

## Chapter 160 Waylen, I Can't Afford To Be...

Rena was deeply moved, her heart touched by the experience.

Following her graduation, Paisley provided immense assistance and became a steadfast companion to Rena.

Observing Paisley's retreating figure, Rena still experienced a subtle unease settling within her.

After pondering for a while, Rena proceeded towards the reception desk.

"Please assist me in checking Miss Rayne's recent attendance," Rena politely requested the receptionist.

The receptionist responded with a smile.

Within a matter of minutes, the outcome was revealed. Over the past two weeks, Paisley had taken leave approximately every three days.

Rena's suspicions intensified, stirring a growing sense of doubt within her.

However, Rena recognized that she could not intrude into Paisley's privacy without her explicit consent.

Nonetheless, Rena took the initiative to handle

numerous tasks at work...

Rena remained occupied until the end of her workday.

Waylen initiated a phone call.

Familiar with Waylen's intentions, Rena held the phone and responded softly, saying, "Alright."

Descending the stairs, Rena made her way to the waiting car.

Rena gazed down at her attire: a crimson wool dress elegantly complemented by a delicate white coat.

Everything was meticulously prepared, causing a slight blush to grace Rena's cheeks.

Surrendering herself to him, Rena acknowledged the vulnerability she was willingly exposing.

She dared not delve deeper into her thoughts, instead gently pressing the accelerator and embarking on her journey.

Upon arriving at Waylen's apartment, Rena had anticipated his passionate nature and insatiable desire, only to discover that he was genuinely occupied.

A suitcase rested in the living room while Waylen engaged in a conversation in his study, clutching his phone as he discussed a new case.

Although his gaze held affection as he looked at Rena, his tone turned harsh and merciless during his phone conversation.

Rena couldn't help but feel a sense of surrealism creeping into her consciousness.

He displayed a stark contrast to the audacious man who touched himself over the phone the previous night.

She found herself bewildered and uncertain.

Waylen covered the receiver of his phone and whispered softly to her, "Claribel has purchased some groceries. Prepare a few simple dishes for me, will you? I haven't had lunch yet."

In silence, Rena made her way to the kitchen.

Waylen fixed his gaze upon her departing figure, his eyes filled with profound intensity.

It had been several days since Rena had last visited. As she opened the refrigerator, she discovered fresh provisions awaiting her.

She skillfully prepared a comforting soup and crafted some of Waylen's cherished dishes.

Throughout the process, Rena's state of mind differed from before.

Pondering when Waylen would tire of her presence, Rena contemplated the moment he would seek new thrills elsewhere.

Suddenly, she felt his embrace from behind.

Waylen gently nibbled on her neck and whispered, "Would you blame me for taking advantage of you?"

Rena made no attempt to break free from his hold.

She had come here with the sole purpose of bringing him satisfaction and happiness.

In a soft voice, she inquired, "If that's the case, would you allow me to leave?"

Waylen smiled, evading a direct response to her question. Instead, he playfully whispered in her ear, teasing, "Did you find pleasure in the voice message I sent you last night? Would you like to hear the live version?"

Rena lightly bit her lip, her intrigue evident.

She had never encountered a man as flirtatious and cheeky as Waylen before.

Disregarding his advances, Rena carried the dishes to the dining room.

Waylen remained unperturbed, observing her busy demeanor, and a sense of fulfillment washed over him suddenly.

It seemed that this apartment found its completion again with Rena's presence.


He dined with proper etiquette, mindful of his manners.

However, after his late lunch, he made his way to the bar counter and poured two glasses of red wine.

Rena raised her gaze, her eyes fixed upon him.

Waylen's smile exuded a leisurely charm. "What? Do



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you prefer a more direct approach?"

Rena didn't want to engage in playful banter with him. Waylen possessed a captivating allure, and she feared losing control of herself. Hence, she feigned uninhibited confidence, hooking her arm around his neck and placing a gentle kiss on his chin.

"Isn't that what you desire?" she whispered.

Waylen hadn't intended to rush things but, as a man with natural desires, he found it challenging to resist temptation.

His gaze held depth, brimming with flirtatious intent.

Rena responded with a smile.

Carefully tilting the glass of red wine in her hand, she "accidentally" spilled it onto his suit pants. The deep crimson wine further stained his already dark trousers.

"Rena..."

Waylen's voice turned husky. He hadn't anticipated her boldness.

If he continued to restrain himself, he would cease to feel like a man.

He scooped Rena into his arms and carried her into the master bedroom.

The wine, the warmth of their embrace, the rhythm

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of their breath intertwined...

However, in the end, Rena maintained her composure, refusing to surrender her inhibitions.

Waylen felt a tinge of disappointment.

Yet, he concealed it well, holding Rena close and kissing her tenderly, whispering that it didn't matter.

Rena reclined on the bed, her arms wrapped around his neck as she spoke in a soft voice. "I'm fine, Waylen. Just proceed."

Waylen remained silent.

He buried his face in her neck, gradually regaining composure. Then, he gently lifted himself, caressing her delicate face...

Deep down, he knew he should arrange for Rena to consult a psychologist.

That fateful night had left her frightened and he understood the impact it had on her well-being.

However, he harbored reluctance.

Waylen recognized Rena's immense sense of dignity and hesitated to suggest that she seek therapy for the matter at hand.

Waylen's voice turned hoarse as he uttered, "Rena, what are you afraid of? Our encounters have been pleasurable."

With utmost gentleness, he stood and delicately

zipped up her dress.

Rena neither moved nor said anything.

Waylen reclined, drawing her into his embrace and tenderly kissing her.

"I told you I am serious. And sex isn't the only thing I desire.

We share a genuine connection, a normal relationship.

When we initially began living together, we abstained from sex for a considerable period. Wasn't that a positive experience?"

Pausing briefly, he kissed her once more. In a murmured tone, he suggested, "Rena... I want you to meet my parents. What do you think?"

Rena found herself stunned.

She was aware of Waylen's affection for her, both in terms of her personality and physicality.

However, he held steadfast beliefs against marriage.

While he expressed a desire to restart their relationship, Rena didn't initially take it seriously.

Now, though, his sincerity seemed apparent.

Rena refrained from hasty decisions though. She had no intentions of committing herself to him for life based solely on his immense kindness. It was too premature...

Moreover, their sexual compatibility posed a significant challenge.

Waylen possessed an insatiable sex drive and Rena doubted his ability to exercise restraint.

Gently pushing him away, Rena turned her back to him.

He silently observed her back.

After a prolonged silence, Rena softly voiced her thoughts. "Waylen, I can only offer you this much. Either grant me freedom or subject me to pain. In truth, the pain will fade with time."

Waylen enveloped her in an embrace from behind.

He reluctantly nibbled on her ear, emphasizing, "I'm genuinely serious!"

Rena responded with a smile.

She expressed, "Waylen, I'm equally serious. Your love holds a captivating allure but I cannot afford to engage in frivolity."

Her voice quivered ever so slightly.

It was a rare occurrence for Waylen to feel remorse towards a woman, yet now he genuinely sympathized with her.

He gently turned her around.

As expected, Rena's eyes reddened, betraying her emotions...

In a tremulous voice, she continued, "Waylen, I



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can't afford to be serious anymore."

Once upon a time, she had been genuinely committed to him.

However, harsh reality repeatedly reminded her of the insurmountable barrier that was Elvira.

Elvira shared the same rare blood type as Waylen. Not only was Lyndon an old friend of Korbyn but he had also saved Cecilia's life...

Moreover, Elvira would never relinquish her hold on Waylen.

How could Rena possibly compete and how could she find happiness?

With no glimmer of hope in sight, she chose to forego this relationship altogether.