

A Second Chance With My Billionaire Love Chapter 5 How Many Times Have You Had Sex With Him

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Rena, a petite woman, stood no match against Harold no matter how hard she struggled.

In the end, she could only glare at Harold with fiery hatred in her eyes.

When she stopped struggling, Harold finally let go of her and sneered. "You want to hook up with Waylen? What makes you think you're good enough for him? Everyone knows that he doesn't get entangled with women easily. Besides... You were always so stiff whenever I kissed you. Can you really stand it if some guy started taking off your clothes?"

Rena gritted her teeth and cursed the man in front of her inwardly.

She lowered her eyes and said coldly, "This is none of your business."

Harold looked down at her and sneered in disbelief. "You deliberately approached Waylen in front of me. Do you think I give a damn?"

This man disgusted Rena. She looked up at him with unmasked disdain and spat, "Harold, if you didn't frame my father, I wouldn't have cared who you married at all! Don't flatter yourself!"

Harold stared at her wordlessly.

Rena forced herself to lock eyes with him. She didn't want to show weakness in front of him.

After a long time, Harold sneered. "Rena, you'll be my mistress one way or another! Just you wait!"

Then he opened the door and left, slamming the door behind him.

The second he was gone, Rena's legs buckled from underneath her. She leaned her head against the wall for support, tears slowly trickling down her cheeks.

What a cruel man!

Over the past four years, Rena had done so much for Harold, but he did nothing but betray her!

Only now did she realize that Harold was toying her feelings since the very beginning. He never wanted to marry her!

She was stupid enough to even always daydreaming about their wedding.

Thinking of this, she cried bitterly.

"Rena?"

Vera's voice pulled her back to her senses.

Rena wiped her tears and looked up. The sight that greeted her made her freeze on the spot.

By the doorway stood not only Vera and her husband, but also Waylen.

Waylen had changed into a dark blue shirt and gray suit pants.

Vera was worried about Rena, but she decided against mentioning anything about Harold. She quickly came up with something and said, "It started raining all of a sudden, so let's play golf another time, okay?"

Her husband took the hint and echoed, "Good idea! Let's play golf some other time. Mr. Fowler, can you give Rena a ride? I'm afraid Vera and I have something right after this."

Waylen glanced at Rena's red, teary eyes briefly.

After a while, he finally nodded. "Of course."

Vera breathed a sigh of relief, but at the same time, she felt a bit bad for Rena.

The poor girl had just been assaulted by Harold, and now, she had no choice but to leave with Waylen.

It was a really windy day, and the rain showed no signs of letting up. On the contrary, the thunder and lightning were merciless. The parking lot was open-air, so Waylen went ahead to fetch his car.

After a while, a golden Bentley Continental GT slowly pulled to a stop in front of Rena. She didn't have an umbrella, but she didn't dare to ask Waylen to get out of the car to hold an umbrella over her.

She rushed to get in the car, the rain pouring down relentlessly. Despite moving as fast as she could, she was sopping wet by the time she strapped her seatbelt on.

Water dripping from her hair, she felt a little uneasy, fearing that Waylen would be unhappy with her.

But the man simply glanced at her. Without saying a word, he started the car.

The club was halfway up the mountain. The drive to the foot of the mountain would take a while, and the air conditioner in the car was turned on. It didn't take long before Rena started shivering from the cold, her lips turning pale and blue.

While waiting for the traffic light to turn green, Waylen threw a coat to her and said, "Here."

Rena thanked him with a nod.

As soon as she put on his coat, she sighed in relief at the warmth. But Waylen didn't turn off the air conditioner. He was too busy monitoring the road ahead.

It was a stormy day, so traffic was heavy in the city.

Waylen lit a cigarette and took a long drag, asking casually, "How long have you been with Harold?"

Rena stiffened at the question.

But she had no reason to be dishonest. "Four years."

Waylen was a little surprised. After a while, his eyes wandered over to her slender legs.

With lust in his eyes, he pretended to ask casually, "And how many times have you had sex with him?"