

Chapter 95 You Remind Me Of An Old Friend

As Rena and Waylen got into the car, they realized they were running dangerously late.

Rena sat beside Waylen, avoiding her gaze towards his strikingly handsome face. However, her thoughts wandered, contemplating how long it had been since he last had sex before being with her.

She couldn't shake the feeling that he was filled with desire. Perhaps sensing her thoughts, Waylen halted the car at a red light.

He reached out, gently taking her hand in his.

"What are you thinking?" he asked, his touch tender.

Rena's face flushed, and she pretended to turn her attention to the passing scenery outside the window.

Waylen caressed her delicate face, smiling. "I'm not a womanizer. There are no other women around me. I'm so engrossed in my work that I have no time for frivolous affairs."

Rena blushed even more, her heart racing. He was so shameless!

He had no time? But he had been intimately involved with her these past few days!

"Aren't you the one who's always eager for sex? I feel like you're the hornier one," he whispered in her ear.

Rena was pure and innocent. Anger surged within her upon hearing his words, but she chose to look over it, refusing to embarrass Waylen at the banquet.

After all, Waylen held immense fame and power in Duefron.

The moment he entered the banquet hall, he was immediately surrounded and flattered by a group of people.

They were also curious about Waylen's female companion, having heard rumors of his new relationship. Witnessing Rena's presence, they couldn't help but appreciate her beauty and charm.

Waylen exchanged pleasantries with the crowd while Rena held onto his arm, not wanting to disturb his interactions.

Aware of her potential boredom, Waylen suggested taking her to get some food and find a place to sit.

"Waylen!" Cecilia called out in a sweet voice, holding onto Harold's arm as they approached.

Upon seeing Harold, Rena grew slightly nervous. She hadn't expected to encounter him in this setting.

Waylen sensed her unease.

He glanced sideways at Rena and smiled at Cecilia. "I didn't expect you to come."

Resting against Harold's shoulder, Cecilia said in a coquettish manner, "Harold wanted to see Mr. Coleman, so I brought him here."

She played with the buttons on Harold's shirt and complained, "I never knew you had such an interest in art."

Harold indulged Cecilia but kept his gaze fixed on Rena.

Waylen sneered.

He knew exactly why Harold had come. Harold simply wanted to see Rena. Sometimes, Waylen couldn't help but find Harold ridiculous. Over the past four years, Harold had never taken Rena seriously. Yet now, when Rena was with someone else, Harold acted like he harbored deep affection for her and refused to let go.

How foolish he was!

Fortunately, Lyndon arrived at that moment, donning a black tuxedo. Thanks to good maintenance, he appeared handsome and youthful.

"Waylen, Cecilia."

Lyndon patted Waylen on the shoulder, his voice brisk and lively.

Waylen politely nodded and introduced Rena to him. "This is my girlfriend, Rena Gordon. She has been playing the piano

since childhood and admires your work, so she wanted to attend this banquet."

Rena?

Lyndon was slightly taken aback.

Her name stirred memories of his impoverished past, when he was a young man of about twenty. At that time, he had a girlfriend named Reina Evans, a girl from a wealthy family. They lived together in a tiny house measuring less than ten square meters for a year, deeply in love. However, due to a misunderstanding, she became angry and left. Lyndon later married someone else and after years, finally discovered by chance, that Reina was pregnant during their time together. He had regretted it and desperately searched for her!

Yet he never received any news about her, nor could he find any trace of her in the Evans family of Duefron. Rumors circulated that she had been cast out of the family for getting pregnant before marriage.

"Mr. Coleman?" Waylen's voice brought Lyndon back to the present.

Lyndon forced a smile and apologized. "Miss Gordon's name reminds me of an old friend. If she had given birth to her child, the child would be around the same age as Miss Gordon."

As he spoke, a hint of sadness flickered in his eyes.

Rena deduced that Lyndon had experienced an unforgettable love affair. The person he referred to as his old friend must have been his lover, and the unknown child would likely be his own flesh and blood.

