

## Chapter 101 Is It Because You Like Me

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Upon his return to the sanctuary of his apartment, Waylen's mind teemed with thoughts and emotions.

Rena, having taken a refreshing shower, decided to forgo the comfort of pajamas and instead slipped into his black shirt.

The loose fabric draped over her slender frame, accentuating her curves.

Her long, ebony locks cascaded down her back, adding an alluring touch to her already enchanting presence.

Kneeling gracefully on the edge of the bed, she began applying a velvety moisturizer to her supple skin.

Waylen walked in and embraced her from behind, his arms enveloping her in a warm and secure hold.

Gently, he took the moisturizer from her delicate hands and assumed the role of her attentive caretaker.

As Waylen's hands moved with tender precision, Rena leaned into his embrace, seeking solace in his touch. She asked, "Have they left?"

"Yeah," he replied in a husky voice.

With each stroke of the moisturizer, their connection deepened, the unspoken bond between them growing stronger. Rena's breath hitched as Waylen's fingertips traced the contours of her neck, leaving a trail of desire in their wake. In a hushed tone, he inquired, "Isn't your hair color temporary? Why haven't you washed it off yet?"

A rosy blush spread across Rena's cheeks as she shyly admitted, "I thought you liked it, so I planned to keep it for one more day."

A soft chuckle escaped Waylen's lips, his eyes twinkling with affection.

As the moisturizer mingled with their shared intimacy, he guided Rena down onto the bed, their gazes locked in a passionate exchange.

Her porcelain face radiated an ethereal beauty, while her slender legs possessed an irresistible allure.

Fuelled by the echoes of Harold's presence, Waylen's desire grew fiercer, his passion more intense.

Rena, sensing his unspoken needs, reciprocated his ardor, her arms encircling his neck in an embrace of passion and trust. Together, they danced on the precipice of ecstasy, the rhythm of their bodies in perfect harmony.

When the crescendo of their lovemaking subsided, the clock had already struck two in the morning.

Nestled against Waylen's broad chest, Rena basked in the comforting scent of their intimacy, a sweet fatigue washing over her. Yet, amidst her tranquil state, a question lingered in her mind, and she voiced it softly, "What if Cecilia comes back? She has my phone number."

Waylen's eyes fluttered open, his gaze meeting Rena's in the dimly lit room.

With a reassuring smile, he murmured, "If she wishes to return, let her come."

A surge of uncertainty washed over Rena as she sat up, her fingers grazing Waylen's chiseled jawline.

With a trembling voice, she contemplated, "Should I tell Cecilia...?"

Waylen's eyes locked onto Rena's, a myriad of emotions swirling within his gaze. "Tell her about your past with Harold?" he completed her sentence, his voice laced with understanding.

Rena's nerves overwhelmed her, rendering her momentarily speechless.

Closing his eyes, Waylen drew her close, his touch a comforting balm against her apprehension. Gently, he caressed her hair, his voice a tender whisper in the stillness of the room, "It's unnecessary."

Rena's brows furrowed, the depth of his meaning eluding her

grasp.

In the days that followed, Cecilia paid two more visits to their sanctuary.

Fortunately, she arrived alone, seeking the solace of food prepared by Rena rather than the presence of Harold.

Beneath Cecilia's seemingly spoiled nature, Rena discovered a genuine simplicity, as she bestowed gifts and voiced her hopes of nurturing a stronger bond between Rena and Waylen.

Caught between laughter and tears, Rena pondered the unpredictable twists and turns of life.

As Cecilia departed on that fateful night, Waylen coincidentally returned. The tantalizing aroma of food wafted through the air, causing him to wrinkle his nose in playful annoyance. "Did Cecilia visit just now?" he queried, a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

Astonished, Rena asked, "How did you know?"

As she gently relieved Waylen of his coat, his fingers playfully pinched her rosy cheeks.

"I smelled the fried aroma! You're not particularly fond of fried food." Indeed, Rena preferred lighter, healthier fare, which contributed to her delicate complexion. Waylen admired this aspect of her, deeming it a virtuous habit.

Drawing him closer, Rena wrapped her arms around his neck

and pressed her lips to his.

The energy of youth coursed through Waylen's veins, and with their blossoming connection, their nights together were often filled with passion.

As Rena initiated the kiss, Waylen assumed her intention was to further explore their desires.

Embracing her waist, Waylen reciprocated her advances, their lips locked in a dance of fervor. They were on the verge of succumbing to their shared desire when Rena's soft voice broke the silence, "I actually indulged in fried food today. It was delicious. Cecilia brought an air fryer."

Surprised by this revelation, Waylen's eyes widened.

He hadn't expected Rena to form such a close bond with Cecilia, let alone be influenced by her choices.

He patted her head gently on the head and said, "She always eats junk food. How can you enjoy eating with her?"

Rena shifted awkwardly. "I don't think it's bad!"

Gazing into her eyes, Waylen contemplated her revelation. After a prolonged moment of contemplation, he whispered near her ear, "You seem to have taken a liking to Cecilia. Is it because you like me?"