

Chapter 395 Aline's Confession

Hearing Albert's confession, Waylen couldn't help but sneer.

He retorted, "Well, does Rena like you too?"

Albert remained silent.

As a playboy, he had developed a crush on a married woman.

He was accustomed to playing with women's emotions but was now faced with a situation he didn't know how to handle.

Sitting in his car, Albert took out a cigarette and stared blankly at the falling snow outside, feeling a deep sense of sadness.

After a long while, Waylen said in a low voice, "Albert, if you're feeling troubled, maybe it's best not to get involved in Aline's matters."

After he heard Waylen's suggestion, Albert's throat tightened, but with difficulty, he replied, "No."

Waylen didn't press the issue further and simply hung up the phone. This was a conversation between men, and he believed that Albert was not so cowardly that he couldn't handle his own emotional problems.

Moreover, this kind of problem shouldn't have existed in the first place.

In the car, Albert threw his phone on the seat and lit the cigarette with slightly trembling fingers.

It was strange.

When he had spoken to Waylen on the phone, he had appeared calm, not at all like a jealous person.

Yet, he realized he was indeed jealous, particularly because of Tyrone.

Even though Tyrone couldn't have Rena, he still held a place in her heart.

After finishing the cigarette, Albert called a popular model.

After a brief exchange, he drove to her apartment. As soon as the door opened, they passionately embraced and kissed each other.

He thought that this was the normalcy of his life, and he shouldn't have any feelings for Rena.

After their intimate encounter, he leaned against the headboard and lit another cigarette.

At this time, his phone rang, and it was a call from Aline.

Albert was tired of Aline. He knew that she not only yearned for his body but also wanted to marry him.

He glanced at the phone and couldn't help but sneer.

Did she really think the Waston family was that desirable?

After a while, he finally answered the call. In a soft and flattering voice, Aline asked, "Are you at home, Albert? I've prepared a midnight snack. I'm downstairs of your place now. You can come down and take it."

Midnight snack?

Albert sneered and exhaled a puff of smoke. He replied bluntly, "I'm in another woman's bed."

Aline gasped, shocked by Albert's cruel rejection.

Albert had approached her with his own intentions, so he continued in a softer tone, "Let's talk about it tomorrow."

After ending the call, Albert wore a somewhat stern expression.

His thoughts turned to his collaboration with Rena.

His mother had been deceived by a scoundrel, one of the Waston family's members, who had concealed his marriage for five years while being involved with her.

This man had never considered revealing his relationship with Albert and his mother.

Even after losing his own son, he had pleaded with Albert to take over the family business. Yet, he still refused to acknowledge Albert's mother, even after his wife had passed away many years ago.

It was Ruth's introduction that had given Albert the

opportunity to collaborate with Rena.

Rena could help him get what he couldn't fight for his mother.

He understood that their partnership was purely professional and that it was against their unspoken rules to let his emotions interfere. Nevertheless, he couldn't restrain himself. In his chaotic world, he had never encountered a woman as pure as Rena.

With these thoughts in mind, he finished his cigarette and began to put on his clothes.

The model had taken a bath and emerged in just a bath towel, her enticing fragrance filling the room.

Observing that he was about to leave, she couldn't help but pester him, complaining, "Are you really leaving at this moment?"

Albert pushed her away, got out of bed, hastily fastened his belt, and playfully pinched her cheek. An evil smile crept across his face as he replied, "I'm off to another rendezvous."

With that, he grabbed his car keys and departed, leaving the woman seething with anger as she cursed. "Albert, you scoundrel!"

As he changed his shoes by the door, Albert heard her words.

He sneered, acknowledging that she was right. Growing up in a bad environment, he had become accustomed to surviving in seedy places by the age of fifteen. So it was natural for him to have grown up

as a scoundrel.

Albert left the woman's apartment and drove back to his house.

A red sports car was parked downstairs of his house.

Sitting in the car, Aline was scrolling through messages on her phone.

Albert pulled up alongside her, lowered the window, and rested his arm on the sill. "Are you still waiting for me?"

Aline's eyes lit up with surprise as she stared at Albert.

She could sense from his demeanor that he had just had sex with someone else. Feeling a bit jealous, she said, "I was about to leave."

She started the car, wanting to test her standing in his heart.

Albert leaned closer and turned off the engine of her car.

When he raised his eyes to look at her, they held an unfathomable depth. "Are you jealous? You've known what kind of person I am from the very beginning."

Aline was slightly stunned.

Albert's expression when he said this reminded her of Harold.

When she snapped out of it, she couldn't help but put her arms around Albert's neck and kissed him

passionately.

Albert knew that Aline was a dissolute woman, but over the years, he had encountered all sorts of women. It wasn't that he didn't disdain Aline, but rather, he didn't mind it at all. He kissed her and then got into her car.

A few minutes later, the sports car began to shake rhythmically.

The windows weren't completely rolled up, and from the gap, one could catch glimpses of Aline's passionate face and hear their groans.

After their intense lovemaking, Aline lay in his arms.

Her slender fingers gently caressed his chest as she said softly, "Albert, let's be together."

Albert remained silent. He reached for the cigarette case, took out a cigarette from it, placed it between his lips, and lit it.


Aline was captivated by his physique, or perhaps she was drawn to such a bad man.

She said earnestly, "I'm not just interested in your background, Albert. I'm serious."

She went on to pledge her commitment of making him successful and altering his father's perception of him.

Albert listened and casually blew a smoke ring into the air.

He possessed a profound understanding of how to

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captivate a woman's heart, so he remained silent. He continued to offer her a glimmer of hope while playing with her emotions. The more hesitant he pretended to be, the more she would be willing to sacrifice for him.

In the end, he left her with just one sentence.

"Let's discuss it later. The condition is raising enough money."

Aline touched his handsome face and said in a husky voice, "I have hundreds of millions of dollars at my disposal. If the news about the car race is accurate, I'll invest more than half of my money in it. You don't need to worry about me not being able to raise enough money."

Albert smiled faintly.

Aline was aware that he was somewhat disdainful of her wealth.

She didn't want to spend all her money on him, but she also didn't want to lose him. She longed to be with him now.

She thought of Vera and Rena.

Perhaps she needed to establish a good relationship with them to smoothly enter the Waston family.

Meanwhile, Waylen hung up the phone.

After quietly staring at the landline telephone for a few seconds, he heard the sound of a car engine outside. He guessed that it was Rena returning with the children.

He glanced at the servant, who nodded immediately and said, "I won't inform Mrs. Fowler."

Waylen nodded with a smile and went out to welcome his wife and children.

It was January, and a real chill was in the air.

Waylen was only wearing a sweater as he stepped outside. When the car pulled up, he opened the back door.

Rena got out of the car and asked in a natural tone, "Why are you dressed so lightly?"

Waylen's eyes were filled with profound emotions as he gently caressed her face with his warm fingers.

Rena blushed and whispered, "Behave yourself in front of the kids."

Waylen smiled again and bent down to pick up Alexis from the car. He kissed her soft cheek and said, "Alexis, what do you think? Do I need to behave myself?"

Nestled on Waylen's shoulder, Alexis felt at ease.

She wrapped her arms around Waylen's neck and confidently stated, "I think Mommy is very happy."

Rena's cheeks turned even redder.

She walked faster, holding Leonel's hand. Waylen couldn't resist teasing her and called out, "You are pregnant. Walk slowly."

Rena chose to ignore him.

Waylen followed them slowly, holding Alexis in his arms.

In a soft voice, Alexis said, "When we went to a restaurant for dinner, we met Mr. Tyrone Larson!"

Squinting slightly, Waylen asked calmly, "Really? Was there anyone else?"

"Mr. Zack Carson, his wife, and a man I don't know. He looks like a playboy."

Waylen stopped asking.

When they entered the living room, Rena had already taken off her coat and asked Alexis to play the piano.

Alexis, however, seemed in no mood for it.

Rena, being kind-hearted, didn't like to force her. Nevertheless, Waylen gently tapped Leonel's head and remarked, "Are young ladies at the piano particularly elegant?"

"Yes," Leonel responded seriously.

Upon hearing his answer, Alexis immediately ran over and sat at the piano with her back straight.

Rena was left speechless.

In the evening, after taking a shower, she sat in front of the dresser to apply skin care products.

Her skin became radiant after her bath. Waylen

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+120 Points at most

always harbored a desire to caress her skin for a long time every night.

Nestling his head on the curve of her neck, he passionately breathed in her fragrance.



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