

## Chapter 68 He Was Good At Flirting With Her

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Waylen gazed at her.

His deep eyes were filled with affection.

This made Rena blush, unable to resist sitting on his lap.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she whispered softly,

"Waylen, I just took a shower."

He remained silent, holding her tightly under his arms.

Without wasting any second, he initiated a passionate kiss.

Rena's legs grew weak, yet she fervently responded to his feelings.

She had actually expected an evening of intimacy.

But after their prolonged make-out session, Waylen rested his head on her shoulder, his breath slightly labored.

"I'm too tired! Can we postpone our physical connection for a few days, my love?"

A tremor of disappointment coursed through Rena.

Never before had she felt such an intense yearning for intimacy, and just as the moment reached its pinnacle, he abruptly halted.

What about her?

Waylen, displaying his maturity, chuckled softly before sweeping her off her feet and carrying her towards the bedroom.

Behind the closed door, he found another way to please Rena.

As morning dawned, Rena stirred awake, greeted by the sight of Waylen expertly knotting his tie by the bedside.

Seeing her awake, he leaned down and bestowed a tender morning kiss upon her lips.

Blushing, she realized she hadn't even brushed her teeth yet.

With gentleness in his voice, Waylen said, "I have a meeting later. You can catch a few more minutes of sleep. Oh, and by the way, Claribel took the day off today."

Intent on getting up and preparing breakfast for him, Rena made a move, but Waylen held her back, gently shaking his head.

"I'll have Jazlyn bring me breakfast today."

Rena nodded, understanding his consideration.

The making out from the previous night had left them both yearning for further closeness. Their passionate kisses had ignited a fire within, a desire for more intimate connection.

As Rena's gaze fell upon his attire, she noticed he wore the shirt she had personally chosen.

It was a rich coffee hue that complemented his features.

His gray suit pants and wine-red tie added a touch of sophistication.

Admiring his image, she thought it enhanced his already handsome and distinguished appearance.

Any woman would be enchanted by such an alluring figure. Lost in her thoughts, Rena's fingertips caressed the fabric of his shirt.

He stole a glance at his watch, bestowed one final kiss upon her before departing.

After he left, she contemplated stealing a few more minutes of slumber. The previous night had stretched on, filled with unfulfilled longing.

Though they hadn't consummated their desires, the intensity of their intimate moments left her blushing, her heart racing. She couldn't help but wonder what was holding him back. It was evident that Waylen yearned to explore their physical connection.

Later that afternoon, Vera arranged to meet Rena at a charming cafe.

Taking a seat, Rena was handed an elegantly designed invitation. "Saturday night, the banquet hall on the second floor of the Cloude Hotel."



Examining the invitation with care, Rena's eyes shimmered with anticipation.

Vera cleared her throat before inquiring, "Did Mr. Fowler agree? Once you successfully seduce him, he will be willing to do anything for you."

Rena's mind couldn't help but wander back to their passionate encounters of the night before.

Although they hadn't yet crossed the threshold of physical intimacy, she could sense Waylen's prowess in the art of seduction.

A rosy blush crept across her cheeks as she conservatively replied, "He will accompany me."

A wave of relief washed over Vera's face.


Playfully nudging Rena, she added, "See? I told you, as long as you make him comfortable, he'll be more than willing to assist you."

Rena nearly choked on her coffee at Vera's words.

Patting her back, Vera chuckled. "You should know that Harold initially had no intention of attending. But when he discovered that you would be there, he had a change of heart and added a hefty sum for the catering."

Lowering her gaze, Rena smiled faintly. "He didn't have to do that."

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 +90 Points at most


Observing Rena closely, Vera grinned. "You're remarkably composed when it comes to Harold now. It seems you've grown indifferent towards him. It's evident that your heart now belongs to Mr. Fowler."

Rena shook her head gently, dispelling Vera's assumptions. "I'm just living in the moment with Waylen. Marriage is not something we're considering."

Before Vera could offer further reassurance, a group of fashionable women emerged from the opposite elevator, catching their attention.

Gritting her teeth, Vera muttered under her breath, "What a small world!"



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