

Chapter 105 I Want Her!

Waylen's gaze shifted from Tyrone to Rena and Danna, who were seated together in the restaurant. In that moment, a wave of understanding washed over him, illuminating his mind with clarity.

It was obvious that Tyrone's feelings for Rena still lingered, refusing to fade away.

A hint of melancholy draped over Waylen as he lowered his head and gracefully lit a cigarette, his voice resonating with a tinge of curiosity. "Are you here to pick Danna up?"

Tyrone's laughter filled the air, carrying a hint of amusement.

He had spotted Waylen's interaction with the woman just now.

Extending a hand, Tyrone requested the lighter from Waylen.

After taking a drag from his own cigarette, he smiled mischievously and spoke up, his words laced with a playful tone. "I had intended to give Rena a ride home too but, with you here, my services are no longer required. However... I must inquire, did you perchance engage in a rendezvous with the esteemed widow and were you unfortunate enough to be witnessed by Rena?"

A furrow formed on Waylen's brow as he replied, his tone

A furrow formed on Waylen's brow as he replied, his tone tinged with confusion. "What on earth are you talking about?"

Despite being just a few years older than Tyrone, Waylen commanded a higher social standing, dissuading Tyrone from teasing him further.

Casting a quick glance toward the restaurant, Tyrone opted for silence, his contemplative thoughts shrouded in the veil of his steady smoking.

Once his cigarette had dwindled to its end, he broke the silence with unwavering determination. "I mean it, Waylen! If you do not genuinely desire Rena, then bestow her upon me."

Waylen's fingers, grasping the cigarette, trembled ever so slightly, betraying the turmoil within.

Under the neon lights, Tyrone asserted with a conviction that belied his youthful appearance, "I yearn for her!"

Having spoken his piece, Tyrone swallowed hard, his actions betraying an undeniable nervousness.

No longer casting a glance in Waylen's direction, Tyrone swiftly made his way into the restaurant.

Remaining rooted to the spot, Waylen continued to smoke, a sneer playing upon his lips.

Tyrone was probably truly a force to be reckoned with!

Upon Waylen's reentry into the restaurant, he discovered Tyrone seated next to Danna. Wordlessly, Tyrone observed

Danna engrossed in conversation with Rena.

Love shimmered within Tyrone's eyes, impossible to conceal.

As a man, Waylen couldn't help but feel a pang of discomfort knowing that Rena was being coveted by another man in such a brazen manner, despite their own limited physical intimacy.

Waylen gracefully settled himself beside Rena, his presence enveloping her in a comforting aura.

As soon as he took his place, Rena felt a gentle breath tickle her ear, carrying the delightful blend of Waylen's scent, mingled with the notes of aftershave and the lingering aroma of cigarettes. It was an intoxicating fragrance.

"In addition to what we've already ordered, is there anything else you desire?" Waylen inquired tenderly.

Tyrone's presence was undoubtedly a factor in his choice of words, however subtle.

Rena was not oblivious to the underlying intention behind Waylen's question. She recognized that he had posed it deliberately. After all, Tyrone had extended his help and friendship to Rena and she didn't wish to cause him any public embarrassment.

Gently dabbing her lips with a napkin, Rena tenderly caressed Danna's head.

"I shall take my leave now. Until the day after tomorrow!" she

announced with a warm smile.

How could Danna possibly comprehend the complexities of the situation among the three adults? Nonetheless, she responded in a sweet, melodic voice, brimming with innocence. "Miss Gordon, please come early the day after tomorrow! I shall diligently practice the piano until then."

Expressing her gratitude to Tyrone, Rena uttered heartfelt thanks.

"You're most welcome. Witnessing Danna's happiness brings me immense joy," Tyrone responded with a smile, his words suffused with genuine warmth.

He, too, affectionately ruffled Danna's hair.

As the image of Rena's tender gesture towards Danna lingered in his mind, Tyrone's eyes narrowed slightly, savoring the moment.

Waylen cast a fleeting glance in Tyrone's direction, rising from his seat, retrieving his coat and proceeding to settle the bill.

Rena did not insist on assuming the financial responsibility herself, understanding Waylen's unspoken desire to limit her contact with Tyrone.

Once inside the car, Waylen rested his hands upon the steering wheel, adopting a casual tone as he posed a question. "Why did you attend the concert with Danna? She is but a child. What meaningful conversation can you have with

her?"

Rena comprehended the underlying message within his words. He simply wished to restrict any further interaction between herself and Tyrone.

Truly, Waylen had been a tremendous help to her, and it was only natural for Rena to repay his kindness. However, if the cost of loving him and remaining by his side meant inflicting pain upon her friend, then she simply couldn't bear it!

Her voice dropped to a low murmur as she replied, "Waylen, if you can go on a date with a female client, then surely I can have a simple dinner with my student. Besides, Tyrone is Danna's brother!"

This marked the first instance where Waylen witnessed Rena losing her temper.

For a brief moment, he was taken aback, rendered momentarily speechless.

Rena herself also felt a twinge of guilt.

Ever since she entered into a relationship with Waylen, he had treated her with such tenderness that she had forgotten the terms of their agreement.

She understood that sometimes he had to work late into the night but she also knew that sometimes he could have made alternative arrangements.

He had stood her up simply because he didn't take her

seriously, viewing her merely as a woman with whom he shared a physical connection!

A seemingly insignificant incident served as a revelation to Rena, shedding light upon the true nature of their relationship.

Only now did she comprehend why Waylen had dismissed her suggestion of disclosing her past with Harold to Cecilia.

It was because she had no place in his future plans. Their relationship was but a transient affair, destined to dissolve once he grew weary of her. Only she was stupid enough and had taken their connection seriously!

Rena couldn't help but admire her own composed demeanor throughout it all.

Waylen listened intently, his silence speaking volumes.

While he agreed with Rena's words, a profound unease settled within him.

A protracted silence hung in the air.

Finally, Waylen spoke up with a casual nonchalance. "I admit, I have indeed crossed the line!"

Waylen pressed down on the accelerator, igniting the car's engine and propelling them forward.

Throughout the journey, an oppressive silence enveloped the vehicle, neither of them inclined to break the ice.

Upon their return to the apartment, Waylen retreated to the study.

In truth, he had no pressing matters to attend to. He simply sought solace within the confines of his private sanctuary.

Alone with his thoughts, echoes of Tyrone's words reverberated incessantly within his mind.

"I mean it, Waylen! If you do not genuinely desire Rena, then bestow her upon me. I yearn for her!"

Waylen harbored genuine affection for Rena, yet the notion of marrying her had never crossed his mind. With his good looks and successful career, if he were to consider marriage, he would have already built a family of his own.

If he were to end his relationship with Rena however, would she find solace in Tyrone's arms?

The mere contemplation of this possibility stirred an undeniable discomfort within him, though he had no outlet for his unease.

It wasn't until midnight that he finally returned to the bedroom.

Rena lay sound asleep, a soft, subdued night light casting a gentle glow.

Waylen's mind was too preoccupied to entertain the thought of taking a shower. Instead, he settled himself beside her, seeking closeness.

Rena lay on her side, seemingly unresponsive.

Yet, he knew she wasn't truly asleep. Drawing her into an embrace from behind, he tenderly kissed her ear, attempting to flirt.

Normally, Rena would enthusiastically engage in physical intimacy with him, but tonight she lacked the ardor.

Although she didn't outright refuse his advances, she acquiesced, allowing him to proceed as he pleased.

She dutifully fulfilled her role, striving to satisfy his desires.

Waylen possessed a potent sexual appetite and, since being with Rena, they had engaged in nightly encounters. Despite their quarrel earlier that evening, it did not dampen his urge for physical intimacy.

However, he suddenly noticed her distracted state.

Burying her face into the pillow, she appeared lost in her own thoughts.

"Tell me, what occupies your thoughts?"

Waylen murmured in a hushed tone, his lips tenderly brushing against hers, his hands gently resting on her slender shoulders. There was a tinge of dissatisfaction in his voice.

Rena blinked, her eyes fluttering open.

Taking a moment to gather her thoughts, she replied softly,

"I was contemplating what to prepare for breakfast tomorrow morning."

Waylen gazed at her intently, his deep eyes fixated upon her for an extended moment.

Suddenly, he rolled over, reining in his desires. Rising to his feet, he made his way towards the bathroom.

"The decision is yours," he uttered, a touch of resignation in his voice.

Rena delicately adjusted her pajamas, her movements graceful.

After a while, the sound of running water filled the air, signaling Waylen's shower. He spent approximately 20 minutes within the bathroom before emerging.

The room grew dim as the lights were extinguished and Rena gently closed her eyes.

She knew he wouldn't seek physical intimacy with her again tonight. And she found solace in that.

Just as she was drifting off into slumber, Waylen whispered in her ear, his words barely audible, "Rena, it was inappropriate for me to interfere in your connection with Tyrone and it was equally inappropriate for you to express your anger in this manner..."

Rena's eyes flickered open.

Her expression remained impassive as she softly inquired,
"Do you still wish to continue to have sex with me then?"



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