

Chapter 63 Do You Think You Are Decent

Rena's affinity towards Waylen was unquestionable and the reasons behind it were ambiguous.

It could be attributed to a sense of gratitude, or perhaps it was his pleasing appearance that captivated her. Regardless, there was no denying her fondness for him.

Moreover, Rena found herself in his company solely to bring him happiness.

However, her current state of despondency was in stark contrast to her original plan. She chided herself for allowing such negativity to affect her.

With her gaze lowered, Rena's voice grew soft as she confessed, "Your appearance, your physique... I am indeed drawn to them."

Waylen delicately brushed his slender fingers against her lips, leaving Rena blushing and her heart racing with anticipation.

Yet, amidst the flurry of emotions, Rena didn't lose sight of an important matter. She encircled her arms around his neck and inquired, "Aline has defamed me. Is there nothing I can



do to retaliate?"

"Do you place great importance on the opinions of others?" he queried.

Determined to please him, Rena mustered her utmost efforts. With a sincere tone, she expressed, "I don't wish for the children I've taught to be disillusioned with me. I fear they might perceive me as an unworthy individual."

Waylen buried his face by her neck, emitting a soft chuckle. His smile held a tinge of mockery as he remarked, "You lie beneath me and yet you claim decency?"

Rena found herself at a loss for words.

Though she had shared intimate moments with Waylen on several occasions, their relationship hadn't yet reached the point of physical intimacy.

Bashfully, she gently pushed him away and sought refuge in the bedroom's bathroom.

Tonight, Waylen's spirits were particularly high, prompting him to soon follow Rena's lead.

Once she finished cleansing herself and applying skincare products, he embraced her from behind, resting his chin upon her shoulder. "Are you mad at me?" he inquired.

"No! How could I possibly be mad at you?" she responded, attempting to quell any hint of resentment.



Waylen gently grasped her chin, coercing her to turn towards him for a passionate kiss. After a lingering exchange of affection, he carefully guided her, positioning her within the shelter of his arms.

Rena's trepidation immobilized her, rendering her incapable of making any movements.

Fixing his gaze upon her, Waylen spoke softly, "You don't have to worry about anything. Leave it to me. Your only task is to attend the school reunion as you should."

After contemplating for a moment, Rena mustered the courage to inquire, "Do you plan on accompanying me to the school reunion?"

"Am I not presentable enough? Or would you prefer attending with an older gentleman?" he retorted.

Rena responded in a gentle tone, seeking to clarify, "I never said that. I am simply perplexed as to why you have no fear of revealing our relationship to others."

Waylen dismissed her concerns lightly, stating, "Neither of us are married, and our relationship is a normal one. Why should I be apprehensive?"

Rena remained silent, her thoughts lingering.

Still slightly inebriated, she encircled her arms around Waylen's waist, finding solace as she leaned comfortably against his chest.



A drowsiness began to overtake her.

With tenderness, Waylen carried her to the bed, where Rena nestled herself and drifted into a peaceful slumber, curling up on her side.

As sleep beckoned, a cool sensation enveloped her as Waylen joined her after taking a refreshing shower.

Given his appreciation for her physique, he couldn't resist indulging in the tactile experience.

Rena stirred from her sleep but exhaustion prevented her from acknowledging him.

She chose to feign sleep, preserving the illusion of unawareness.

Waylen detected the hastening rhythm of her breath. Instead of imposing himself upon her, he leaned gently against her slender shoulder and posed a question in a hushed tone, "How long does your period typically last?"

A rosy hue adorned Rena's cheeks.

After a brief pause, she whispered, "Usually five days."

Upon hearing her response, Waylen withdrew his hands, rolled over and lay still.

His touch ceased entirely.

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In the morning, Rena took the initiative to assist him in

fastening his tie.

Bathed in the gentle morning light, her delicate visage radiated exquisite beauty.

Waylen grasped her hand, his voice tender as he suggested, "Why don't you go shopping and treat yourself to new attire? You know, getting ready for the school reunion."

Rena had grown accustomed to frugality in recent times.

Sincerity laced her words as she admitted, "It would require a considerable sum of money."

A smile played upon Waylen's lips.

Having been born into affluence, he was never wanting for financial resources. Intrigued by her response, he affectionately pinched her cheek before putting on his million-dollar timepiece.

"Simply purchase some clothes and charge it to the card I provided. I happen to be in need of a few shirts and you can assist me with selecting them."

Rena discerned his true intentions; he merely wished to entice her into a shopping excursion. After all, his wardrobe boasted an abundance of shirts.

Women, by nature, possessed an inclination for indulging in sartorial pursuits.

Expressing her gratitude with gentle sincerity, Rena softly uttered, "Thank you."

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Waylen leaned in, pressing his lips against hers and replied,
"You're most welcome."



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