

Chapter 208 He Was All Hers

Bathed in the radiant glow of a crystal lamp, Waylen exuded an air of elegance as he stood poised.

His gaze fixated on Rena.

He observed her radiant smile directed at Tyrone.

Lately, she had been distant towards him, rarely gracing him with such a carefree smile. Yet, when her eyes met Tyrone's, an irresistible grin adorned her face. Was Tyrone more captivating and cherished in her heart compared to Waylen?

Suppressing his feelings of envy, Waylen refused to let his narrow-mindedness show.

However, he found himself irresistibly drawn towards them. He stood motionless, gracefully plucking a glass of wine from the tray presented by a waiter. A subtle smile danced on the corners of his lips as he turned to Rena and uttered, "Do I possess such charm that makes you keep staring at me?"

Rena had grown accustomed to Waylen's audaciousness.

She turned her head and offered an apologetic smile to Tyrone.

Of course, Tyrone was well aware of the situation. Despite being in Heron, he remained well-informed.

Rena had returned to Waylen due to the events involving Roscoe and Vera. Yet, in Tyrone's eyes, Rena and Waylen were

no longer the same as before.

With a sarcastic tone, Tyrone jibed, "Waylen, your concern for Rena is overwhelming. Is that why you ventured all the way to Heron? Those who know you might assume you're here to see Rena, while those who don't might find your actions suspicious."

It became a battle of egos between men...

They not only sought to outdo each other in the realm of business but also engaged in verbal sparring, aiming to render each other speechless.

Waylen, being a lawyer, possessed a silver tongue.

Balancing the wine glass in his hand, Waylen wore a gentle smile and remarked, "I doubt there will be any formidable opponents in Heron. What do you think, Rena?"

Rena cast a fleeting glance his way, silently signaling him to tread carefully.

Leaning closer to her ear, Waylen inquired, "Are you concerned about him?"

In a hushed tone, Rena responded, "Waylen, are you intentionally provoking me? I simply ran into him at the banquet and did nothing more. There's no need for you to behave this way."

"I'm consumed by jealousy," Waylen confessed candidly, his eyes burning with intensity as he locked his gaze with hers.

Overwhelmed by the prying eyes of onlookers, Rena's cheeks flushed a subtle shade of crimson.

The smile on Tyrone's face gradually faded...

Standing by Tyrone's side, Zack held a wine glass and commented in a soft voice, "You see, no one can surpass Waylen in shamelessness."

Tyrone slowly savored the wine in his glass.

The potent liquor slid down his throat and settled in his core, causing a discomfort that somehow mirrored his mood.

Gazing at the couple before him, he whispered softly, "I was mistaken."

Zack failed to grasp the full meaning behind Tyrone's words.

However, Tyrone himself understood perfectly.

When Tyrone pursued Rena, he never anticipated Waylen's overwhelming obsession with her. Waylen, known for being consumed by work, had never treated Rena with much seriousness in the first place. Yet, nobody could have foreseen his current state of mind.

Tyrone knew all too well that he hadn't been defeated by Waylen.

Instead, he had been defeated by the passage of time.

In matters of love, sometimes it was indeed a case of "first come, first served."

Silently, Tyrone departed, just as quietly as his encounter with Rena.

No matter how lively the party, it eventually reached its conclusion.

With Waylen at her side, Rena remained untouched by others.

Once the festivities ended, Rena glanced at the illuminated

numbers on the elevator and asked in a hushed tone, "Have you booked a hotel room? If not, I can ask my secretary to arrange it for you."

Waylen's eyes held depth as he replied, "I'll stay with you."

Rena lowered her head and absently toyed with her phone. "Let me take care of the booking. I'll be occupied with work in the coming days and might not have much time to spend with you."

Her phone was gently taken from her grasp.

Waylen's expression turned serious as he asserted, "I won't disturb you."

Rena fell silent, her gaze fixed on the elevator, waiting as the doors opened.

The party had reached its conclusion, and a sea of people swarmed around. The confined space of the elevator made Rena feel uneasy, squeezed against the wall.

Suddenly, a hand reached out and enveloped her, drawing her into a protective embrace.

Rena found herself momentarily stunned.

Waylen...

Forced to lean against his chest, her face tenderly brushed against his clothing. When she raised her eyes, she caught sight of his prominent Adam's apple, a captivating sight that exuded a captivating allure.

Waylen cast his gaze downward, his eyes obscured by an impenetrable darkness, harboring a brewing storm of emotions.

Indeed, once he stepped foot into her hotel room, the facade

of elegance he had displayed at the party shattered.

Rena found herself pinned against the sturdy door, his body leaning in, one leg planted firmly to imprison her, leaving her no means of escape.

Averting her face, Rena inquired, "Waylen, what do you intend to do?"

With a gentle touch, Waylen caressed her delicate countenance and asked in a hoarse voice laced with a tinge of anguish, "Rena, do you still hold resentment toward me for what transpired with Tyrone?"

Rena remained silent for a moment, the weight of such a night seemingly primed for an outburst.

Both he and she were on the verge of eruption.

She turned to meet his gaze and spoke with a soft yet resolute voice. "I am bothered by what happened to Tyrone, and it has nothing to do with our relationship but it does speak of the disparity in our status... Just as you're aware, I was on the verge of departing for Flirean at that time. I couldn't hold onto you, and I had to witness you repeatedly seeking out Elvira. Instead of lamenting, I was forced to leave Duefron behind to fulfill your desires and your first love. Isn't that inequality? If we were an ordinary couple, we would have already engaged in fiery arguments. But we can't, because you are Waylen. The same holds true for what transpired between Tyrone and Hyatt. You relish the control that your position affords you, while I, a mere nobody, am expected to acquiesce, am I not?"

Having uttered these words, tears welled up in Rena's eyes.

In truth, Rena had long believed that Joseph and Vera's divorce was an unattainable outcome due to Waylen's intervention.

Waylen had been waiting for Rena.

Just like that, she had pleaded with him and he had assisted Vera. Some matters were better left undisturbed.

But now that they had reached this point, they should cease discussing matters of love.

Waylen's heart sank.

Still, he continued to caress her face, his voice barely above a whisper, "Rena, do you wish to strike me? Like any ordinary couple, slap me if it brings you solace. Scratch my neck."

Rena's anger surged. "Waylen, you despicable man!"

He seized her hand and pressed it firmly against his strikingly handsome face, rendering Rena incapable of breaking free from his grasp, no matter how hard she tried.

This was the dance of love between a man and a woman, a battle fought with intellect and courage.

"Don't think I won't dare to strike you!" Rena declared angrily.

With those words hanging in the air, she slapped him across the face.

In that vast expanse, it felt as though time had frozen, leaving only the sound of their gasps. After a brief pause, Rena proceeded to graze his neck twice more, causing him to draw blood.

Waylen ran his tongue across his lips, savoring the peculiar sensation.

He gripped her waist tightly and lowered his head, yearning to kiss her. Yet, Rena resisted and fiercely sank her teeth into his flesh.

A subtle scent of blood mingled with their kiss...

Ultimately, her display of aggression ignited Waylen's desire to conquer. He grew impatient, filled with eagerness and an overwhelming intensity...

He could hardly contain himself and couldn't wait to find another setting as he claimed her in such a primal position.

The exquisite dress fell to the floor.

While she remained partially clothed, he still retained his impeccable attire. Unless she observed his expression, she wouldn't realize the extent of his heightened stimulation.

This time, their intimate encounter lingered, stretching out into a particularly prolonged union...

It wasn't until he reached the climax that Rena felt a sense of relief. He scooped her up in his arms and carried her towards the bedroom, their lips locked in a frenzy of passionate kisses.

Today was special.

On this night, he belonged entirely to her.