

Chapter 93 The Way Waylen Spoiled Rena

Waylen's flirtatious words made Rena blush.

She touched his handsome face and whispered, "If you don't leave now, you will be late."

Waylen stared at her.

If he were being honest, he didn't know what was wrong with him. He was no longer some inexperienced young boy, but still, he couldn't help teasing Rena. He loved watching her cheeks turn red.

Rena was a virgin before him, so Waylen wanted to guide her into becoming what he desired in bed. If he succeeded in that, then he would consider it a great accomplishment.

After breakfast, Waylen gave Claribel permission to go home early, for fear that Rena would feel embarrassed seeing her.

Claribel knitted her brows and said, "But you hired me to do housework, Mr. Fowler. I haven't finished my chores yet. I can't just take the salary you're paying me without doing my job."

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He thought for a while and told Claribel, "I'll ask Jazlyn to wire three months' worth of salary to you. Go home and be with your family for the next three months. After three months, I'll let you know whether I need you back or not just yet."

That decision would depend on his interest in Rena. If his desire to bed her remained strong after three months, then Claribel would have to rest for a little while longer.

Waylen spoke calmly, but he still made Claribel's cheeks burn.

Early in the morning, Claribel overheard Waylen and Rena getting busy in bed. Claribel was a conservative woman. She found Waylen's sex grunts and moans unsettling. She had no

idea that men made noises like that in the middle of lovemaking.

Claribel felt her mouth go dry just thinking about it.

But she was indeed thankful and happy that she got to go home and be with her family for the next three months. Not everyone got blessed with a paid vacation.

Claribel took her bag and left for home.

Before she walked out the door, she said in a low voice, "Please treat Miss Gordon well, Mr. Fowler. She's a good girl."

Waylen folded the newspaper in his hands and beamed. "I will."

After making love to Waylen the whole night, Rena was so exhausted that she didn't get out of bed until noon.

After she had a simple meal, Jazlyn arrived with a group of people. There was a stylist, a makeup artist, and several employees of a luxury boutique. They'd come with several big boxes, which shocked Rena.

Jazlyn had been working for Waylen for many years. She was an excellent judge of character. Although Waylen acted like it was just another casual fling, Jazlyn could tell that he actually liked Rena very much. Jazlyn even thought that maybe Waylen would propose marriage to Rena one day.

Therefore, Jazlyn took Rena's affairs very seriously.

Jazlyn asked the employees of the luxury boutique to take

out all the dresses from the big boxes. There were 30 couture dresses in total, each of which was in Rena's size.

Jazlyn smiled and said, "Mr. Fowler said that you may pick ten pieces of clothing you like for future use."

Then, she continued in a low voice, "You will go to a lot of social engagements with Mr. Fowler in the future, so you have to stock your wardrobe with basic dresses. Next time, I will present you with some jewelry to choose from."

As a woman, how could Rena resist pretty dresses?

But when she moved in with Waylen, she didn't think that she would have to go to a lot of social engagements with him. She thought she was only here to satisfy his sexual needs.

Jazlyn said meaningfully, "Mr. Fowler has an extensive network. Take advantage of his great resources."

She added, "What you hold in your hands is the most important."

Although Rena didn't understand, she knew that Jazlyn was a kind-hearted person.

She thanked Jazlyn and focused on choosing the dresses.

When she saw the price tags, she was stunned. Among these couture dresses, the most expensive one was worth more than two million dollars. She knew most noble ladies wouldn't wear the same outfit twice, so two million dollars for a dress that last only one night? That was crazy!

Rena didn't want Waylen to lose face in front of others, so she dutifully chose ten dresses that she felt were suitable for her. They were worth more than three million dollars.

They were ridiculously expensive.