

Chapter 92 Don't Be Angry With Me

However, Waylen looked at Rena with a mischievous smile.

"How about I give her a few months off? That way, it'll be just us in the apartment. We can have sex whenever and wherever we want! What do you think?"

"Stop it. We can always continue this tonight," Rena coaxed him gently.

But Waylen grabbed her hand and put it on his erect penis.

Rena froze, but she lay still and didn't say anything more.

Waylen climbed on top of her and began to move back and forth inside her.

Claribel was doing housework quietly outside when she suddenly heard the sound from inside the master bedroom. She wasn't naive, so she quickly guessed what was going on, and her face turned bright red.

Clicking her tongue and shaking her head, she thought that Waylen was so horny.

In the bedroom, Waylen had to stop what he was doing at some point, considering he had to go to work later.

But he wasn't satisfied yet.

So he went to the bathroom, took a cold shower to calm himself down, and then got dressed. As he walked back towards the bed, he fiddled with his tie.

He had had sex with Rena all night and suddenly remembered something important.

He bent down, gently stroked Rena's cheek, and said, "Pick out a few dresses for tonight, okay?"

Rena obediently knelt on top of the bed and helped him tie his tie.

She was only wearing a loose men's shirt, so when she bent down, Waylen could see her full breasts.

He couldn't help but gulp at the sight.

Rena blushed and quickly covered her chest. After thinking for a while, she said, "I've already bought several dresses. I can wear one of them to the party."

However, Waylen seemed a little unhappy with her suggestion.

Still, his tone remained gentle. "How about I ask Jazlyn to send a dress here?" he suggested diplomatically.

Despite his easygoing attitude, Rena noticed the slight change in his expression just now. She figured that he must've been unhappy with her ignorance, something she was a little insecure about. After all, her family was only

middle class, whereas the Fowlers were elites in Duefron.

She had mixed feelings. It seemed that at this moment, whatever she said would be inappropriate.

But she knew that given their relationship, Waylen didn't need to care about her feelings, especially not when it came to things like this.

So she simply fixed his tie and smoothed it gently.

Neither of them spoke a word for a while.

Waylen wrapped his arms around her gently and asked in a soft voice, "Are you angry? I just wanted to have Jazlyn send you a dress so that you wouldn't need to choose. If you'd rather go shopping, why don't you and Very have a girls' day out?"

Rena sensed that he attached great importance to this party, and she knew that she definitely wasn't equipped to choose the right dress for such an occasion.

After mulling over it for a while, she smiled and said, "No, it's okay. Tell Jazlyn to send the dress here. She has a good taste."

Waylen didn't insist.

He gently stroked her cheek and coaxed, "Don't be mad at me over such a trifle, okay?"

Rena wasn't an insensible person, but his words indeed reminded her that their statuses were far from equal in this

relationship.

Waylen was definitely above her.

Whatever he wanted to do, she had to follow.

Just like when Claribel was cleaning outside just now, Rena didn't want to continue, but the man had insisted, and she had to listen to him. If he ever lost his temper, she had to tolerate his anger.

Thinking of these things, Rena had mixed feelings about this. She felt wronged, but she couldn't air out her grievances. After all, she was here solely to serve him. How could she expect him to bend over backwards for her?

Even though she didn't say anything, Waylen knew that she was really unhappy.

He had been getting along well with her lately, and he particularly enjoyed the sex, so he tried his best to coax her. "How about this? I'll buy you a new necklace for tonight. I remember you used to wear a necklace. How come you don't wear it anymore?"

Truth be told, he couldn't remember what kind of necklace Rena used to wear. He just casually changed the topic to ease the tension in the atmosphere.

Since Waylen was trying so hard to comfort her, she knew she had to adjust her mood.

"I lost it," she answered vaguely.

Waylen smiled and took the opportunity to lean closer and whisper something in her ear. "Then I'll get you a new one. You'll wear it every time we fuck, okay?"

