

Chapter 43 Rena Has Never Had Sex

Rena was utterly exhausted, yet sleep eluded her. Tossing and turning, she couldn't find solace. Every time she was on the brink of slumber, it felt as though strong arms were embracing her, and a gentle voice called out her name, "Rena..."

Startled, she awoke.

The moonlight cast a faint glow upon the bed in the dark bedroom.

Sitting up, Rena delicately touched her face.

She realized she had slept in Waylen's bed at his home.

The bedroom door creaked open, and Waylen quietly entered after finishing his work.

Upon seeing Rena sitting on the bed, lost in thought, he abandoned the idea of turning on the lights and just approached her. Taking a seat beside her, he gently ran his fingers through her soft, long hair and inquired, "Why are you still

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awake?"

Rena obediently rested her chin on his shoulder.

He understood what troubled her and whispered in her ear, "I've taken care of everything, and I'll see to it that everything is settled in the morning. If all goes well, your father will be released on bail."

Gratitude filled her heart.

Even though she didn't utter a word, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Waylen, being youthful and passionate, had no need for restraint. Naturally, they embraced and shared kisses.

It was Rena's first experience with such intimacy, and she was overcome with nervousness, unsure of what to do.

Her body trembled, betraying her unease.

Seeing her reaction, his eyes burned with desire.

Just as they surrendered to their desires, Rena winced and cried out in pain. 8

"What's wrong?" Concerned, he whispered in her ear, his warm breath tickling her skin.

Trembling, Rena responded, "My feet are blistered.

They hurt."

With his hand supporting the back of her head, he looked down at her. Worried that he might be unhappy to be interrupted, Rena clung to him and whispered softly, "The pain has subsided."

Waylen chuckled, his voice husky.

"Miss Gordon, are you more anxious than I am?"

Rena blushed, her cheeks aflame.

He ceased his teasing and reached over to switch on a bedside lamp, casting a dim yellow light upon them.

She quickly pulled the bed sheet over to cover her body as soon as the light was on.

A warm smile graced his lips. "Why so shy? I almost thought you were a stranger to intimacy."

He meant it playfully, unaware that Rena had indeed never experienced such closeness before.

He left the bed to retrieve a first-aid kit, and she observed his figure from behind.

He possessed a well-built physique, tall and muscular.

Before he returned, she hurriedly donned the shirt.

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Upon his return, Waylen held the first-aid kit in his hands. Rena sat at the edge of the bed, her voice soft as she said, "I can handle it myself."

He halted her, squatting down and bending his knees.

Gently, he took hold of one of her feet, diligently applying the ointment.

Rena couldn't help but feel uneasy.

In this relationship, she didn't believe Waylen needed to be so attentive or considerate. She wasn't deserving of such treatment.

"Don't move," he instructed, having discerned her thoughts.

"I don't believe in coercion. When we are together, we are equals. Our time should bring mutual pleasure."

Although Rena wanted to inquire about how many women he had shared such a relationship with, she found the question banal and inappropriate since she held no significance to him. The man hadn't explicitly voiced it, yet she understood his intentions. He would treat her well while they were together, but when his interest in her waned, the

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relationship would come to an end.

She acknowledged that she should at least be grateful to him for granting her a semblance of self-worth during her tumultuous times. 5

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