

## Chapter 121 Rena, Call Me Honey

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The hush fell upon the private room, enveloping it in silence. The men engaged in their merry drinking and card-playing halted their activities abruptly, directing their attention towards Rena.

Elvira assumed a position next to Waylen, exuding an air of authority as though she were the gracious hostess.

Rena found herself in an uncomfortable predicament, caught in the midst of it all.

No one extended an invitation for her to partake in the revelry and amusement.

And she could not be regarded as Waylen's companion, as they were not a couple.

During their previous encounter, Joseph had quarreled with Rena and he had hold grudge against her. Speaking with a malicious tone, he inquired, "What brings you here, Rena? Shall we engage in a game together?"

Rena shifted her gaze towards Waylen.

Waylen, today attired in casual garb, donned a black shirt and

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Waylen, today attired in casual garb, donned a black shirt and trousers, lounging on the sofa while puffing on a cigarette.

Never before had Rena witnessed Waylen in such a debauched state.

Waylen briefly glanced in Rena's direction, seemingly perturbed and unwilling to aid her in her predicament.

Unexpectedly, Elvira leaned in close to Joseph, planting a delicate kiss on his cheek and, with a faint smile, uttered, "Joseph, refrain from encouraging Miss Gordon to stay. A woman of her stature might not afford to partake in this amusement!"

amusement!"

Rena's hands clenched tightly, conveying her inner turmoil.

What did she mean by that?

Elvira and Waylen were both pain in her back!

Waylen's eyes possessed a profound depth.

They fixated upon Rena for an extended duration before he finally spoke up. "Rena, you should go."

Waylen's words painted Rena in an unfavorable light, implying that she was being unreasonable in her pursuit of exposing the adulterous affair, and lacked the ability to sway his allegiance.

Joseph sneered, his pent-up grievances finding an outlet at last.

At this juncture, an individual interjected, stating, "Alright, let us cease pressuring Rena. Let the games resume." The atmosphere swiftly regained its liveliness...

Yet in this very moment, a soft voice interjected, proclaiming, "I'm sure I can afford to partake in this amusement!"

The soft voice emerged amidst the cacophony, barely audible, struggling to survive amidst the noise.

However, Waylen's acute ears captured its essence, recognizing Rena as the speaker.

Waylen's gaze narrowed, his tone growing more somber as he

uttered, "Rena, go back now."

A heavy silence settled upon the room, as even the most foolish individual could discern Waylen's profound discontent. Perhaps Rena's actions had tarnished his image, leading to his evident displeasure.

Within the stillness, Tyrone interjected with a chuckle, "If Rena claims she want to join, then she shall!"

Tyrone pulled Rena to his side, inviting her to sit beside him and expertly poured a glass of wine.

"If you lose the game, you must drink." He started to explained the rules to her.

"Should you emerge victorious, you may demand anything from any of us!"

He paused for a second and then added, "There are no limitations!"

Waylen's voice resonated with depth as he interjected, "Tyrone!"

Tyrone's smile widened with delight.

Addressing Waylen, he remarked, "What's the matter, Waylen? Elvira has received numerous kisses. Why deny Rena the chance to partake? Haha, after all, Rena is the one who truly captures your heart, isn't she?"

Waylen cast a glance towards Rena.

Stubbing out his cigarette, he simply stated, "Let the games begin!"

In truth, the game itself was straightforward. They were to draw cards and engage in a showdown.

During the initial round, Joseph emerged victorious. Despite his strained relationship with Rena, Waylen's stance towards her remained ambiguous, leaving him unwilling to take the risk.

As a result, Joseph bestowed a passionate French kiss upon Elvira.

Their embrace exuded such intensity that it caused others to blush in response.

Upon concluding the kiss, Elvira smiled and turned to Waylen, jesting, "If I win, I shall grant you a French kiss!"

Waylen paid her no mind, dismissing the comment.

Rena found herself holding the lowest-ranking card, hence she proceeded to consume half a glass of wine.

Rena possessed an immaculate complexion. The mere consumption of half a glass of wine seemed to enhance her allure, rendering her even more captivating.

Seated beside her, Tyrone found it impossible to remain completely indifferent. His gaze fixated upon Rena with an unabashed fondness, visible for all present to perceive, even those deprived of sight.

In an opportune turn of events, Tyrone emerged victorious in the subsequent round.

A hushed stillness enveloped the room, pregnant with anticipation.

Oh, the spectacle that awaited them!

Waylen cast aside his cards, his attention riveted upon Rena, his gaze penetrating and profound.

Before Rena could react, Tyrone leaned closer, placing his hands on either side of her head.

With gentle grace, Tyrone adjusted his attractive nose, subtly brushing it against Rena's own.

Surprised, Rena gazed up at him in bewilderment, her long lashes casting a delicate veil over her slightly flushed cheeks. She appeared both adorable and enchanting.

Tyrone's eyes darkened, hinting at an array of emotions swirling within him.

In a corner, Harold nonchalantly flicked the ash off his cigarette. If he were in Tyrone's position, he thought, he would kiss Rena without hesitation, even if it meant incurring Waylen's wrath.

Harold had spent four years in a relationship with Rena, yet had never once had her.

Everyone assumed that Tyrone would be unable to resist kissing Rena but only Rena herself knew that Tyrone

possessed a profound sense of cherishing. It was evident in the careful gaze he bestowed upon her.

Tyrone's Adam's apple bobbed noticeably. How he yearned to press his lips against Rena's!

However, he refrained. Instead, he whispered into Rena's ear, "I want to hear you call me... Honey!"

A profound silence descended upon the room.

No one dared to break it.

Waylen's countenance exuded an undeniable aura of anguish.

Tyrone could have had merely planted a fleeting kiss on Rena's lips.

Yet, had he crossed a boundary by requesting Rena to address him as honey?

How could Waylen ever proceed to be intimate with Rena in the future?

A slight cough escaped Joseph's lips as he remarked, "Tyrone, tread carefully, my friend."

Joseph playfully winked at Tyrone, conveying a silent message.

Raising his gaze to meet Waylen's, Tyrone sported a faint smile, asserting, "It's just a game, isn't it?"

Waylen remained reticent, choosing instead to lower his head, lighting a cigarette and leisurely releasing smoke rings into

the air.

Elvira's lips curved into a smile, harboring her own thoughts.

Humph!

Rena, perhaps, yearned for Waylen's attention but she had allowed her imagination to run wild.

Within their circle, such trivial drinking games held no significant weight. Endearments like "honey" were actually the lightest punishment in such games...

Waylen would not be affected by such matters in the slightest.

Ultimately, it was Rena alone who found herself immersed in embarrassment.

In that moment, Tyrone once again lowered his head, his body inching ever closer to Rena's without making contact.

His eyes and voice exuded an undeniable tenderness. "Rena, call me honey."

Having imbibed, Rena grew bolder.

She locked her gaze with Tyrone's, as if he were the sole inhabitant of her world at that very instant.

It appeared as though a profound love had blossomed between Rena and Tyrone.

Rena parted her crimson lips, her voice adopting a seductive tone. "Tyrone... Hone..."



Before she could complete her utterance, Her hand was seized and lifted, as she was forcefully pulled into a warm embrace...

Waylen guided Rena toward the exit.

With a commanding tone, he declared, "Put the drinks on my tab tonight."

A silence enveloped the surroundings.

Tyrone adjusted his attire, straightening his clothes with a nonchalant shrug directed at the others, while a smile played upon his lips.

"I've always said that Waylen couldn't afford to play! Well... Rena has departed. Elvira, how about you address me as honey?"

Elvira's complexion had turned pallid, taken aback by Waylen's unexpected display of concern for Rena.

Did he not love her deeply? Could he bear witness to her kissing others, yet falter when Rena used endearments with someone else?

Waylen departed with Rena.

The nocturnal breeze swept away the remnants of her intoxication.

Rena attempted to free her hand from his grip but Waylen held it firmly. They made their way to the parking lot, where Waylen guided her into his resplendent golden Bentley

Continental GT.

Once inside the vehicle, Waylen refrained from immediately starting the engine.

His hands clasped the steering wheel as he gazed ahead, lost in thought.

"Cecilia brought you here?" he inquired.

Rena, already feeling a sense of injustice, averted her face and ignored his question.

Waylen turned his gaze towards her profile...

Whether it be an illusion or not, he couldn't tell. However, he perceived Rena growing more captivating with each passing day. Every time he laid eyes upon her, a distinct sensation would stir within him.

He continued to scrutinize her before finally pressing down on the accelerator.

Rena assumed they were heading back to Waylen's apartment. However, the car traversed two streets and came to a halt at the entrance of a nearby five-star hotel...

"Step out of the car," he commanded.

Unbuckling his seatbelt, Waylen emerged from the vehicle and made his way to Rena's side.

Rena understood his intentions. She comprehended that he merely desired a physical encounter with her.

She refused. She had no desire for such intimacy at the moment, nor did she wish to indulge in it.



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