

## Chapter 102 I'm Sorry, I Can't Accompany You Tonight

Rena's cheeks flushed, her voice filled with defiance.

"I don't like you!" She pouted and moved to clear the table.

However, Waylen swiftly loosened his tie and rolled up his sleeves.

"Stop cleaning. I'll take care of it."

His demeanor was unusually relaxed, prompting Rena to fry a few more chicken wings and prepare several snacks for him.

She even uncorked a bottle of red wine, pouring him a glass.

Although Waylen rarely indulged in fried food, he found himself captivated by the delectable flavors.

As he savored the wine's rich aroma, a mellow taste danced upon his palate.

Rena's desire burned with intensity, her passion consuming her.

She approached him from behind, her arms encircling his waist as she leaned in to kiss him. The kiss lingered, and Waylen, unable to resist, pulled her onto his lap, causing his remaining half a glass of wine to spill onto the floor.

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Yet, they paid no heed to the minor mishap.

Rena hadn't anticipated such audacity, finding herself engaging in passionate intimacy with Waylen in the dining room. Doubts gnawed at her when he sought her confirmation, and she hesitated.

He coaxed her gently, "There's no one else at home. It's actually quite normal to make love outside the bedroom once in a while."

She blushed, her heart racing.

She felt a sense of moral degradation, yet couldn't bring herself to change.

Waylen called her name softly, his voice filled with tenderness.

Rena rested her chin on his shoulder, wrapping her arms around his waist.

After their intimate encounter, Rena was plagued by guilt. The morning brought soreness to her body, a reminder of their passionate tryst.

At the head of the bed lay a white rose, freshly picked by Waylen during his morning run.

Its petals glistening with dew and she found herself smiling as she stared at it with admiration.

Rena cherished the thoughtful gesture.

In her limited experience with relationships, Harold had barely ventured beyond light kisses. With Waylen, Rena had discovered the bliss of physical intimacy.

As she gently caressed the white, soft pillow, she mused that any woman would be fortunate to have a man like Waylen. Though aware of the potential consequences, Rena resisted the urge to stop herself from falling for him.

She lingered in bed a while longer before rising, tending to her personal grooming and tidying the apartment.

The dining room was spotless, but their clothes remained

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strewn across the living room sofa. Rena surmised that  
Waylen had purposefully left them behind, a silent invitation  
for her return.

She gathered the discarded garments and tidied them away.  
At noon, she messaged him, reminding him not to forget  
their plans to attend Lyndon's concert that evening.

Roughly half an hour later, Waylen called back, expressing his  
apologies.

He explained that he had a case to discuss with a litigant  
and might not be able to accompany her to the concert.

Disappointment tinged Rena's emotions.

Waylen sought to console her, "You can ask Vera to go with  
you."

Vera?

Rena sighed softly. Vera had been overseas for the past few  
days and was currently not in Duefron.

After hanging up, Rena pondered for a while before deciding  
to invite Danna to the concert. Danna possessed exceptional  
piano skills and was her only student. It would not be a waste  
to share this VIP ticket with Danna for Lyndon's concert.

Rena dialed Danna's number.

Despite her young age, Danna held great admiration for  
Lyndon. She couldn't contain her excitement as she

answered the call.

"Thank you, Miss Gordon!"

Rena smiled, feeling a surge of contentment. She then requested that her companion would wear a dress going to the concert.

Danna, being aware of what to do, replied, "I know. It's etiquette!"

Rena smiled and felt much better.

She chose a floral dress with a matching brown waistband, perfectly complementing her hair color.

Calling a taxi, Rena made her way to pick up Danna.

Coincidentally, Hyatt was at home. When he caught sight of Rena, he greeted her warmly. "Rena, you're here. Danna has been eagerly awaiting your arrival. She's thrilled."

Rena's smile widened. "I'll bring her back after the concert."


Hyatt personally prepared a cup of coffee for her, his smile unwavering. "Go and enjoy the concert. I have no worries when she's with you. I'll arrange for the driver to take you there later."

Rena graciously accepted his kind offer.

Danna descended the stairs, her joy evident. "Miss Gordon!"

Tyrone followed closely behind.

He descended the steps with measured strides, his gaze

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fixed on Rena. "Dad, I can drive them there."



Hyatt smiled and agreed. "Alright! You can drive them."



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