

## Chapter 87 Pathetic!

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Waylen sneered. "Let me tell you why!"

He stood against the night breeze, his hair rustling with the wind.

His white shirt stood out against the dark night, his dark hair and angular face looking particularly domineering.

Looking down at Harold, he spat, "You regret it now? Only after Rena got with me did you realize that you fell in love with her? Pathetic! Harold, this is all your own doing. You were the one who set Darren up and broke Rena's heart. It's not that you have never had a chance to stop. It's just that you chose power over Rena's happiness every step of the way!"

Harold staggered to his feet, his face pale and sweaty.

Waylen continued ruthlessly, "You abandoned her! You're the reason why we're together now! If you hadn't broken up with her in the first place, she never would've met me!"

Harold's lips turned blue, and his whole body began to tremble.

Waylen noticed this and sneered coldly. "Harold, stop pretending to love Rena. It's useless now."

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All of a sudden, Harold's gaze landed on something on Waylen's neck.

There were several faint red marks on the side of his neck—hickies. It was obvious that Waylen and Rena had enjoyed their make-out session earlier.

Harold stiffened at the sight.

He couldn't help but wonder how many rounds of sex they had tonight.

Waylen followed his gaze and found that Harold was staring

at his neck.

He recalled that earlier that night, Rena had leaned on his shoulder and bit his neck gently. They had enjoyed their time together very much.

Waylen could be ruthless, but he wasn't evil. He decided to spare Harold the details.

Although he knew that his relationship with Rena was just temporary, he didn't look down upon her. In fact, he had grown fond of her personality, cooking skills, and of course, her body!

Waylen tossed his cigarette butt and stubbed it out with his heel.

"My patience is limited, you know. You should feel lucky that Cecilia still likes you, or you'd be in jail now."

Harold suddenly broke into a smile.

It was as though he came to his senses in the blink of an eye.

"I know, Waylen. I promise I'll be a good husband to Cecilia."

Waylen had seen many ruthless people in his lifetime, but in his eyes, Harold was really something.

Just now, Harold was in hysterics, but now, he replied with a smiling face.

What a two-faced, heartless man!

Waylen didn't want to waste his breath on him anymore. Just

then, his phone rang; it was Rena calling.

Without hesitation, he answered the phone in front of Harold.

"I'll be back soon, Rena. The matter's almost been settled. And didn't I tell you to go to bed without me? Why are you still waiting for me? Are you looking forward to another around with me, huh?"

Waylen didn't hide his intimate relationship with Rena and flirted with her right in front of Harold.

He even put the call on speakerphone.

"Waylen, can we do this again tomorrow night?" Rena asked shyly.

Harold clenched his fists and his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

After ending the call, Waylen got in his car and drove away.

Harold, on the other hand, couldn't move.

He kept thinking about what Rena said to Waylen on the phone just now.

She said she wanted to have sex with him again.

And judging from the way she said this, she didn't sound reluctant at all. On the contrary, her voice was gentle and almost eager, as though she was looking forward to being fucked by Waylen.

Something warm trickled down Harold's cheeks.


In a daze, he touched it. Only then did he realize that he was crying.

How could he shed tears?

What a joke!

How could he cry over a woman?



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