

Chapter 369 He Kissed The Young Rena (2)

As the clock's hands tenderly reached for eight, Waylen gracefully piloted the golden Bentley Continental GT to a stately halt at the entrance of the apartment building where the Gordon family lived. The car's engine purred into a gentle lull, and with the softest of clicks, the door locks nestled into place.

Rena's gaze lingered on him, the moon's silver touch illuminating her features. "Waylen, our relationship is developing too fast," she whispered.

Waylen's lips curved into a knowing smile, his eyes a sea of mysteries. "Is that so? But I haven't done anything yet."

A rosy hue graced Rena's cheeks, the moonlight painting her with delicate strokes of color.

Although she was inexperienced in love, she understood what he meant.

After appreciating her for a while, Waylen felt sorry for her and didn't want to tease her too much.

With a deft touch, he released the seatbelt's hold on Rena, his fingers brushing against her skin in a tantalizing caress. Her chestnut tresses cascaded like a waterfall, framing her face like a portrait of moonlit elegance.

The interior of the car became an arena of emotions, an unspoken connection that hummed in the air.

Rena's heart fluttered like a caged bird, its song one of anticipation and uncertainty. She noticed that his eyes carried a desire that was unfamiliar to her.

In this charged atmosphere, Waylen leaned closer.

His voice carried a seductive allure, a melody woven with the secrets of the night.

"I want to kiss you."

In that moment, Rena resembled a young, vulnerable creature, her gaze mirroring that of a baby animal.

Waylen's own desires stirred, a smoldering fire within. He effortlessly enveloped her, his arms becoming a sanctuary.

Rena found herself adrift, uncertainty painting her features. Her delicate fingers hesitated in the air, unsure of their next move.

"Wrap your arms around my neck," he commanded, his voice a velvety whisper.

Trepidation held her captive at first, but Rena's fingers found their place on his shoulders, a tentative touch.

Lowering her head, she avoided his intense gaze, her body betraying her nerves.

A kiss. A seemingly simple act, yet it ignited a storm of emotions within her. Her heart raced with a mixture of anticipation and fear.

Waylen's grip on her waist was steady, his touch both possessive and gentle. He tipped her chin, their lips meeting in a slow, tender dance.

Lips brushed, exploring the uncharted territory of desire.

But then, Waylen's hunger grew, his intentions shifting. Rena resisted, a whisper of protest against the encroaching unknown.

Her head nestled against his shoulder, her fingers pressing against his hand.

"Don't touch me," she implored, her voice tinged with fragile resolve.

Though her emotions ran deep, Rena's clarity remained. They were new to each other, a connection blossoming amidst the delicate petals of affection. To her, their shared embraces and kisses held a world of their own, needing no further exploration.

A fragile sigh escaped her lips, the delicate notes tinged with sorrow. Tears welled in her eyes, emotions brimming to the surface.

Waylen's own turmoil subsided, sanity reclaiming its throne.

He was being irrational.

In his heart, Rena was his wife and they had had countless intimate encounters. But he realized the chasm between them, a gap only time could bridge. To the 20-year-old Rena in front of him, he was an enigma, yet still a stranger in some ways.

His gaze lingered on the girl nestled against him, her dress a cascade of fabric revealing both vulnerability and allure.

In this poignant moment, Waylen's heart softened.

With deliberate care, he restored her attire, button by button, a gesture laden with tenderness.

His lips brushed against her skin, a whisper against her face. "Please don't cry," he entreated, his words a balm to her emotions. "I won't overstep."

Rena longed to distance herself, but Waylen's grasp held her firm. His actions were both protective and possessive, a dichotomy she struggled to navigate.

With a fluid grace, he retrieved a cigarette, a veil of smoke curling around his fingers.

"I don't want to be exposed to second-hand smoke," said Rena in

disgust.

Her distaste was palpable, her boldness manifesting as she took the cigarette from his lips. But handling it proved an amusing challenge. She looked adorable.

Waylen's laughter resonated, a melody of amusement. Reclaiming the cigarette, he leaned in once more, the smoke a wisp of connection between them.

"Only half," he promised, a vow entwined with fragrant tendrils of tobacco.

Silence settled like a comforting blanket, Rena nestled in Waylen's embrace.

His warmth permeated her senses through his shirt, a fusion of intimacy and familiarity.

The faint aroma of tobacco lingered, a reminder of their shared moments.

Waylen rolled down half of the window.

His fingers danced along Rena's hair, a tender touch against the canvas of night. He loved her, but this affection was a little different from that for Rena in reality.

After all, she was only 20 years old in this dream.

Waylen took a deliberate drag from the cigarette, the ember casting a fleeting glow in the dark. With the half-smoked cigarette between his fingers, he extinguished it with a purposeful tap. "Do you like me?" He inquired, his gaze now directed downward.

Rena clung to her silence, steadfastly refusing to voice her feelings.

How could she dare to speak such vulnerable words?

Waylen respected her decision, his arms cocooning her within their reassuring embrace. Kisses rained down upon her, a symphony of affection that seemed to bridge their worlds. A gentle pat on her backside signaled their impending departure. "Go back now. Mr. Gordon might be worried."

Rena nodded in agreement, her heart fluttering with a mixture of reluctance and anticipation.

With a tender touch, Waylen straightened her dress, his words tinged with emotion. "Don't hide our relationship," he entreated, his earnest plea painting a blush across Rena's cheeks.

Exiting the car with haste, Rena quickly darted into the embrace of the waiting elevator.

As the engine hummed in solitude, Waylen's gaze remained locked on her receding figure. His own impatience gnawed at him.

Days had stretched on, brimming with a yearning to bridge the chasm between them.

A connection had sparked swiftly between them, yet his task remained unfinished. According to Mindy's words, Waylen must suffer for Rena in this dream so that he could take her back to reality.

Until now, he wasn't close to finding the opportunity to complete his task.

This made him a little anxious.

A new cigarette found its way into Waylen's hand, the tip igniting with an incandescent glow.

He inhaled deeply, thoughts swirling as he mulled over their complex situation. Intent on departing, Waylen's gaze caught sight of a commotion ahead. Figures materialized from the darkness, two familiar faces locked in an intense argument.

Realization dawned his features as he caught side of them.

It was Harold and Aline.

Their heated exchange had witnessed the events of the night unfold, their proximity granting them insight into the scene.

Aline's grip on Harold's clothes was fierce, her tears a testament to her emotional turmoil. "Harold, you saw it all. She has a boyfriend now, and she got out of a luxury car just now. What more are you waiting for?"

Harold's movements were decisive, shaking off Aline's grasp with a determined resolve.

Aline crumpled to the ground, her sobs punctuating the night air. "Harold... I love you. Even without Rena, can't you find it in your heart to love me?"

But Harold's gaze shifted, directed at Waylen before vanishing into the obscurity of the night.

Aline's sobs continued to echo, a haunting melody of heartbreak.

It was then, amidst the turmoil of emotions and revelations, that Waylen's mind illuminated.

Harold. Aline. Harrison.

The connection snapped into focus, the missing puzzle piece falling into place.

Aline, the key.

Was it conceivable that Aline was involved in the incident with the chandelier?

Within the confines of the car, Waylen's thoughts swirled, his gaze coldly locked onto the weeping woman. His own turmoil simmered beneath the surface, a torrent of emotions he struggled to contain. Jarrod's words reverberated in his mind.

And then it dawned on him.

It was an epiphany that shattered the constraints of his understanding.

He was here to seek redemption for the wrongs he had committed!

The Bentley's engine roared to life. The neon lights of the city lightly cascaded on his face. He held the steering wheel with one hand and called Jazlyn with the other. "Arrange two bodyguards to watch over Rena secretly."

When Jazlyn got the call, she was dumbfounded.

However, she was professional enough and immediately obeyed.

After Waylen gave his instructions, he finally hung up.

Then, the luxurious vehicle glided away into the neon embrace of the city.

Waylen and Rena were entangled in a blossoming romance. While continuing his relationship with Rena, Waylen started unraveling the mysteries that entwined them.

He frequently rendezvoused with Rena, spending most of his time in that apartment, savoring every fleeting sensation. He had anticipated a hint of monotony for Rena, but to his delight, she reveled in their cocoon of togetherness.

Her fingers danced upon the piano keys, crafting melodies that resonated with her soul. The aroma of culinary endeavors wafted through the air, evidence of her culinary explorations.

In the gentle curve of Waylen's embrace, Rena found solace. She nestled into his arms, absorbing his insights into the realm of legal intricacies, her heart attuned to the cadence of his voice.

These shared endeavors were uncharted territory for them, moments that had never graced their past.

A sense of wonder infused their every interaction, as if destiny

itself had extended its benevolent hand, granting them a chance to rediscover love anew.

Waylen cherished these stolen fragments of time, each instance a testament to their resilience and the flame that had rekindled between them.

As the weekend approached, the clock struck nine, signaling the impending close of their shared hours.

Rain cascaded from the heavens, a torrential dance upon the world outside.

Rena's gaze lingered on the drenched scene beyond the window, her voice a mere whisper, laden with curiosity and longing. "It's autumn. Why is it still raining so heavily?"

In an instant, the sky responded, a bolt of lightning rending the darkness asunder.

Startled, Rena sought refuge in Waylen's protective embrace.

He had taken a shower and now, his visage exuded a newfound vitality, and his essence imbued with a masculine allure.

The bathrobe draped around his form was a testament to his casual confidence, its simple elegance only serving to amplify his presence.

Rena, ensconced against his chest, felt the rhythm of his heart, each beat a testament to the emotions that intertwined them. A veil of shyness draped over Rena, her cheeks suffused with a rosy hue.

Waylen's voice, a husky timbre rich with emotion, broke the silence, encircling her like a cocoon. His arms enveloped her, their warmth a balm against the uncertainties that lingered in the air.

"Perhaps it's because I simply can't bear to see you leave," he confessed.

Rena, a woman of twenty, carried with her the weight of apprehension when it came to spending the night with a man.

She held her ground, unwavering in her determination to wait out the storm.

Waylen, his arms wrapped around her in a protective embrace, led them to the balcony that stood before the expanse of the French window. He leaned in, his lips brushing against her ear as he playfully whispered, "Do you have so little faith in me?"

His words bore a hint of mirth, and the sight of her delicate blush only deepened his affection.

His heart held an exceptional tenderness, not that desire was absent, but a reluctance to act lingered.

He was aware he would soon depart.

Even within this dream, he yearned to shield her from sorrow.

Drawing her close, he retrieved his phone, fingertips dialing Darren's number. The connection was swift, and under Rena's watchful gaze, he conveyed his message with a resolute assurance.

"Mr. Gordon, this is Waylen. The rain is heavy, and Rena won't be returning. Rest assured, I'll take care of her."

The call ended, Rena's eyes fixed upon him in bewilderment.

Waylen discarded the phone, his gaze tender yet playful. With a gentle maneuver, he guided her down onto the soft expanse of white wool carpet. A touch, tender as a butterfly's kiss, met the tip of her nose. "What are you thinking about? Do you associate spending the night with intimacy?"

His candor took her aback, rendering her at a loss for words.

Outside, lightning painted the sky, and thunder rumbled in a distant chorus. The apartment, however, was a haven of warmth,

a sanctuary shared exclusively between him and Rena.

With a subtle confidence, Waylen's hands cupped her form, his lips finding hers in a kiss that held a depth unfamiliar to her.

Emotions swelled within Rena, a mixture of surrender and vulnerability.

A whispered plea escaped her lips amidst the storm's symphony. "Waylen, you said you wouldn't overstep."

His breath danced against her ear, a soft chuckle escaping him as he tenderly reassured her in a voice as textured as velvet. "I won't really have sex with you, okay? I'll keep my word."

Rena's innocence held her captive.

In his presence, she found herself powerless to resist.

Against the backdrop of the full-length French window, their silhouettes embraced vulnerability as clothing fell away, baring not only flesh but the raw emotions that had woven their bond.

With each touch, a cascade of sensations enveloped her, and soon, tearful vulnerability yielded to shared intimacy.

Waylen's whispered endearments, his kisses like a soothing balm, managed to coax a smile from her.

As the night wore on, a serene ambiance painted the room. Beneath the shelter of Waylen's black shirt, Rena rested, her body and soul intertwined with his. Yet, amid the afterglow, Waylen's thoughts betrayed the shadows that weighed upon his mind.

Rena, unaware of the complexities, sought clarity, a desire for understanding etched across her features.

When he observed her, his mood lightened, a playful glint dancing within his eyes. "Rena, let's imagine a future with three children."

"Three children?" Her incredulous blush painted her cheeks a delicate shade of pink, and her response emerged in the form of a quip as she asked, "Who's saying I'd want to have three children with you?"

Waylen's fingers danced, a teasing caress that ignited sparks. "I've already chosen their names."

Curiosity piqued, Rena nestled closer, her eyes bright with anticipation.

She leaned against him, the only garment adorning her form his black shirt.

As moonlight bathed them in its ethereal glow, Waylen's voice, a lullaby of promises, filled the air. "Alexis, Marcus, Elva... What do you think?"

Rena contemplated each name, her heart softening at the vision he painted.

She took a moment, then her voice, tender as a whisper, grazed his ear as she wrapped her arms around his waist. "I may not be ready for three."

Waylen's smile, a portrait of contentment, adorned his lips.

Drawing her nearer, he enveloped her in his arms, the quiet intimacy a testament to their enduring bond.

In the realm between slumber and wakefulness, Rena's senses were a haze.

Within this liminal space, Waylen's voice found her ear, a gentle whisper that stirred her soul.

The words carried a profound weight. "I love you."

A week passed, and Aline's intentions remained veiled from Waylen's eyes.

The absence of any move on her part knit a web of apprehension in him.

In the sanctum of his study, he found solace in the rhythm of smoke rings and contemplation.

With eyes closed, he embarked on a journey of introspection.

What did he forget?

Amidst his musings, a timely interruption emerged in the form of a call from Roscoe.

The camaraderie they shared prompted Roscoe to inquire. "Waylen, care for a night out?"

An inclination to decline hovered at the edge of Waylen's thoughts, yet a sudden realization dawned within him.

Roscoe!

Roscoe and Vera ended up together.

But at this time, Joseph was having a relationship with Vera, with Aline being his other woman.

Aline was supported with money by Joseph, so she wouldn't go overboard.

With this newfound perspective, Waylen grasped a stratagem.

He recognized that Aline would act out of desperation if her financial lifeline from Joseph was severed.

Without hesitation, he embraced Roscoe's invitation. A flicker of a smile graced his lips as he took a drag on his cigarette. "Call Joseph too. I've seen him several times in the music school recently."

Roscoe scowled upon hearing the name.

However, thinking that Vera would also come, he agreed, "Okay, I'll call him."

A pensive shadow accompanied the end of the call. Waylen's fingers danced over the phone's surface as another number was dialed, a calculated request issued. "Copy Joseph's phone card for me. It might come in handy."

The following evening at 8 o'clock, an upscale club in Duefron became the stage for their rendezvous.

Within the lavish confines of a private room, the aura of opulence mingled with the heady scent of decadence.

The assembly comprised around ten companions, a tight-knit circle of associates.

Seated in a corner, Waylen's attire, once again black, absorbed the dim light, his presence unassuming amidst the revelry.

At his side, Roscoe's playful jests teased at deeper intentions. "Afraid of the ladies, Waylen? Could it be you've truly found a romantic connection?"

The words were half inquisitive, half playful, and Waylen responded with an understated smile, "Indeed, I've found a connection."

Roscoe was taken back and said, "Introduce her to us, then. I'd love to meet her."

A knowing smile played on Waylen's lips. Rena deserved tranquility, a world removed from this chaotic realm. "She's likely tucked in bed by now, an early sleeper."

Roscoe, however, persisted, a teasing note edging his tone. "As your best friend, can't I even meet your girlfriend? Just call to wake her up."

Waylen's restraint held firm, his lips sealed against divulging more.

In a timely flourish, Joseph entered the scene, accompanied by Vera.

An integral part of this social clique, Joseph's demeanor was deferential in Waylen's presence. Yet, an air of curiosity mingled with his humility, a curiosity rooted in Vera's tales of Waylen's interest in Rena.

But Waylen welcomed him warmly and addressed him by his name.

Joseph was flattered. He believed it was because of Rena's good relationship with Vera, his girlfriend.

In fact, he didn't expect that Waylen and Rena would really be in a relationship.

Although Rena was good-looking, he didn't think she could match someone like Waylen.

But according to Vera, Waylen's feelings for Rena was genuine, and with that, the Gordon family received many benefits because of Waylen.

Joseph was a man. He knew if a man was willing to pay a lot of money for a woman, it showed that the man really cared about the woman. It was a language of devotion spoken in gestures, an understanding Joseph himself held dear.

So Joseph attached more importance to Vera and wanted her to maintain a good relationship with Rena.

Everyone had their own intentions.

For 35-year-old Waylen, dealing with them was easy.

As the evening progressed, Waylen's grace radiated in his interactions, a charismatic hub around which their camaraderie blossomed.

Amid laughter and clinking glasses, he remained a vigilant

observer, his sobriety a testament to his enigmatic nature.

By 10 o'clock, the private room's door swung open and a waiter said, "Miss Hanson, this is it."

Aline came in, draped in a seductive black slip dress that accentuated her allure.

The sight evoked a momentary pause, a tension that threaded through the room.

Joseph looked momentarily surprised. Why was Aline here?

When the atmosphere was delicate, Aline wanted to sit down, but she saw Vera at a glance.

Joseph, however, harbored a secret, a shared understanding communicated with a subtle wink to Aline.

Gathering her wits, she managed a smile, her voice tinged with apology. "Apologies, it seems I've taken a wrong turn."