, wanted to get married.

Waylen wanted to live with her for a while longer. Only when they had no more conflicts would he marry her. After all, in his eyes, Rena was potentially wife material.

No matter what, he didn't want to let her go at the end of the day.

However, Waylen's words sounded harsh in Rena's ears. She struggled to free herself and still wanted to get off the

car.

Waylen held her tightly and refused to let her go.

Finally, he forced her to look at him and smiled at her playfully.

"You were having fun just now. How come you don't want to talk to me now?"

Rena was so angry that blue veins stood out on her forehead. Despite the ferocious look on her face, Waylen found it cute, as though she was a little angry kitten. He couldn't help but kiss her.

He wouldn't let her get off the car no matter how hard she struggled.

In the end, they spent the whole night in the car.

Even Rena had to admit that she was a little tempted to accept Waylen.

After all, she couldn't resist Waylen's charm at all. If he made a move, she would surrender completely.

It was just that she didn't want to yield—at least, not tonight.

Just after dawn, Rena woke up in Waylen's arms to the sound of his phone ringing.

Waylen, on the other hand, seemed to be deeply asleep. He didn't even stir when his phone rang.

Rena nudged him. "Waylen, your phone."

Only then did Waylen wake up.

He locked eyes with her and then leaned over to kiss her.

"Waylen... Your phone... It's ringing."

Rena panted in between kisses.

Finally, Waylen let go of her with a teasing smile.

He reached for his phone and was about to answer the phone, but when he saw the caller ID, his face darkened.

Without hesitation, he rejected the call.

Rena was perplexed at first, but then she soon understood.

The caller was probably Elvira.

Rena didn't say anything. She wanted to get out of the car, but Waylen pulled her back again and held her tightly in his arms.

"Rena, Elvira and I are over.

She's married now."

Rena nodded, but she still refused to say anything.

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In Libeari, Braseovell.

Elvira sat in her parlor in a sexy lace nightgown.

She could clearly hear the laughter of a man and a woman coming from the maid's room downstairs.

The man was none other than her husband, cheating on her with the maid. Elvira chose to ignore it, because she didn't love him at all.

At this time, Elvira's eyes were icy cold.

She stared at a letter in her hand and reread its contents carefully.

This letter was sent from Duefron. A successful jeweler had woken up from a coma after being treated for a long time, and he sent the information that Lyndon wanted by letter.

It turned out Lyndon had been looking for his another child. And the jeweler had some clues.

There was a photo attached to the letter. Elvira knew the woman in the photo all too well...

It was a photo of Rena.

It turned out that Rena was Lyndon's daughter—which meant that she was Elvira's sister. 🕒

How could it be?

Why did Rena have to take away everything that belonged to her?

Elvira's face twisted with anger.

The next second, she tore the letter into pieces.