

Chapter 72 Ten-minute Noodles

Korbyn frowned unhappily. "Don't you consider this house your home? Why do you have to go back to your apartment so late in the middle of the night?"

Korbyn was known for his bad temper and domineering attitude.

Many people feared him, but Waylen wasn't one of them.

Glancing at his father indifferently, Waylen shrugged and said, "I have to go back and go through some materials for a case."

Korbyn gritted his teeth in anger, but he knew he couldn't force his son to stay. "Get out! I don't even know why you wanna be a lawyer! Why are you so hell-bent on cleaning other people's messes?"

Waylen smiled at him mockingly. "Have you forgotten, Dad? The Fowler Group pays me eighty million a year as retainer."

Korbyn's nostrils flared and his eyes widened. "I said get out!"

Waylen didn't need to be told a third time.

He was getting in his car when Korbyn came downstairs and scolded, "You've been drinking. Do you seriously plan on

driving yourself back? You really are something, Waylen Fowler!"

Without saying a word, Waylen got out of the car and handed the key to the driver.

The driver had worked for the Fowler family for many years. Seeing that Waylen was in a bad mood, he didn't dare to say anything and quietly drove him back to the apartment.

When the car pulled to a stop, Waylen ordered, "Thank you, Ryder. You should go home now."

His driver, Ryder Nicolson, had no choice but to leave.

Before going inside his apartment, Waylen pulled out a cigarette and clamped it between his lips.

Then he lit it with his lighter.

Holding the cigarette between his slender fingers, he took a long, slow drag. The smoke filled his lungs, nearly choking him.

But somehow, it made him feel better.

He didn't go inside until he finished about five cigarettes in total.

As soon as he opened the door, he found that it was dark inside the apartment.

The curtains were drawn, and a faint sliver of moonlight streamed in from the narrow crack between the curtains.

The atmosphere in the apartment was a little romantic.

Waylen tossed his coat on the sofa, quietly crept into the master bedroom, and turned on a bedside lamp.

Rena was in bed, sleeping peacefully.

Her cheek rested on the pillow, her long chestnut hair cascading onto the sheets delicately. She looked like a muse in a beautiful painting.

Waylen couldn't help but reach under the quilt and stroke her soft body.

His touch woke Rena up.

She opened her watery eyes and looked at him, biting her lip gently.

She didn't dare to stop him, nor did she dare to move. Instead, she simply let him do whatever he wanted.

Finally, Waylen leaned over and kissed her.

The kiss gradually grew more passionate.

After what felt like a long time, Rena finally pulled away and rested her chin on his shoulder.

In a soft voice, she gently asked, "Why'd you come back? You reek of alcohol..."

Waylen explained briefly, "I drank a lot at dinner tonight."

He sat on the edge of the bed and held her in his arms, but it seemed that he had no intention of having sex with her.

Rena suggested, "Go and take a shower while I cook some

noodles for you, okay?*

Her voice was so soft that Waylen couldn't help but lower his head and kiss her again.

Rena smiled and wrapped her arms around his waist contentedly.

Truth be told, the two of them were both turned on right now.

But Waylen felt that it wasn't fair for Rena if he took her now, since he was thinking about another woman just a few moments ago; so in the end, he stopped kissing her.

"Well, okay then. I'm going to take a shower. You go make the noodles for me."

As he spoke, he stood up and started taking off his clothes while walking towards the bathroom. He was usually a meticulous person, but now he left a trail of messy clothes all over the floor. Rena knew he had done this on purpose.

She blushed, her heart pounding in her chest. She couldn't meet his playful gaze, so she didn't dare to raise her head.

When Waylen was in the bathroom, Rena gathered the clothes on the floor and tossed them into the laundry basket.

Then she went to the kitchen to cook some noodles, which only took her about ten minutes.

She smiled in satisfaction.

The noodles looked delicious and smelled real good.

Hopefully, Waylen would like them!

After taking a shower, Waylen sat at the table and began to slurp up the noodles.

He was always eating out due to the nature of his work, so he had come to prefer home-cooked meals. Although Rena wasn't the best cook, her food suited his taste.

Waylen took out his phone to deal with some business affairs while eating. After a while, he glanced at Rena in surprise.

"You got your hair done?"