

## Chapter 125 Rena, I Have Never Had Sex With Her!

Rena pressed her lips together, her anger boiling inside.

How shameless Waylen was!

But beneath her anger, she couldn't help feeling a pang of sadness.

It was clear that Waylen didn't take her or Elvira seriously.

He only desired her body, and as long as he wasn't tired of her, he would shower her with sweet nothings every now and then.

As for Elvira, he looked down on her, even hated her, but he still gave her a glimmer of hope and toyed with her emotions.

Reflecting on this, Rena managed to regain her composure.

Speaking in a cold tone, she said, "Let's discuss this when you come back!"

Waylen stared at her back for a moment and then walked out of the room.

Elvira, waiting in the hallway, appeared pale.

She witnessed Waylen's care and affection toward Rena, and it shattered her illusion that she was the only one who had

that privilege.

She used to think that all Waylen's love and care only belonged to her.

She hadn't known he had fallen in love with another woman until she saw it with her own eyes.

Elvira refused to give up.

Softly, she pleaded, "Why don't you come to my place for a drink?"

Waylen neither accepted nor declined. He remained silent until they got into the car. "Elvira, you've been chasing me around these days. I won't deny that it's been somewhat exciting for me, but we both know it doesn't mean anything."

Elvira's face turned pale.

At the same time, Waylen lowered his head to light a cigarette.

Blowing smoke rings into the air, he gazed at Elvira and said, "Let's leave the past behind. We've broken up, but remember, you're Mr. Coleman's daughter. Elvira... Don't make things too awkward for everyone."

Elvira's trembling lips managed to form words.

"Is it because of Rena? Are you in love with her?"

Waylen remained silent. There was no need for him to disclose his private life to Elvira.

After a prolonged silence, Elvira forced a smile and uttered, "Waylen, I wish you happiness."

Rena thought Waylen might not return for the entire night. After all, he and Elvira had been lovers, and Elvira had taken the initiative to invite him to her home tonight.

To Rena's surprise, Waylen returned at one o'clock in the morning.

By then, she had already fallen asleep.

Waylen took off his coat, slipped into bed behind Rena, and gently nibbled her neck.

His hand roamed her body, seeking a response.

Rena let out a soft moan.

Waylen, his voice low and hoarse, asked, "Feeling better?"

Rena grabbed his hand to stop him.

"It still hurts."

Although Waylen had been satisfied that night, his desire for her lingered.

He couldn't help but want to kiss her.

Rena turned her head, denying him access to her lips, and muttered with determination, "Waylen... I'm tired... Don't kiss me... Waylen, I don't want to be intimate with you!"

Waylen supported himself with one arm and looked down at her.

He could see through her thoughts, sensing her embarrassment and annoyance.

He stared at her and couldn't help but lower his head and rub her nose with his own gently.

"Rena, I never had sex with her."

She turned her face away, unable to determine the truth behind his words. "How can I know if what you're saying is true?"

Waylen was in a playful mood that night.

He found her really adorable.

He said mischievously, "I have a way to prove it. Do you want to give it a try?"

As he spoke, he took her hand and placed it on his lower body.

Rena struggled.

However, the more she resisted, the more aggressive Waylen became.

Teasingly, he said, "Now you know, right? I haven't been intimate with any other woman, which is why I'm so full of energy. When you're willing to be intimate with me, just let me know, alright?"

Rena felt on the verge of tears.

Her delicate nose turned red.



Waylen shamelessly made his request.

Rena refused, but he was so domineering that she had no choice but to acquiesce.

As they engaged in their intimate encounter, Waylen's phone rang, interrupting them.

The number on the screen had no name, but Rena had a hunch it was Elvira.

She turned her back to Waylen and whispered softly, "Answer it."

Waylen glanced at the phone and promptly turned it off.

He no longer troubled her, opting instead to embrace her from behind.

"I won't see her again. Let's go back to how we were before, okay?"

Rena didn't respond.

Deep down however, she acknowledged that he had performed well that night, and she still had feelings for him. How could she resist when he was being so affectionate?

She tried her best to maintain her composure and not fully yield to his advances.

However, when he sought intimacy once more, she no longer refused.

\*

Rena found herself consumed by a whirlwind of busyness.

Her relationship with Waylen remained stagnant, with him rarely venturing out to socialize. During the nights he didn't come home to sleep, he would be tirelessly working overtime at the law office.

Elvira seemed to have vanished from their lives, leaving Rena unsure of her place in Waylen's heart.

Rena's demeanor towards Waylen became a delicate balance between lukewarm enthusiasm and subtle indifference.

The night before, he had desired intimacy with her, and she had not pushed him away. However, Rena refrained from taking the initiative to please him.

Their intimate encounters had become infrequent, with Waylen only engaging with her once.

Afterward, he would recline against the headboard, smoking in silence.

His eyes were filled with unspoken depth.

Rena couldn't help but feel a sense of embarrassment and unease.

Ever since Elvira's return, the once enjoyable and passionate moments between Rena and Waylen had somehow lost their spark.

\*

As the opening of the music studio approached, Rena found herself surrounded by numerous gifts.

Boxes of various shapes and sizes cluttered her desk, awaiting her attention.

Rena diligently opened each one and made a note of their contents, knowing she would have to reciprocate the generosity in the future.

Among the gifts, her eyes caught sight of a golden box adorned with familiar handwriting.

It was from Waylen.

Rena was surprised that he had sent the gift to the music studio, but the gesture was still a delightful surprise that any woman would appreciate.

She gently untied the ribbon and opened the box with anticipation.

Expecting precious jewelry, her surprise grew when she discovered a pair of butterfly specimens inside.

The butterflies were noticeably distinct in size.

Upon closer inspection, the pair represented a male and a female.

Their colors were vibrant, their preservation exquisite.

Waylen had included a card with a single sentence inscribed upon it.

It read, "For my morning dew."

Youthful and cautious, Rena couldn't help but feel a mixture of wariness and delight upon receiving such a gift and seeing those sweet words.

She gently caressed the delicate butterflies, savoring the moment.

Just then, her ringing phone interrupted the tranquility. It was Waylen calling.

She hesitated momentarily before answering the call.

Waylen's gentle voice greeted her. "Have you received the gift? Do you like it?"

"Yes," Rena replied, her curiosity piqued.

"These butterflies are from the ice age in South Africa. There's only one pair left in the world now. Waylen, how did you know that I had an affinity for them back in high school?"


He smiled knowingly from his office chair.

He didn't provide a direct answer to her question but instead said softly, "Why don't you come back to our apartment for dinner tonight? The cook from my family's mansion has prepared a special meal. Let's enjoy a glass of red wine together, shall we?"


Rena was no naive girl.

It was evident that Waylen's invitation carried an underlying



Chapter 125 Rena, I Have Never Had Sex With Her  +120 Points at most  
desire for intimacy. He wanted her to warmly comply with his  
wishes.



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