

Chapter 100 Your Relationship Is So Good!

It was the first time that Harold had seen such a scene.

He froze.

Rena, who should've belonged to him, was kissing Waylen eagerly in the kitchen. If they had no guests at the moment, they surely would've already had sex on the spot.

Harold was upset, but he couldn't show it on his face. So he faked a smile and commented, "Your relationship is so good. I've just come to get some water."

He then took out two bottles of ice water from the fridge.

Suddenly, there was tension in the air.

Waylen was thick-skinned. The problem he had been worried about just now didn't exist anymore.

He carried Rena off the counter and smoothed out his clothes in front of Harold. He then beamed mischievously and said, "I'm going to go take a shower. Feel free to look around, Harold."

After saying that, he left Rena and Harold alone.

Rena knew that Waylen did that on purpose.

After Waylen walked out, she was left with Harold with whom she didn't want to talk, so she just opened the fridge and began taking out some ingredients in silence.

Harold stopped her from closing the fridge door.

He looked down at her and stared deeply into her eyes.

Rena took a step back.

He scoffed, "You don't have to be so afraid of me, Rena. We need to get along well with each other from now on. I really think Waylen cares about you very much."

Then, he shut the fridge door and walked away.

Rena thought that Harold was only venting his anger on her because he had been having a rough time lately. But even if that were really the case, Harold didn't have the right to treat her like an emotional punching bag.

She thought she should tell Waylen that she didn't want to see Harold anymore. While she was lost in thought, Waylen came back in and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

"What are you going to make?"

Rena smiled and playfully pushed him away.

But he just hugged her even tighter.

Feeling her cheeks burn, Rena answered softly, "Spaghetti and fried foie gras for our guests."

Waylen kissed her ear and asked in a hoarse voice, "And for me?"

Rena leaned on his shoulder and replied, "Soup and dumplings because of your weak stomach."

Waylen stared at her for a while and then kissed her lips.

At this moment, Rena felt ecstatic.

She was born in a middle-class family and really had no grand ambitions. All she wanted was a decent job and a happy family of her own with a loving husband and their sweet children.

She knew she shouldn't even be thinking about it, but she would very much like to build a family with Waylen.

While Waylen, Rena, Harold, and Cecilia were eating their midnight snack, Cecilia couldn't stop singing Rena's praises. Cecilia even took away the dumplings that Rena prepared for Waylen. She ate happily and chirped, "I'll come here again next time, Rena."

Rena grinned.

She was in a relationship with Waylen, so she couldn't stop Cecilia, his sister, from coming over to visit them.

Glancing at Cecilia, Waylen said, "And if you gain weight from Rena's delicious dishes, who will marry you?"

Leaning on Harold's shoulder, Cecilia cooed, "Harold will."

Harold couldn't quit looking at Rena.

Rena kept her eyes averted.

It wasn't that she was afraid of meeting Harold's gaze. She just felt that it was unnecessary.

Waylen didn't seem to notice the subtle change in the atmosphere. He leaned against the sofa, took Rena's hand, and played with it. With a charming smile on his face, he began conversing with Harold about the stock market and its trends. He even gave Harold some suggestions.

Rena admired Waylen, who was obviously doing this on purpose to get on Harold's nerves.

Ultimately, Harold couldn't hold on any longer and expressed his desire to leave.

Waylen saw their guests out. Before he shut the door, he told Rena, "You can clean up the table tomorrow. Go ahead and take a shower. I'll be right back."

Harold quickened his pace.

With his hands in his pockets, Waylen looked at Harold's back and smirked.