

Chapter 374 Waylen, Hug Me

Waylen steered his car back to his apartment, his heart racing with concern.

Determined, he swung open one door after another, his voice echoing through the space. "Rena!"

However, his apartment echoed with emptiness, and a sense of worry began to take hold.

Just as Waylen contemplated descending the stairs to search for her, the door creaked open, and Rena stepped in, the chill of the autumn night clinging to her like a whisper.

A coat, seemingly oversized, draped her figure. It was his old college baseball uniform, now transformed into a graceful ensemble on Rena. Her silhouette was captivating, particularly the delicate length of her legs, bared by the coat's generous cut.

His brow furrowed as he regarded her.

There were still two days until the anticipated event, and the weight of impending uncertainty sat heavily on his shoulders. He feared for Rena, for the unknown that might unfold.

Unable to suppress his concern, his voice took on a stern edge. "Where have you been, Rena?"

Rena stood before him, caught off guard by his tone.

After a prolonged silence, her voice was gentle, almost a whisper. "I spent the evening cooking a feast. Since you hadn't returned for dinner, I took it upon myself to feed the puppy downstairs."



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Waylen's features remained stern, his worry refusing to dissipate.

His gaze locked onto her, his words gravelly. "Promise me you won't wander these next two days."

With a sense of determination, Waylen retreated into his study.

He knew he needed a respite, a brief reprieve from the mounting tension. Yet, as he settled into the dimly lit room, he found that his attempts at calming his nerves were in vain. He would know in two days if he succeed or not.

Waylen was smoking quietly. Time seemed elusive in the hushed stillness. How many days had passed in this dream, and what did it translate to in reality?

His thoughts were a tempest of concern, for Rena, and for the life they had created, their third child, a daughter named Elva.

Waylen's frustration grew, manifesting in the ashtray overflowing with spent cigarettes. The uncertainty was nearly suffocating.

Then, like a breath of solace, the door creaked, and Rena slipped into the room.

She nestled herself into Waylen's embrace, the soft light casting a delicate glow upon her. Tucking her against him, Waylen felt the tension slowly ebbing away. Rena's arms encircled his waist, and she inquired with tenderness. "Waylen, what's troubling you?"

In her neglected state, Rena embodied an innocent vulnerability that tugged at his heart.

Rena's protest was quiet yet firm. "I haven't done anything wrong."

Initially preoccupied, Waylen's attention shifted as Rena melted into his embrace, her delicate frame a testament to her fragility.

His fingers brushed against the slender strap of her silk nightgown, a contrast to his own agitation.

"Did you wear this on purpose?" Waylen's voice was tinged with a husky rasp, his fingers dancing along the silken edge.

Rena lifted her gaze, her lips capturing his chin in a tender kiss.

Throughout the moments that followed, their lips met in stolen caresses. Each kiss carried an unspoken question, a gasp of longing, and Rena's voice quivered as she asked, "Are you still angry?"

Waylen's touch traced the curve of her waist, and the tension in the room seemed to mirror the anticipation that crackled between them.

Longing mixed with urgency, and Waylen found himself captivated by the notion of release, of escaping the mounting pressure.

Yet, he was also driven by the tenderness of holding Rena in his arms, his beloved wife.

With a slow, deliberate motion, Waylen tilted his head, his lips seeking Rena's. She met him in kind, her lips parting in a subtle invitation. In a moment of surrender, their bodies pressed together, igniting a fervent desire.

"Waylen!"

Rena's plea, almost a whimper, echoed in the space.

The intensity of their connection was undeniable, an embodiment of their shared emotions. Waylen's resolve wavered as he pressed Rena onto the sofa, their kisses growing fervent and unrestrained.

In a moment of clarity, Waylen drew back, his gaze locking with Rena's.

He kissed her and comforted her softly, but Rena propped herself up... Under the soft glow of the room, Rena's eyes held a vulnerability that tugged at Waylen's heart. Her words were a whispered confession, a promise laced with determination. "Waylen, you said it yourself, didn't you? That I'm yours. If fate has destined us to be together, then why do we hesitate?"

Rena possessed youth and wisdom, a blend that forged her understanding of love's intertwined connection with wealth.

When he offered her his fortune, doubt never crept into her heart. His love was undeniable.

Waylen's gaze dipped downward, his Adam's apple dancing in a manner that oozed allure.

The pull of impulse overpowered his rationale, and he swept Rena's delicate form into his arms, embarking towards the bedroom.

This was the very bed where their love first transcended into reality, and in this dream, he chose to embrace her four years ahead of time.

Amidst their yearning, they lost themselves in an unspoken dance, experiencing the depth of their bond numerous times.

Exhaustion eventually claimed Rena's senses, her eyelids surrendering to sleep.

Yet, Waylen remained sleepless.

He traversed their apartment restlessly, driven by an innate need to leave an imprint. A legacy that would enrich her existence in the years ahead.

As the night deepened, Waylen orchestrated a symphony of phone calls, ensuring matters were meticulously tended to.



He commissioned the finest diamond ring in Duefron, a lustrous pear-shaped gem that epitomized his intentions.

The clock struck four in the morning.

Waylen nestled beneath the quilt, his thoughts swirling.

Rena, half-awake, half-dreaming, turned towards him, her arms enveloping his neck. "Where were you?"

"Attending to some affairs," he murmured huskily.

Rena nuzzled into his embrace, her affectionate gestures akin to a gentle caress against his heart.

Her voice was tender as she confided, "It stings a little."

Waylen's heart softened. His touch sought solace upon her head, his soothing words an embrace. "The pain will ebb away."

Rena's desires were myriad.

She held his hand and begged him carefully and softly that he could only sleep with her for the rest of his life... She sounded like Alexis.

Yet, Waylen remained silent, his emotions hidden beneath layers of unspoken turmoil.

Anxiousness lingered in the air, gnawing at Rena's senses.

A cold diamond ring graced her finger, its significance undeniable.

Rena's voice quivered as she inquired, her casual façade belying her emotions.

"Is this for me?"

Waylen gently lowered her hand, his fingers intertwining with hers in a silent vow.

His voice, a tender whisper against her neck, held a plea. "Rena, will you be my wife? My love for you has endured for an eternity."

Seven years.

Their lives had intertwined over a span of seven years.

Rena, a twenty-year-old engulfed in the throes of bliss, was blissfully ignorant of this deeper connection, her eyes shining with innocent delight.

When he gazed into her luminous eyes, Waylen's heart swelled with sorrow and bitterness. He marveled at the enchantment of her simplicity.

Time dwindled, leaving them with a solitary day.

Waylen had meticulously orchestrated every detail, ensuring that his departure was fraught with a sense of reassurance. Rena's intuition guided her, sensing the unspoken weight upon him.

The previous night, she had clung to him, yearning for the warmth of his embrace.

Post their intimate communion, Waylen's gentle touch traced the delicate arches of her feet, tenderly caressing the points that would carry discomfort.

His voice, a soothing whisper, held a revelation. "Rena, amidst my regrets, one thing remains clear. I've never regretted loving you."

Rena looked up, a flicker of understanding in her eyes.

She sensed something amiss, yet she believed in him unconditionally.

Waylen stood on the precipice of departing the dream, the threshold of reality beckoning.

That night, he held Rena close, their connection intimate and profound.

As the clock struck four in the afternoon, the stylists arrived, an aura of transformation enveloping the room.

Waylen's discerning eye settled upon a gown, a delicate masterpiece adorned with emerald gems.

Rena's transformation was breathtaking, a metamorphosis she had never experienced.

She turned to him, a whisper of nervousness in her voice. "Waylen, my heart races."

Waylen's touch traced her cheek, his lips brushing against hers. His gaze was a testament to his love, his words imbued with sincerity. "Rena, I adore you."

A smile graced Rena's lips, her heart eager to express her feelings.

Yet, Waylen's abrupt action silenced her, his touch upon the back of her head sending her into a gentle slumber.

He cradled her form upon the soft expanse of the bed, bestowing a tender kiss upon her forehead. A whisper of promise lingered in the air as he murmured, "When you awaken, we shall be together again. Sleep well, my dear."

Upon his departure, Waylen's eyes glistened with unshed tears, the weight of their love and the impending future making his heart ache.