

Chapter 8 His Usual Ringtone

Rena jolted awake.

She found herself leaning against Waylen's shoulder, and his arm seemed to be wrapped around her waist. His scent filled her nose—his musky fragrance was mixed with the smell of aftershave.

And he was on the phone.

His voice was low and serious.

He shouldn't have answered the phone in the transfusion room, but he was so handsome that all the young women in the room forgave him.

Waylen soon hung up and found that Rena was awake.

Her pale face was now a little ruddy, which made her look cute.

Waylen asked indifferently, "How long are you planning on leaning on my shoulder?"

Rena blushed furiously and sat up straight in a hurry.

Waylen picked up his coat and put away his phone. He looked at her and declared, "I'll drive you back home."

Rena didn't want to bother him anymore, so she refused, but he insisted.

On the way, he received another call. After talking on the phone for a while, he said to Rena, "I have to go back to my apartment to receive a fax. We'll drop by there first and then I'll take you home."

Rena bit her lip hesitantly.

She knew clearly what it meant for a woman to go to a bachelor's apartment, but she also knew that countless women had tried to hook up with Waylen and failed. He didn't need to trick her into going to his apartment like this.

In the end, she didn't say anything and just watched the passing scenery as Waylen drove to his apartment.

Waylen's apartment was in the middle of the best location downtown. It was around 200 sqm big and was luxuriously decorated like a model unit.

Waylen asked her to wait in the living room while he went to the study.

As soon as he received the fax, he called his assistant.

Just as he was wrapping up to leave, Waylen's phone rang.

But it wasn't his usual ringtone. It was the special ringtone he set for that certain someone.

Waylen's expression changed slightly. He warily took out his phone and checked the caller ID. Sure enough, it was that person calling.

But eventually, he didn't take it.

The caller didn't try to call a second time either.

But one such unexpected call was enough to put Waylen in a bad mood. He took out a bottle of strong liquor from the cabinet and opened it.

After drinking two glasses of alcohol, he stood in front of the French window, quietly looking at the scenery outside.

Rena waited in the living room for a long time.

She had heard the sound of the fax machine whirring inside the study. However, after Waylen's phone rang, she didn't hear anything after. She was worried and gently pushed the door open.

Waylen was standing with his back to her.

Rena couldn't see his face, but he looked a little lonely.

Her intuition told her that he was missing someone.

She didn't want to disturb him, so she turned to leave as quietly as a mouse.

"Stop!" ¹

Behind her came Waylen's hoarse voice.

Rena stopped in her tracks. The next second, she felt a pair of strong arms hug her from behind.

Waylen gently kissed her neck, and then whispered in her ear, "You came here because you want me, didn't you?"

Rena gulped. She couldn't deny it for she did want him, but for a good reason. ²

But she knew that Waylen was emotionally unstable now. Even if he had sex with her now, he might not admit to it afterwards.

However, she found herself unable to resist him at all.

The cityscape outside the window was beautiful. ²¹

But at this moment, Rena wasn't paying attention to the scenery. Right in front of the French window, she was pressed against the glass and her hands were pinned above her head.

Waylen lowered his head and started planting kisses on her neck, a gesture that made Rena moan. 6

He was the one who had drunk, but instead Rene was the one who looked intoxicated.

All of a sudden, the man stopped.

Rena's red lips parted slightly. "Waylen... Why'd you stop?" 1

The lust in Waylen's eyes had already completely disappeared.

He took a step back and said coldly, "Sorry, Miss Gordon. I was drunk and wasn't thinking straight." 39

At that moment, all the color drained from Rena's face. 27