

Chapter 41 Waylen's Gentleness

Rena stepped out of the villa.

The rain had been pouring heavily and soaking the ground beneath her feet.

The sharp stinging pain from her high heels rubbing against her feet made each step a torturous ordeal. She walked on and on, oblivious to the growing ache, until her feet became raw and blood trickled down her heels.

She winced in pain yet did not say a word as she tried to withstand the pain.

As she tilted her head slightly, raindrops mingled with her tears, falling upon her face like icy reminders of the love she should have felt for Harold.

She had loved him deeply before!

But now, that love had changed into a vehement hatred. Rena couldn't bear the thought of spending a lifetime by Harold's side. Instead, she would

rather face death together than endure such a fate.

Her eyes filled with tears, she sank down slowly onto the wet ground, feeling the rain seep through her clothes.

In that vulnerable moment, a black umbrella shielded her from the downpour as a tall figure stood before her.

Feeling the lack of raindrops pouring down on her, she curiously raised her head and her eyes widened in surprise.

It was Waylen.

Dressed in a mature and handsome formal suit, he looked as if he had just left an important event. Waylen gazed at Rena with a mix of concern and compassion. 1

She blinked a few times, her expression showing a mix of confusion and disbelief.

She couldn't help but wonder why he always appeared during her most difficult moments. What's more, he always offered solace when she needed it most. 5

"Miss Gordon, I've been searching for you all night," Waylen's voice resonated, deep and hoarse, yet

undeniably charming. 1

Rena looked up at him as he reached out his hand to her.

She didn't move, and her whole body was stiff and unable to react.

"Poor girl." Waylen sighed softly, his empathy evident.

Without hesitation, he bent down and lifted her into his arms, disregarding the fact that her wet clothes were dampening his own attire. 2

The warmth radiating from Waylen's body awakened Rena's senses.

As her face drew closer to his, she felt an intimate connection that stirred an unfamiliar illusion within her.

An instinctive urge to resist surged within Rena, deeming the situation inappropriate.

But Waylen's commanding voice broke through her thoughts.

"Don't move," he uttered in a hoarse whisper, securing the umbrella handle in her trembling hand and intertwining their palms.

Rena's gaze fixed on him, her eyes vacant, her slightly parted lips tempting.

Waylen lowered his head, capturing her lips in a passionate kiss under the rain's unyielding assault.

Raindrops continued to pour angrily to the ground as the two got lost in their own little world. Initially hesitant, Rena gradually relinquished her resistance, overwhelmed by the man's dominating presence. 1

As their connection intensified, the black umbrella slipped from their grasp, carried away by the wind.

She found herself instinctively wrapping her arms around Waylen's neck, their bodies melding in an embrace fueled by desire.

Blushing and with her heart racing, words became superfluous in that moment.

Harold's significance faded into oblivion. Nothing mattered except the connection she shared with Waylen.

Carrying her to his opulent apartment amidst the bustling downtown area, the man glanced briefly at her drenched attire. He retrieved a black shirt from his wardrobe and handed it to her. "Take a

shower and get changed. Use this for now. Tomorrow morning, my secretary will bring you new clothes."

At her 20s, Rena was far from naive. ¹

Silently, she accepted the shirt, her gaze lingering on Waylen's face.

To her surprise, he disappeared into the guest bedroom, along with a bathrobe. Her nervousness eased a little, granting her the opportunity to explore his bedroom.

Adorned in a modern art style infused with heavy metal influences, the room exuded a cold ambiance, reflecting Waylen's strong personal taste.


Dark grey furniture, black sheets, and curtains shrouded the space.

Rena bit her lower lip, a mixture of curiosity and apprehension coursing through her as she entered the bathroom. Emerging from the shower, she found herself clad only in his shirt.

Its loose fit, designed for his 6.2-foot-tall frame, accentuated her slender and beautiful legs.

As Waylen entered the room to retrieve some

Chapter 41 Waylen's Gentleness

 +90 Points at most

documents, his eyes were captivated by the enticing sight before him.

Unable to take his eyes off her, he involuntarily swallowed. 2