

## Chapter 202 If You Don't Want To, I Won't Touch...

Rena had no desire to accompany Waylen to his place.

She didn't wish to partake in a candlelit dinner with him as it wasn't appropriate for their current situation. However, it wasn't like she had any choice.

With the phone clasped in her hand, she gazed fixedly at the desk before her.

Finally, in a gentle tone, she uttered, "Alright, I'll finish my duties in half an hour."

Rena ended the call and placed it down.

She extracted a handful of thick folders and carefully arranged them inside her bag. Feeling that it wasn't enough, she added a few more...

As Rena exited the office building, Waylen's sleek vehicle had already arrived.

Lately, Waylen consistently drove a sleek, black Maybach.

Upon catching sight of Rena approaching, he stepped out of the car and gallantly opened the door for her. He briefly glanced at her hand and remarked with a faint smile, "Do you toil this diligently even on weekends? Is there no room for a personal life whatsoever?"

A touch of sarcasm laced his words.

Pretending not to grasp his implication, Rena settled into the car and fastened her seat belt. Turning towards Waylen, she said, "I've had quite a lot on my plate recently. By the way, Vera and Joseph have finalized their divorce. Thank you."

Evidently, Waylen had no intention of discussing that particular couple. He focused ahead and suggested, "Let's swing by your apartment to fetch Snowball. I imagine that little buddy is dreadfully bored."

Rena offered no objections.

He drove them to her apartment. Rena ascended the stairs and retrieved Snowball.

Once they were back in the car, Snowball barked at Waylen twice.

Waylen remarked, "Why does it persistently reject me? I was the one who brought it home."

Rena affectionately patted the dog's head and commented, "Perhaps it's because you share the same temperament and gender."

With these words, Rena couldn't help but smile.


Waylen's eyes bore a depth of emotion.

Since their breakup, Rena hadn't displayed such a radiant smile in his presence for quite some time. To him, this smile held a profound beauty.

The desire to kiss her overwhelmed him irresistibly.

Rena appeared to have sensed his longing. Her smile vanished, and she fixed her gaze ahead in silence.

Waylen's smile grew fainter as he pressed down on the

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accelerator and steered towards the grand villa.

His current abode, a solitary villa, spanned over 2000 square meters. Nestled within the prestigious neighborhood of the city, it stood as a pinnacle of opulence.

Upon parking the car, Waylen unfastened his seat belt and casually mentioned, "There are no dedicated staff members here. The dinner will be prepared by the chef from the main house. It might take around an hour to be ready."

Rena nodded in acknowledgment.

Waylen stepped out of the vehicle and held the leash. "I'll take this dog for a walk to strengthen our bond. Please make yourself comfortable in the living room."

Rena's gaze shifted towards the sprawling lawn.

Snowball would surely enjoy this.

She entered the living room and attended to some documents. A maid approached her with a cup of coffee.

Rena recognized her as a staff member from the Fowler family's main residence. She expressed her gratitude in a hushed tone.

The scorching heat of July enveloped the surroundings.

Waylen perspired after strolling with the dog for a while, yet he resolved to give Snowball a bath first.



The canine stood on the lush green lawn, tongue lolling and teeth bared in a blissful expression.


Snowball obviously reveled in the moment.

Waylen affectionately patted the dog's rear and allowed it to

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frolic on its own, while he made his way to the grand hall.

Inside the living room, Rena engrossed herself in work.

Waylen couldn't reconcile with the situation. He approached her with damp clothes, leaned in and playfully nipped at the skin of her neck. His teeth grazed against her flesh as he murmured, "Miss Gordon, you are always so engrossed in your tasks."

Rena glanced up and met his handsome countenance.

Waylen closed the file she was working on and insisted, "Take a break."

Before Rena could respond, he swiftly stood up and ascended the staircase. Unbuttoning his shirt, he shook off the water droplets from his damp hair. In truth, he exuded a captivating aura of sensuality.

Rena stood frozen, utterly taken aback.

A courtyard adorned with lush green lawns, a playful puppy and a captivatingly handsome man...

The very scene she had envisioned countless times in the past materialized before her eyes. However, the overwhelming emotions she had anticipated were conspicuously absent.


After refreshing himself with a shower, Waylen descended the stairs and noticed Rena savoring her coffee.

She had relocated to another spot to continue her work.

He didn't stop her this time. After all, their time apart had been prolonged and her heart held an aversion towards him.

Nonetheless, no matter how distant she was with him on a regular basis, he believed they should share the same bed at



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night—such was his insistence.

The weekend night was a realm primed for romance.

Yet, both of them were toiling away, caught in the clutches of overtime work. Snowball's initial excitement had waned, leaving the man and woman still consumed by their professional obligations.

One found solace in the study, while the other occupied the living room.

Waylen didn't emerge from his study until late at night.

At that precise moment, Rena had been preparing to take a shower and retire to bed. The living room door creaked open, and their eyes locked with one another.

They had cohabitated before...

This sight triggered a flood of nostalgic recollections, especially for Waylen, who yearned to embrace her once more...

As Rena turned away, he gently seized her wrist.

Her body tensed ever so slightly.

Waylen enfolded her in his arms from behind, lowering his head to graze her delicate neck. After all, he had endured a prolonged absence of intimacy, evident in the controlled restraint of his own breath.



For what seemed like an eternity, he lifted her up and laid her upon the black silk sheets.

He employed every possible means to please her...

But as he was about to consummate their desires, he caught sight of a solitary tear welling up in the corner of her eye.

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She didn't want this.

Waylen supported himself with one hand, peering down at her with gentle concern. "Why are you crying?" he inquired tenderly.

Rena felt a flush of embarrassment wash over her.

With teary eyes, she averted her gaze, turning her face away.

Waylen delicately brushed away her tears, wanting to release his grasp on her, yet unwilling to do so. He delved into a deep, passionate kiss, his tongue intertwining with hers for a prolonged moment...

Eventually, his patience wearing thin, he reluctantly extricated himself from the bed and ventured into the bathroom.

Upon his return, he enfolded her in his embrace from behind, whispering, "If you don't wish to proceed, we won't, alright?"

Rena remained silent, feigning slumber.

But he knew she was awake, fully aware that she purposely avoided conversing with him. She displayed a marked change from before, no longer losing her temper but rather giving him the cold shoulder, deliberately refusing to engage with him.

Waylen didn't press her further. He held her in his arms and succumbed to a night of restful slumber.

In the morning, Rena's phone erupted into a melodic ringtone.

Still groggy from sleep, she fumbled clumsily with her phone for an extended period. It was Waylen who eventually handed her the device.

Rena lay sprawled on the bed.

Waylen had already risen and was dressing himself near the bedside.

Noting her dazed state, he offered a faint smile. "Why didn't you answer the call? It's from Vera."

With a sense of urgency, Rena hastily picked up the phone.

Vera had called to extend an invitation to Rena for her upcoming wedding. Due to Vera's pregnancy and it being her second marriage, they intended to keep the affair understated. The Figueroa family had decided on a low-key celebration, inviting only close relatives and a handful of friends.

Rena sat up, extending her congratulations to Vera.

Unaware of the intricacies between Rena and Waylen, Vera candidly shared the truth with Rena, saying, "We're merely going through the motions, having a meal together."

Rena empathized with Vera's sentiment.

Things were just different from everyone after the ordeal involving Joseph.


Roscoe and Vera needed time to process their emotions.

Rena refrained from further discussion but assured Vera that she would unquestionably be present.

Upon ending the call, Rena's gaze met Waylen's unwavering stare. He appeared to be waiting for something, a tie clasped in his hand...

In a soft voice, Rena uttered, "I wish to attend Vera and Roscoe's wedding reception."

Waylen clutched the tie tightly, pausing for an extended moment before nonchalantly proceeding to don it, as if nothing

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had occurred. "Roscoe also invited me. Does that mean only one of us can attend? Are you concerned that our current relationship will be exposed to others?"

Rena didn't deny it.

Without warning, Waylen removed the tie, fixing his gaze upon her as he said in a noticeably calmer tone. "I won't disclose anything if that's what you wish. No one will discover the truth about us."

With that, he pivoted and descended the stairs.