

Chapter 131 Waylen Becomes Triggered

Tyrone made an excellent choice of an Italian restaurant that evening.

As the clock struck eight, Rena gracefully drove to their destination.

Awaiting her arrival in the parking lot, Tyrone's eyes lit up with anticipation. The moment her car came to a stop, he displayed his gallantry by swiftly opening the car door for her.

"I must admit, it wasn't an easy task to invite you for dinner," he remarked.

Stepping out of the vehicle, Rena held the door and replied with a smile, "Actually, just two days ago, I came over to give Danna piano lessons at your place. Mr. Larson extended an invitation for dinner but you were absent."

Tyrone's gaze remained fixed on her, captivated by her words.

He then spoke up deliberately, his voice filled with depth.

"You understand that what I desire is not just a simple meal."

After a brief moment of hesitation, Rena decided to address the matter head-on.



"Tyrone, you know the circumstances surrounding us. We are not suitable for each other," she stated firmly.

Yet, Tyrone continued to gaze intently at her, his eyes revealing an undercurrent of unspoken emotions.

A slightly somber ambiance enveloped them. Rena sensed, for the first time, the raw masculine power emanating from Tyrone. Despite his lack of action, she felt an immense weight pressing upon her.

Unexpectedly, Tyrone's expression softened into a relieved smile.

He lowered his head and whispered, "It's merely a meal. If it causes you such distress, I shall refrain from asking you out in the future."

Seeking to alleviate her concerns, he reassured her, "This dinner is a celebration of your successful career."

Tyrone's adorability overwhelmed Rena, prompting a spontaneous laugh to escape her lips.

Closing the car door, she walked hand-in-hand with Tyrone into the restaurant.

Tyrone had thoughtfully reserved a table for them, unaware that Waylen happened to be dining there as well.

Waylen was engaged in conversation with a respectable woman in her fifties.



His mannerisms were marked by deep respect, indicating that the woman was likely an elder acquaintance.

Tyrone was acquainted with the woman as well and he exchanged a brief greeting with her.

Waylen's eyes met Tyrone's before slowly shifting his gaze towards Rena.

An overwhelming desire to hide away welled up within Rena. As anticipated, Waylen dabbed his lips with a napkin and spoke deliberately, "Miss Gordon now leads an unfettered life of independence. Finding a boyfriend should be quite convenient."

Tyrone arched an eyebrow in response.

Ha ha!

A wry laugh escaped Rena's lips. The irony of the situation was not lost on Tyrone.

With a genial smile, Tyrone placed his hand on the back of Waylen's chair and retorted, "Waylen, you also live alone. Finding a girlfriend should be just as convenient for you."

Waylen's eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

Tyrone's smile broadened.

Even the discerning elder present could sense the tension in the air. She spoke up softly, her voice filled with curiosity.

"Waylen, who is this lady?"





Knowing that he and Rena were not on speaking terms, Waylen felt a twinge of embarrassment at introducing her as his girlfriend.

He offered a faint smile, about to deceive the woman with a random fabricated response.

However, Tyrone interjected playfully, his eyes blinking with mischief, "Mrs. Jones, this is my friend Rena. She's a nice girl, isn't she?"

Naturally, a homemaker like Katrina Jones would be unaware of the truth.

With a warm smile, she replied, "She seems quite nice!"

Then, turning her attention to Waylen, she added, "Last time your mother mentioned that you had a girlfriend. Bring her over someday and I'll treat you both to a meal."

Waylen was left speechless.

Tyrone, too, found himself at a loss for words.

Thankfully, they maintained their composure in the presence of the elder, refraining from causing a scene in the restaurant. Furthermore, Tyrone held a deep respect for Rena and did not wish to subject her to any embarrassment.

Soon after, Waylen departed.

Rena breathed a sigh of relief. During their meal, she had felt Waylen's gaze fixed upon her.



"You still have feelings for him!"

Tyrone's voice reached Rena's ears, catching her off guard.

Her senses were captivated by the allure of Tyrone's long, narrow eyes.

In a husky and alluring tone, he added, "Remember when I told you that if you gave me a chance, you would witness a different side of Waylen? Well, you saw a glimpse of it earlier when he nearly resorted to violence in this upscale restaurant."

Rena cast her gaze downward, recognizing the futility of dwelling on the matter.

Tyrone responded with a smile, choosing not to delve further into the topic.

His demeanor exuded elegance, his sense of balance impeccably maintained.

Rena cherished her friendship with Tyrone, appreciating how he always had her back when she needed support.

Following their meal, Tyrone proposed a leisurely walk to aid digestion. If they happened upon a good movie, they could catch a screening along the way.

However, Rena found the suggestion somewhat inappropriate and declined.

Beneath the glow of a streetlamp, Tyrone held open the car door, accompanying Rena to her vehicle and playfully

remarked, "Miss Gordon, you certainly are vigilant."

Rena secured her seatbelt and, looking up at Tyrone, softly expressed, "I place great importance on our friendship, so we cannot venture any further and ruin it."

Tyrone gazed at her intently, remaining silent for a prolonged moment. Eventually, he stepped back, allowing her to take the wheel.

As Rena drove away, Tyrone's smile persisted.

Friendship...

Who on earth desired mere friendship?

All he yearned for was to marry her and build a future together, with children as their legacy...

*

Rena slowly made her way back to her apartment behind the wheel.

Beneath the shade of a tree, a resplendent golden Bentley Continental GT awaited.

Donning formal attire, Waylen leaned casually against the car door, indulging in a cigarette.

A prestigious vehicle accompanied by a handsome and distinguished man.

Its allure was undeniable.

As girls passed by, attempting to capture the man's attention



with coy smiles, Waylen's gaze remained fixed solely on Rena.

Approaching him...

He took a deep drag from his cigarette, his cheeks sunken with intensity. His figure appeared even more alluring in the tree's shadow.

Rena couldn't help but acknowledge that with his striking looks, he could easily captivate anyone he desired.

His appearance was truly extraordinary.

Rena walked up to him, inquiring, "Mr. Fowler, what brings you here?"

Waylen discarded his cigarette and extinguished it underfoot.

"Aren't you going to invite me in for a drink?"

Rena stood still, her voice husky as she replied, "Do you want it? If so, let's go to a hotel."

Waylen furrowed his brow.

"But this is where you reside. Why do you want us to go to a hotel?"

He recollected Rena's aversion to hotels. It was evident that she was currently upset with him.

With a lowered stance, Waylen implored, "Come on. Why are you still angry after all these days? I really have nothing to do with her!"

Rena remained resolute.





Gazing at his car, she stated, "Mr. Fowler, I am not mad at you or anything. I don't possess the authority to do so. I simply believe that our relationship is better suited for a hotel... Let's take your car. I'll hail a taxi back later."

Waylen's eyes darkened.

He scrutinized her for a moment before abruptly turning to enter the vehicle.

After fastening her seatbelt, Rena settled in beside him.

Deliberately, Waylen placed a small square box on the center console and turned towards her, remarking, "Stay in the hotel for a night. I fear you won't be able to leave the bed."

Rena averted her gaze.

He displayed such arrogance and insensitivity!

Waylen scrutinized her for a moment, noting her silence, and in a fit of petulance, he drove the car to a luxurious five-star hotel.

As the receptionist handed him the room key, she sensed an undercurrent of tension and held her breath.

Waylen swiftly took the room key and walked ahead, his pace a tad too brisk.

Rena trailed behind, stepping cautiously into the elevator.

This marked the second time she found herself in a hotel with him. The previous encounter had left her with





lingering sense of unease.

The elevator enveloped them in a suffocating silence.

Waylen, hands casually tucked in his pockets, wore an expressionless face.

Rena pondered why he seemed so grumpy.

While their intention was to engage in intimate relations, he appeared as if he was here to endure suffering...

They entered the room.

Waylen seemed less agitated than before. He dropped the box of condoms onto the bed, discarded his coat, which landed carelessly at the foot of the bed...

"Miss Gordon, would you like to freshen up with a shower?"

Rena had been a virgin until she met him. No other man had touched her besides Waylen.

Yet, he addressed her with such a tone at this moment. Regardless, she couldn't shake off the feeling of being wronged. Her eyes and nose turned slightly red, though she attempted to feign composure.

"I'm fine. I don't need to take a shower."

"Why not?"

Waylen abruptly approached her, his slender fingers gently caressing her face as he remarked, "You carry around the



scent of Tyrone. How can you not cleanse yourself before we start?"



 I want no ads >