

Chapter 139 Rena, I Miss You So Much

Rena halted, halting her steps abruptly.

She cast her gaze downwards and graced Waylen with a smile. "Waylen, our familial backgrounds diverge completely. My way of life bears no relevance to yours."

If he assumed she felt remorse, then he stood corrected!

Rena departed without casting a backward glance.

Upon reentering the private room, the ambiance remained convivial, yet Waylen's friend Dudley Williams' meaningful gaze fixated upon her.

Someone initiated the persuasive endeavor for Rena to indulge in drinking once more.

Paisley, however, desired to spare Rena from drinking anymore and took it upon herself to do so.

The gentleman of elevated status asserted, "Miss Rayne, since Miss Gordon has arrived for business matters, how can she evade the libations? Furthermore, despite Miss Gordon's delicate appearance, she can really drink!"

He extended a glass of wine towards Rena.



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"Miss Gordon, should you partake in this glass of wine, I shall ponder this investment with due diligence."

Paisley intended to interject.

Yet, Rena gently pressed her hand, preventing any words from escaping Paisley's lips.

Rena then beamed and said, "Thank you, Mr. Medina! Given

your words, it is only fitting for me to savor this glass of wine."

She grasped the glass, poised to drink.

However, a slender hand deftly plucked the goblet from her grasp. Waylen uttered nonchalantly, "I shall consume this wine on her behalf!"

Having spoken, he smiled faintly and added, "Of course, unless you deem it inappropriate, Mr. Medina!"

The room descended into an eerie silence.

No one had anticipated Waylen's arrival.

Waylen seethed with anger on Rena's behalf. Everyone reveled in the spectacle.

With a cigarette held between his fingers, Dudley wore a knowing smile as he remarked, "Waylen, that shall suffice."

Waylen gently enveloped Rena's shoulder with his arm, dismissing any resistance she harbored.

A gentle smile adorned his face as he said, "I've come to collect Rena. My heart went out to her when I witnessed her vomiting in the restroom."

Subsequently, he delicately placed the glass on the surface.

"Mr. Medina, what course of action do you believe is appropriate?"

Roderick Medina, typically brimming with arrogance, now found himself unable to utter a word and no one dared to aid

him.

Waylen's disposition soured, dissuading anyone from incurring his displeasure.

After an extended silence, Rena reached for the glass of wine and swiftly consumed its contents in one gulp.

Upon finishing, she bestowed a smile upon Roderick and uttered, "Mr. Medina, let us become friends."

Roderick stood flabbergasted.

Then his eyes reddened. No matter what he did minutes ago, he would have risked offending Waylen. He never expected Rena to come to his aid.

Promptly, he rose to his feet and poured himself wine.

He proceeded to down three consecutive glasses.

Turning to Paisley, he declared, "Miss Gordon is a remarkable partner. I shall definitely invest in your studio."

Paisley felt joyous but remained apprehensive for Rena's well-being!

Evidently, Rena disregarded Waylen completely. Roderick imbibed three glasses of wine, and she, too, consumed three.

In her intoxicated state, Rena surmised that she simply didn't want to face Waylen while she was still sober.

She shielded her eyes, taking her place within the car.

Her heart throbbed with pain.

Why did he appear before her once more?

While lost in a daze, she sensed someone settling beside her.

It was Waylen.

She tilted her head and softly inquired, "Why did Paisley bring me to your car? Waylen... Please refrain from appearing in my presence any longer. Merely seeing you fills me with sorrow..."

Under the influence of alcohol, Rena's inhibitions faded away.

"Upon witnessing that affectionate gaze of yours, thoughts of the moment you embraced Elvira flooded my mind. It was truly repulsive..."

She gently closed her eyes.

She lacked the strength to flee, trapped in her own predicament.

Observing her pallid countenance, Waylen felt a pang of remorse.

She had embarrassed him by indulging in drinks with Roderick earlier.

Suppressing his anger, Waylen brushed her long tresses away from her forehead, his voice a whisper, "Rena, I never did anything with her. Give me another chance... Weren't we happy together in the past?"

Rena covered her eyes and let out a laugh.

Her laughter resonated, causing her body to tremble and it was very alluring.

After a prolonged pause, she lowered her hand, her vision blurred.

"Happy? Indeed, we were happy once."

She leaned in, delicately undoing one of his shirt buttons with her slender fingers, her movement deliberately slow, her gaze exuding seduction. Waylen felt the allure overpower him, his Adam's apple bobbing involuntarily.

She exuded a captivating sensuality!

Rena lightly brushed against his Adam's apple and huskily uttered, "Waylen, do you still expect me to undress and engage in intimate acts with you? Who should pay whom? We cannot exploit one another!"

A shadow of darkness fell upon Waylen's handsome face upon hearing that.

He grasped her hand firmly.

"Cease these words!" he implored.

"Why?" Rena provocatively inquired.

"Waylen, did you come to me solely for the purpose of sexual gratification? Shall we engage in a rendezvous within this car?" she suggested.

Waylen buttoned up his shirt resolutely.

Facing forward, he stated, "Rena, you're intoxicated."

Rena nestled against the seat, her expression adorned with a gentle smile.

Even in her intoxicated state, she could discern his anger.

Rena closed her eyes, slipped off her high heels and uttered, "Take me home!"

Waylen wished to avoid conversing with her, yet he found himself unable to resist turning towards her. "Rena... You've been arguing with me for so long and, just now, you intentionally humiliated me. I refuse to believe that you are unaware of my affection for you."

No one but Rena could treat him in such a manner!

Nonchalantly, Rena replied, "I appreciate your sentiment, Mr. Fowler."

With that, she closed her eyes once more.

Clearly, she remained unfazed.

Though Waylen had no intentions of engaging in intimacy with her at this moment, he yearned for her presence dearly.

Whispering into her ear, he confessed, "Rena, I miss you so much."

Rena offered no response.

Gritting his teeth, Waylen drove back to his apartment.

Alighting from the car, he expected some resistance from

Rena. To his surprise, she had succumbed to slumber, likely due to her inebriated state.

Waylen regained his composure.

He closed the door and gazed upon her.

Having been apart for a few days, he noticed the weight she had lost. Her crimson lips were slightly parted.

Only in her sleep would she refrain from lashing out at him with sharp words.

Waylen succumbed to temptation.

He leaned in and bestowed a tender kiss upon her.

Rena, in her drunken reverie, detected the familiar scent and involuntarily wrapped her arms around his neck, reciprocating the affectionate gesture.

Mid-kiss, she realized something was amiss. She remembered the breakup with Waylen. She had declared that she would never be with him again.

Rena's eyes fluttered open, fixing her gaze upon his handsome and affectionate visage. She extended her hand to gently caress his face.

Waylen remained motionless.

He did not resist her touch upon his face.

"Rena, I know you still harbor feelings for me. I refuse to believe that you have forgotten the happiness we shared

when we were together."

Rena leaned against the seat, her voice tinged with hoarseness, as she said, "Waylen, why do I find myself drawn to you?"

