

Chapter 114 Lyndon Puts His DNA Data Into The DNA...

Waylen inclined his chiseled visage, clenched his teeth, and spoke up. "Indeed, I am all ears."

He cast his gaze downward, fixating on Rena.

Observing her profound delight, he intensified his movements, oscillating with increasing vigor. Both of them couldn't suppress a slight groan.

Being well-versed in such matters, Lyndon deduced what Waylen was doing at the moment.

He cleared his throat and uttered, "The hour grows late. Retire to bed early."


Subsequently, he terminated the call.

Lyndon yearned for the daughter he had never laid eyes upon, hoping that her husband was not akin to Waylen.

Despite Waylen's exceptional qualities, how could he engage in amorous activities while conversing on the phone?

Certainly not!

Lyndon wore a bitter smile, realizing that he might have been overthinking, considering he hadn't even found his daughter

Chapter 114 Lyndon Puts His DNA Data into Th...  +120 Points at most yet. Moreover, Waylen was presently with Rena, and they seemed well-suited.

Waylen flung his phone onto the coffee table.

He had a splendid evening overall.

Their bond rekindled. They attended their daily occupations and, upon returning home from work, they shared meals, indulged in showers, embraced, kissed and made love.

Rena conceded that she was undeniably infatuated.

Waylen possessed striking handsomeness and his ardor in the bedroom was insurmountable. It was inconceivable for her to remain indifferent.

They had sex multiple times on the night of Saturday.

Resting against the bed's headrest, Waylen lit a cigarette as was his custom.

Rena relished observing him smoke, as he exuded a mature and alluring aura while indulging in it.

Waylen's phone chimed twice.

He picked it up, simultaneously taking a drag from his cigarette.

Having completed her shower, Rena was in the midst of applying skincare products. She inquired softly, "Do you still have work to attend to at such a late hour?"

A radiant smile graced Waylen's face as he replied, "No, it

was Mr. Coleman. He's searching for his daughter. This week, he uploaded his DNA information to the DNA database. If his daughter also shares her DNA data, he will be able to locate her."

Rena's mind drifted away, consumed by contemplation.

DNA database...

If she too uploaded her DNA information, would she have a higher chance to find her biological father?

"What's on your mind?" he inquired.

Waylen gently patted the sofa, coaxing Rena to sit beside him. Enveloping her in his embrace, he pressed his lips against hers. In a husky tone, he asked, "Did you like the jewelry and clothes that were delivered today?"

Naturally, Rena adored them. Every woman had an affinity for jewelry.

However, even without a deep understanding of the market, Rena could discern that the jewelry alone was worth at least 20 million. Leaning on his shoulder, she expressed her genuine thoughts, "They're too expensive... I'm hesitant to accept them!"

"Don't overthink it. Of course, you can accept them," he reassured her.

Waylen tenderly caressed her body, his eyes momentarily closed as he pondered.

He yearned to present her with the 400-square-meter office. If she desired it, he could relinquish this apartment to her. He genuinely adored her and was willing to go to great lengths for her happiness.

He whispered into her ear, "Rena, I desire to make love to you once more."

*

Since Waylen mentioned the DNA database, Rena found herself frequently revisiting the thought.

She wavered.

She longed to upload her DNA data, yet feared it would sadden Darren and Eloise.

Beneath the music studio, a delightful coffee shop awaited. Rena found solace in its aromatic brews. Each time she visited to oversee the progress of the studio, she would inevitably find herself drawn to the coffee shop's allure.

One afternoon, the sun radiated its warm embrace. Rena rested her chin upon her hand, her thoughts drifting away.

A soft voice then broke through the haze. "Miss Gordon."

Startled, Rena's eyes widened as she beheld Lyndon.

Hurriedly rising to her feet, she greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Coleman."

Dressed in a casual suit of light hues, Lyndon exuded an air

of ease. A smile graced his countenance as he spoke, "As Waylen's girlfriend, there's no need for such formality with me."

Rena pulled out a chair for him, her smile accompanying her words. "Alright, then you needn't address me as Miss Gordon. Feel free to call me Rena."

The mention of Rena's name triggered a reminiscence within Lyndon.

He fell into a trance as he thought of his Reina again.

Gazing upon Rena before him, he marveled at her striking resemblance to Reina from the past, her age aligning perfectly with that of Reina's daughter. Extravagant hopes took hold of him, prompting him to inquire, "Have your parents met Waylen's?"

Rena was taken aback.

While Lyndon held seniority, the sudden topic change caught her off guard.

She hesitated momentarily before responding, "We are still in a relationship and we haven't yet considered arranging a meeting between our parents."

Lyndon's inquiries didn't yield the desired answer.

Coincidentally, a waitress arrived, delivering Lyndon's coffee. He took a sip and smiled, shifting the conversation. "What do your parents do for a living?"

Rena's gaze fell upon the cup of coffee before her.

After a prolonged silence, Rena spoke softly. "My father works as an accountant. My mother passed away when I was a child. But I have a stepmother who treats me incredibly well."

As she shared this, a smile graced Rena's lips.

Yet, her eyes glistened with moisture, tinged with a hint of redness. It was evident that she longed for her departed mother.

In that moment, Lyndon's heart ached.

He whispered, "Your mother passed away..."

Her mother's untimely demise... It couldn't possibly be Reina! Reina was in good health. The fortune teller had prophesied a long and prosperous life for her!

After a while, Lyndon realized his missteps.

Out of courtesy, he had intended to inquire about her mother's name.

However, his phone abruptly rang.

Lyndon glanced at his device, offering Rena an apologetic smile. "Apologies, it's my daughter calling. She has just arrived in Duefron and I must fetch her from the airport!"

Rena nodded in understanding.

Inexplicably, Lyndon felt a reluctance to depart. Though

aware of the impropriety, he gently caressed Rena's hair and said softly, "The next time we meet, I will treat you to a splendid feast."

Rena returned the smile.

Her smile was irresistibly endearing.

Once again, Lyndon found himself lost in thought.

Rena bore an astonishing resemblance to Reina. If only her mother were still alive, he might have delved deeper into her story.

*

In the evening, Rena recounted the encounter to Waylen, mentioning Lyndon's presence at the cafe.

Waylen grinned, teasingly remarking, "Don't you harbor great affection for him? Did you seize the opportunity to enjoy a cup of coffee together?"

Deliberately, Rena responded, "You are the one I love."

A visible delight adorned Waylen's face.

In a melancholic tone, Rena continued, "We only conversed briefly before he received a phone call. It was his daughter calling, and he mentioned having to pick her up from the airport."

Elvira...

Waylen remained silent, fixating his gaze upon the television

Lost in his thoughts, he seemed distant.

Recently, Rena and Waylen had developed a strong rapport. Waylen's maturity and exceptional qualities made her value his perspective on matters. In this moment, she couldn't resist discussing the DNA database with him, yearning to hear his opinion.

She spoke at length, but Waylen appeared unengaged, his attention elsewhere.

"Waylen! Waylen..."

Startled, Waylen snapped back to reality and regarded Rena. Rena, with her beauty and submissive nature, cared for him deeply.

He understood that he could possess her both physically and emotionally whenever he desired.

He knew that Rena had genuine affection for him.

However, he didn't wish to be tied down by a woman.

He simply wished to revel in their current relationship.

In his mind, it was perfect!