

Chapter 363 Waylen, You Kissed Me Again

Rena stood frozen in disbelief, her eyes locked onto the screen in front of her.

The campus website displayed an image that sent shockwaves through her. It was a picture of Waylen, captured in a moment of intimacy, his lips pressed against hers.

Her first kiss.

A torrent of emotions swept over her – surprise, embarrassment, and a strange fluttering in her chest. The image had left an indelible mark on her heart, a mark that she couldn't ignore.

As if in a daze, Rena threw off her blanket and hurriedly left her room. The events of last night flashed before her eyes.

In the hushed tranquility of the living room, Eloise was busy with her culinary pursuits.

The aroma of fresh dumplings filled the air as Rena's footsteps echoed softly. Eloise's voice was warm, a stark contrast to Rena's turbulent thoughts. "Rena, breakfast is on the table. Finish up and get ready for school."

Rena lingered at the kitchen doorway, her fingers nervously tangling in her unruly brown hair.

She took a deep breath, her voice a soft murmur. "Eloise, the man who came to the house last night... He's not my boyfriend."

Eloise's response was a knowing smile, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Rena's words were met with skepticism because Waylen had played chess with Darren until one o'clock in the morning, which made Eloise believe that Waylen was indeed Rena's boyfriend.

Rena couldn't explain it clearly.

With a resigned sigh, she gathered her resolve, freshened up, and collected her breakfast. Her steps echoed on the stairs as she descended, her thoughts racing. Then she heard Eloise sighing behind her, "Waylen is nice. I think he's better than Harold."

Vera, her ever-faithful friend, was tasked with a new mission which was to gather information about Waylen's law office. Rena's determination burned brightly as she set her sights on the truth.

The clock's hands crept toward half-past nine, and Rena found herself standing before the grand entrance of the Sterling Law Firm.

The building exuded an air of significance, its towering presence a testament to the success held within its walls.

A poised and professional receptionist greeted Rena, her sweet voice a soothing balm to her nerves. "Miss, what can I do for you?"

Rena's fingers worriedly toyed with her bag strap as she made her request. "I would like to meet Mr. Waylen Fowler."

A soft smile graced the receptionist's lips as she dialed an internal number. "Jazlyn, there's a lady here to see Mr. Fowler... Is he available?"

The response was swift, a silent conversation that Rena couldn't decipher.

Her anticipation grew as the receptionist's gaze met hers once more, her words carrying a note of eagerness as she said, "Miss Gordon, please follow me. Mr. Fowler is expecting you."

Rena was confused.

Navigating the floors with practiced ease, the receptionist led Rena to the 12th floor.

There was only an office and a small meeting room there.

Standing in front of the blinds in his office, Waylen looked at the view outside the window quietly. Jazlyn smiled behind him and said, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Gordon will be here soon."

Waylen didn't turn around.

He just said lightly, "Prepare a cup of Mandheling and some snacks."

Jazlyn was slightly stunned. It seemed that his boss attached great importance to Miss Gordon.

Jazlyn didn't ask more.

After Jazlyn left, Waylen gently pulled down the blinds, making the whole office wrapped in a much darker setting.

Waylen was lost in thought.

It was nice to meet Rena who was 20 years old, but he had all his memories in his dream. He knew that in reality, Rena was lying in the hospital in a coma, and she was pregnant with their third child.

He was going to take Rena back.

He wanted to make Rena his woman in advance, stopping her from being with Harold.

Just as Waylen was thinking, the door of the office opened. Jazlyn led Rena in, put down the tea and snacks, and said gently, "Miss Gordon, take your time."

After that, Jazlyn left quietly and gently closed the heavy door.

Before coming here, Rena had a lot of questions to ask. At least her attitude was fierce, but after she entered this office, she was not confident enough for no reason. Maybe it was because the light was too dim, or because the man was wearing a black and white classic suit and staring at her.

Her legs were somewhat weak...

Waylen sat down first.

Even if the little girl in front of him was his beloved wife and they had done many intimate things, he couldn't frighten her now. He had to take it slow and win her heart.

His fingers danced over the pages of a newspaper, his attention divided between its words and Rena's enigma. With a casual air, he said, "So, Miss Gordon, are you here to discuss our love affair?"

The color that rushed to Rena's cheeks was undeniable, her heart pounding in her chest.

She met his gaze with defiance, her voice tinged with embarrassment. "Love affair? Who would have a love affair with you?"

Waylen's laughter was warm, a genuine sound that filled the room. "You have a hot temper, much like Alexis."

Rena's brows furrowed, curiosity piqued by the unfamiliar name.

Who was Alexis?

Before she could inquire further, Waylen motioned for her to take a seat, his tone gentle as he extended an offer. "Would you care for some coffee? Though, I must insist that young ladies like you should drink more milk than coffee."

Rena remained standing, her resolve firm.

She was determined not to be swayed by his charm, to stand her ground in the face of his undeniable allure.

She was fully aware of the complexities that lay beneath his surface.

Waylen couldn't help but laugh at her childish look. He looked at her affectionately and asked in a low voice, "You are here to question me, right? Why don't you ask away?"

With a defiant gaze, Rena posed the question that had been haunting her thoughts. "Why did you kiss me in secret?"

Waylen's response was simple, his voice unapologetic as he replied, "Because I wanted to."

Rena's words faltered, her argument crumbling in the face of his sincerity.

She was not as eloquent as him, and their status was not equal. She knew that with his family background, it was easy for him to deal with her. Not only her, but also her family might be implicated.

Rena's eyes were a little red.

Her voice trembled with a mixture of frustration and vulnerability. "I showed you kindness, and you repaid me with betrayal."

In a swift motion, Waylen rose from his seat, his presence commanding the room.

Rena's heart fluttered like a caged bird, her nerves tingling with a mixture of anticipation and apprehension. What was Waylen up to?

A gentle footfall, almost like a phantom's, heralded Waylen's approach from behind. His warm breath danced over her ear as he whispered, "I've stolen a kiss from you before, but is that really repaying you with betrayal? Am I not as handsome as the others you know?"

Rena's instinct was to step back, but Waylen's firm yet tender



grasp on her waist held her in place. Her heart raced, his words echoing in the air like a sweet yet puzzling melody.

Waylen, at the seasoned age of thirty-five, was well-versed in the language of women, and Rena was no exception.

He leaned in further, his words a teasing promise as his breath brushed her ear. "I'm not here to play games, contrary to what you might think. My family's traditions don't allow me to indulge in fleeting romances."

Stammering, Rena managed to inquire. "What is it that you want, then?"

Waylen's lips curved into an enigmatic smile.

"I won't classify our relationship, but I'll certainly acknowledge its existence."

A blush bloomed on Rena's cheeks. "We hardly even know each other."

Waylen had an inkling that Rena had subtle feelings for him, even if she hadn't fully admitted it to herself. He believed that no girl would permit a man to approach her so intimately unless some hidden attraction existed. Her affection, he guessed, was perhaps due to his own striking appearance.

Even though Rena had never openly confessed it, she tended to like handsome men.

Releasing his hold on her, Waylen inquired. "Don't we have a certain level of familiarity now?"

He offered her a smile, which caused her cheeks to flush. A wave of inexplicable heat washed over her, leaving her bewildered. After a considerable pause, Rena finally recalled her initial intention. She whispered hesitantly, "I... I have a crush. You're not doing it right."

Her resistance was as delicate as that of a kitten.

Waylen found it endearing. "You're remarkably patient with me."

Anxiety gripped Rena, tears welling up in her eyes. Despite her inner turmoil, she felt powerless against him.

Waylen's demeanor was slightly reserved.

Suddenly, Rena pushed him away, her lips caught between her teeth, a determined expression taking over. She seemed poised to flee.

Without hesitation, Waylen turned, his grip on her wrist firm as he pulled her back... Then, with a gentle yet purposeful motion, he placed her on a wide desk.

And there he stood, a formidable presence right in the center of her world.

The intensity of the moment left her feeling exposed, a mix of shame and longing swirling within her.

Waylen's conscience bore no weight of shame. His fingers grazed the delicate contours of her legs, his voice carrying a husky timbre. "Didn't I advise you against wearing such short pants last night?"

Rena's heart trembled with fear.

The impulse to call out for help surged within her, yet the prospect of losing face held her captive. Her anxiety threatened to overflow in tears.

"Please, don't cry."

With a tender grip, Waylen lifted her chin, coaxing her to meet his gaze. He studied her youthful countenance with careful attention.

Her lips quivered, her nose flushed crimson.

Regret gnawed at her.

She silently berated herself for coming here. It was as if he had anticipated her vulnerability and was lying in wait.

Waylen leaned in, his lips teasingly brushing against hers... The room was charged with tension, an electric current that coursed through her veins.

"Are you curious about the sensation of a kiss? Is this your first time?"

As Waylen's words hung in the air, he adjusted their angle, his tongue tentatively exploring the contours of her lips... Rena, untouched by love's embrace, stood on the precipice of an unfamiliar realm.

Her fear rendered her unable to resist, her gaze locked onto his.

Waylen's ardor surpassed her own.

The kiss, slow and deliberate, intensified gradually. Yet, Waylen's desire grew stronger, evident in his embrace that drew her closer, stoking the flames of her own longing.

Rena's tears flowed freely.

Her inner turmoil spilled over, dampening her cheeks. She desperately wanted to sever all ties with him. Her arms encircled his neck, though her words were tinged with a hint of desperation. "Please, refrain from this."

Waylen halted his advance.

An internal struggle waged within him as he sought to regain his composure. He reminded himself that Rena was oblivious to the depths of his intentions spanning the next ten years. This flirtatious interlude held little significance.

A reassuring pat on her back, his voice gentle as he said, "I won't continue."

Rena's heart brimmed with a sense of injustice.

In an unexpected turn, she came to the realization that she had initiated the embrace herself. Shame mingled with anger, prompting her to retort, "Then clarify our romantic involvement."

A soft chuckle escaped Waylen's lips.

As he stood, his fingers adeptly straightened his shirt with an air of nonchalance.

He exuded an aura of refined arrogance, a polished exterior concealing a darker nature.

Returning to his desk, he dialed an internal number. "Jazlyn, handle the online matters. Rena seems upset."

Rena was taken aback. What did he mean by her being upset?

It was far too vague.

Waylen concluded the call, his demeanor elegant as he inquired. "Is everything satisfactory now?"

Summoning her courage, Rena said, "You... Just now... Promise me you won't reveal what transpired between us just now."

Waylen's gaze fell as he ignited a cigarette.

His eyes, however, remained fixed on her, a hint of disdain touching his features. "Are you worried that Harold will grow angry and abandon you?"

Rena's lips tightened.

Suddenly, Waylen extinguished his cigarette and adopted a gentler tone. "Rena, in a genuine love, there's a balance of giving and taking. If Harold truly cares for you, why does he hold back and leave you hanging? Are you certain that this fleeting affection amounts to love?"

Love demanded reciprocity.

Rena's eyes welled with tears.

Waylen's concern for her was evident as he continued, "It's wiser to seek someone who genuinely appreciates you than to cling to a hopeless relationship."

Someone who truly cared for her?

Rena regarded Waylen warily...

Yet, Waylen met her gaze unwaveringly. He possessed a striking handsomeness and an air of refinement that left Rena feeling inadequate. She quickly averted her eyes, whispering, "I'm leaving."

Before she could reach the door, Waylen's hand closed around the handle.

His towering figure cast a shadow over the young woman as he spoke with tenderness. "You endured silently, even when you were bullied. Your heart is so tender. How can you continue with the relentless Harold?"

Time was running out for the Moore Group.

Soon, the Gordon family would be ensnared in Harold's trap...

Rena pushed Waylen aside. "It's none of your concern."

Yet, Waylen's gaze lingered, his voice adopting a softer tone. "Visit my apartment this weekend. Allow me to treat you to dinner. I possess a 'Morning Dew' piano. Wouldn't you like to play it for yourself?"

The 'Morning Dew' piano?

The one favored by Louis XII?

It was a temptation Rena found hard to resist.

Observing her inner struggle, Waylen smiled. "The choice is

yours to make."

Within Rena's heart, a resolve took root. She would never set foot in his apartment.

But could it be true? Did he truly possess that piano in his abode? Rumors had pegged its value at around twenty million dollars.

Rena departed, her presence leaving a lingering ache in the air.

Waylen retraced his steps to claim Rena's untouched coffee, taking measured sips until half of it was consumed.

While lost in his thoughts, Jazlyn entered the office.

Waylen's voice dipped to a hushed murmur. "Contact the auction house for me. I want to acquire the 'Morning Dew' piano, regardless of the cost. Have it delivered to my apartment in Duefron before the weekend."

Jazlyn was certain her boss had fallen in love.

Hadn't he just broken up with his girlfriend?

How had he managed to regain his senses so swiftly?

Waylen cast a glance at Jazlyn, inquiring. "Will it pose a challenge?"

Jazlyn hastened to reply, "No, I'll handle it."

Cradling the coffee cup, Waylen approached the French window with deliberate steps. His voice dipped even lower, a shadow of intensity woven into his words. "Dig into the financial records of the Moore Group. Unearth any compromising evidence. Additionally, arrange a meeting with Darren Gordon, the Moore Group's financial officer."

Darren Gordon of the Moore Group?

Jazlyn's brows knitted in puzzlement.

Waylen raised a placating hand, signaling her not to delve further.

As Jazlyn exited, Waylen remained solitary, a sense of solitude settling around him.

In this dream, events from ten years ago were occurring, and he alone held the script of fate, privy to both past and future. The woman he yearned for stood before him, yet he found himself resorting to every means to draw her near.

The impulsive kiss he had stolen from Rena weighed heavily on his conscience.

Furthermore, he bore a debt owed to Harold, one he was intent on repaying.

And then there was Darren...

Waylen's eyes slitted, his anticipation for the next encounter with Rena palpable. He yearned to possess her, by any means necessary, to bring his dream to a close and finally take her home.

Fueled by ten years of rigorous training, Waylen executed his plans unflinchingly, fulfilling his objectives that day.

Four o'clock in the afternoon arrived.

As appointed, Darren entered a club and pushed open the door to the private room.

Waylen sat alone, a formidable stack of documents before him. His demeanor exuded an air of aloof professionalism, a stark departure from the affable young man of the previous night.

A fleeting smile graced Darren's lips as he inquired. "Mr. Fowler, is there something significant you wish to discuss?"

Waylen lifted his gaze.

In an instant, his expression shifted, warmth and geniality sweeping over his features once more.

Standing, he greeted with a smile. "Mr. Gordon, you can call me Waylen. I have a matter I'd like to discuss with you. My apologies for intruding."

Darren was no fool.

He approached with a congenial smile, engaging in small talk to test the waters.

They settled into their seats. Waylen cut to the chase, his smile unwavering. "There's financial information pertaining to the Moore Group. As the Chief Financial Officer, I trust you're well-acquainted with the details. And I... I share a close connection with Rena. She holds affection for Harold, quite devotedly. So I wish to assist the Moore Group."

Hearing this, Darren was taken aback.

No man in his right mind could be this naive.

Darren had heard of the emerging legal talent before him, and he perceived Waylen as brash. Though he believed Waylen had feelings for Rena, the notion of Waylen aiding his rival in love was inconceivable. Either he was mistaken, or Waylen was operating outside the bounds of normalcy.

While inwardly shocked, Darren maintained his composure, sipping his tea with calculated ease.

Smiling cordially, he offered, "Waylen, you shouldn't go to such lengths."

Waylen slid another document forward.

"I intend to invest one billion dollars in the Moore Group. However, there's a stipulation. You must depart from the Moore Group and join the Fowler Group."

Darren's surprise was evident.

One billion dollars. Waylen was prepared to spend such an exorbitant sum on him, an aging executive?

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.

