

## Chapter 140 Waylen Hurt By Accident

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Waylen gazed intently at Rena, his eyes fixated on her presence.

Rena, inebriated and burdened with a deep anguish, displayed the pain in her eyes.

His astonishment was overwhelming, a sudden surge of disbelief coursing through him.

Could her affection for him be the cause of such excruciating torment for her?

With a tender tone, Waylen delicately touched her lips and expressed, "Let's make up and go back to what we had before, shall we?"

Rena cast her gaze downward, her lengthy eyelashes quivering with trepidation.

"Waylen, I no longer desire to be in your company," she confessed, her voice low and earnest.

Waylen's fists clenched tightly, embodying his frustration and anguish.

Without warning, he unbuckled her seatbelt, exited the

vehicle and carried her away in his arms.

Under the night sky, a gentle breeze whispered its presence.

Rena's intoxication waned slightly as she realized he had driven them to his apartment.

"Waylen, I wish to return home," she pleaded, her struggle escalating within his grasp, her kicks becoming erratic, disregarding the possibility of striking him.

Waylen emitted a pained groan, grappling with his inner turmoil.

Unable to contain his longing, he yearned to feel her, his desire mounting, and so he pressed her firmly against the wall, facing the elevator.

Their bodies were tightly pressed together. Though Rena was inebriated, she dared not make a move, acutely aware that provoking him at this moment would be unwise.

With reddened eyes, she inquired, "Waylen, are you trying to coerce me into a sexual encounter?"

Waylen was at a loss, uncertain of how to proceed. He had never encountered a woman as resistant as she was, resistant to his attempts at appeasement.

In recent days, he had contemplated surrendering, abandoning their connection.

Yet, reminiscing about the tenderness she had once shown him, he found himself unable to let go.

"How could I ever harm you?"

His nose gently brushed against hers, his seductive nature weaving its magic.

Having been intimate on numerous occasions, he was well acquainted with her desires.

Rena, a mix of shyness and anger, averted her gaze and firmly stated, "Mr. Fowler, control yourself."

Waylen directed his gaze upon her countenance, noting her complexion tinged with a hint of crimson, while his own eyes radiated with brilliance.

Having been separated from her for several days, he now realized the depth of his yearning.

He had always conducted himself with caution, refraining from engaging in passionate encounters in public spaces like the elevator banks.

However, his self-restraint had reached its limit.

He longed to taste her lips, to indulge in a fervent kiss.

Waylen firmly held Rena's chin, pressing her body against his own. The depth of his kiss consumed her, leaving her breathless.

In her struggle, she vehemently resisted.

She adamantly refused to engage in any form of intimacy with him!

Unperturbed, she fought with all her might, her hand inadvertently coming into contact with a solid object above her. It was the frame of a painting.

Without hesitation, she yanked it from the wall and forcefully struck Waylen's head, causing the sharp metal frame to lacerate his forehead, resulting in a stream of blood.

Waylen paid no heed to the wound on his brow. He maintained his unwavering hold on Rena, locking his gaze deeply into her eyes.

An unmistakable desire still flickered within his intense gaze.

Rena immediately sobered up, gripped by fear.

The painting slipped from her grasp, crashing onto the ground. Fearing his retribution, she murmured, "I didn't intend for that to happen."

Waylen remained silent, his expression inscrutable.

Rena bit her lip and implored, "Let me take you to the hospital."

"No, I'll simply bandage it at home."

"Waylen, we should go to the hospital!"

Waylen's eyes held profound depths, revealing a myriad of emotions.

He delicately caressed her delicate visage, his voice softening as he uttered, "What's wrong, Rena? Are you afraid



that I will inflict harm upon you if you follow me in or that the sight of familiar surroundings will evoke sorrow? Fear not, for I am incapable of harming you now."

Rena hesitated, torn by conflicting emotions.

Releasing his grip on her, Waylen appeared remarkably composed.

"Causing intentional harm can lead to a prison sentence of at least one year," he stated calmly.

Rena seethed with anger.

He was truly contemptible and shameless!

Waylen tenderly wiped away the blood, a mischievous smile gracing his lips. "Or perhaps you wish to inform the judge that you injured me because I desired a sexual encounter with you?"

Rena's fists clenched tightly.

After a moment's pause, she reluctantly pressed the elevator button, surrendering to the compromise.

Waylen concealed his wound with a tissue and followed her into the ascending elevator. Midway, he suddenly spoke, his voice tinged with emotion. "Rena, I have no regrets."

Rena refused to meet his gaze.

Her eyes focused on the ascending number, she retorted, "Waylen, it changes nothing!"



She had made her decision.

Waylen refrained from further words.

Eventually, they reached the apartment.

Waylen took a seat upon the sofa.

Silently, Rena retrieved the medical kit and placed it before him.

"Can you tend to your wound on your own?" she inquired, her demeanor cold and impassive.

Waylen lifted his head, locking his gaze onto her frigid countenance. After a pause, he uttered in a hoarse voice, "I have lost a considerable amount of blood. Do you not feel a tinge of remorse for my plight?"

Rena let out a soft chuckle.

Without uttering a word, she proceeded to retrieve antiseptic liquid, gauze and ointment from the medical kit.

A small wound marred his forehead.

Thankfully, it was not deep.

Rena carefully drenched a medical swab with liquid medicine, gently disinfecting Waylen's wound.

The pain was intense, causing Waylen's Adam's apple to bob, yet he stifled any cries.

To do so would be utterly demeaning.

Only in the throes of passion, their bodies entwined

intimately, would he unleash uncontrollable groans, which was something that Rena found undeniably alluring.

With that in mind, Waylen cast a meaningful glance her way.

He tenderly clasped her hand, his voice husky as he uttered, "Rena, we made love on this very sofa."

Rena made no effort to spare his feelings.

Indifferent, she replied, "You can bring other women here in the future. You may engage in sexual encounters with them wherever you please."

He furrowed his brow. "I have never brought other women here."

Rena smiled.

Perhaps his words held truth. She was the sole woman who had once graced his apartment with her presence.

But even so, Elvira was the one he couldn't erase from his mind.

Rena refrained from further comment. After all, they had ended their relationship. Anything more would be meaningless.

She deftly bandaged his wound and advised, "If your wound becomes inflamed tomorrow, you must seek medical attention at the hospital."

She proceeded to wash her hands, preparing to depart.

Waylen swiftly grasped her arm.

"Please don't go!"

He enveloped her from behind, pleading, "Rena, stay with me."

Rena's body tensed.

With gentle resolve, she extricated herself from his embrace and stated, "Waylen, I have made my intentions clear. We are no longer together."

"I'm hungry. Prepare a bowl of noodles for me!"

Rena retrieved her phone and replied, "I will order takeout for you."

Waylen flung her phone onto the sofa, his voice filled with concern. "I'm injured. How can you allow me to rely on takeout? Moreover, given my condition, unforeseen complications may arise during the night. If something were to happen to me, you would bear the responsibility."

These were his tactics.

Rena recognized them, yet she also acknowledged the partial reasonableness of his words.

What if he orchestrated a scheme to exacerbate his injury after she departed, holding her accountable for the consequences?

Pausing to contemplate, Rena chose not to insist on leaving.

She retrieved her phone and captured a photograph of him.



"What are you doing?" he inquired.

"I am taking pictures as evidence, in case of any future disputes," she replied.

Waylen seethed with anger.

Rena stowed away her phone and said softly, "My presence here tonight signifies nothing more than that."

He remained silent, retreating to the balcony where he gazed upon the nocturnal panorama of Duefron.

Observing his figure against the backdrop of the piano he gifted her, Rena's heart filled with melancholy.

He had once surprised her and treated her with kindness.

But that was all.

Waylen turned around, his gaze meeting Rena's eyes brimming with sorrow.