

## Chapter 109 Don't Worry, I Won't Pester You

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Rena hadn't seen Waylen in days.

Being held in his arms, she couldn't help but feel extremely happy and contented.

She stretched out her hand and gently pressed the back of her palm against his forehead, only to find out that he was warm to the touch.

She bit her lip worriedly.

He had obviously worked himself to the bone these days.

Rena traced his sharp jawline and mouthed softly, "I'll get the thermometer."

But Waylen suddenly held her hand and refused to let her go. After a while, he hung up the phone and pressed her against the sofa, kissing her passionately.

Although she was extremely tempted, Rena turned her face away from him.

"We can't... You still have a fever."

His face was so close to hers that he could see each individual lash on her pretty eyes.

Swallowing, he said in a hoarse voice, "It doesn't matter! Maybe you'll be the cure."

However, Rena still refused.

She touched his handsome face and said softly but firmly, "You're still sick. Just listen to me, okay?"

Waylen looked deep into her eyes, as though he was searching for something.

After a while, he pulled away from her and said, "Cook something light for me. I have to go to the office later."

Rena nodded obediently.

Without dilly-dallying, she went straight to the kitchen and made chicken soup for him. Then she found a thermometer in the first aid kit and took Waylen's temperature.

Sure enough, he still had a fever.

Rena promptly prepared a glass of water as well as some antipyretics for him.

Waylen usually refused to take medicine, but when Rena approached, he looked at her and ordered, "Feed me!"

He was sick, so Rena obliged and held the pill up to his lips.

Waylen swallowed the medicine and licked her fingertip, staring at her while he did so.

Naturally, Rena blushed.

Averting her gaze shyly, she coaxed him into drinking the

rest of the water. Seeing that he looked a little better, she went to the kitchen to pour him a bowl of soup. However, when she brought it to the dining room, she found Waylen smoking on the sofa.

He was sick, so he coughed after taking a single drag.

Rena walked over, plucked the cigarette from his lips, and put it out.

But Waylen didn't get mad. Instead, he leaned against the sofa and raised his chin, motioning for Rena to feed him the soup.

Rena sighed but obliged his request.

She couldn't help but wonder if his future wife would be able to bear his domineering personality. But no matter what, she couldn't refuse him now.

She scooped up a spoonful of soup, blew on it, and held it to his mouth.

When he was finished eating, Rena set the bowl on the table. The next second, she was pulled to sit on top of his lap.

"Waylen... You're still sick, remember?"

Rena gently refused his advances.

But Waylen didn't listen this time around. Instead, he pinched her chin with one hand and kissed her while his other hand wandered around her lower body.

"Don't move. Just enjoy!" he whispered in her ear hoarsely.

Half an hour later, Rena went to the bedroom to clean herself up.

Thinking of what had happened on the sofa just now, she blushed.

It was the first time that Waylen focused on pleasuring her instead of himself.

"Rena, are you done?"

Waylen's voice sounded from outside. Rena stopped fantasizing about it and quickly got changed.

In the elevator.

She couldn't help but chastise him, saying, "You need to rest, Waylen. Can't you go to work tomorrow instead?"

Waylen glanced at her and explained briefly, "I have a meeting to preside over."

Rena didn't say anything more. She knew that she'd cross the line if she tried to persuade him more, so she just kept silent, lest he find her annoying.

When they arrived at the basement parking, Rena started walking towards a white BMW.

Waylen squinted at the unfamiliar car.

Obviously, Rena had bought herself a new car, but he didn't receive any notification from the bank about the purchase,

which meant that she bought it with her own money.

Without saying anything, he got in the car and sat in the passenger seat.

He loosened his tie and asked in a seemingly casual fashion, "Why didn't you use my card?"

Rena didn't want to get into a fight with him, so she answered vaguely, "My dad's fine now, so my family's finances have recovered. Eloise gave me some money, so I decided to buy this car..."

Waylen put his hand on the steering wheel to get her attention.

"What else?" he asked, point-blank.

Rena decided she didn't want to hide anything from him, so she answered honestly, "I'm going to open a music studio with my former colleague. It's almost ready."

After saying that, she quietly looked at him, trying to gauge his reaction.

Although she didn't need his permission to do such a thing, she didn't want to be in conflict with him.

Only then did Waylen let go of the steering wheel.

He leaned against his seat and asked softly, "Didn't you want to go abroad for further studies?"

Rena paused in surprise. She didn't expect him to ask about

it.

After thinking for a moment, she said softly, "Don't worry, Mr. Fowler. If that day comes, I won't pester you or anything. So you don't have to send me abroad."

Despite saying so, her eyes turned a little red as she spoke.

Waylen just looked at her quietly.

This conversation wasn't for either of them.

Waylen had been away for a few days, and just now at the apartment, she had taken care of him so tenderly and carefully. He didn't want to act like a jerk now.

So he put on a smile and teased her. "Since when did you go back to calling me 'Mr. Fowler'? And congratulations, by the way. I think it's good for you to run your own business."

Rena was stunned at first, and then she sighed in relief.

Waylen was good at easing the tension in the atmosphere.

Not only did he not object to her wishes, but he even gave her some professional advice.

Rena listened to him happily.

She gradually became relaxed and talked about the music studio while driving. "So far, the hardest part has been finding the perfect office. But I'm sure we'll find one. Paisley has an extensive network after all."

She shared her joy with him, chattering excitedly all the way

to his office.

Waylen listened to her patiently, as though the argument they had before his business trip was now a forgotten memory. When they pulled to a stop in front of his office building, Rena took the initiative to offer, "I'll pick you up later, okay?"

However, the man only chuckled. "How can I let my woman be my chauffeur? If the others hear about this, they'll laugh at me!"

Rena smiled, but she didn't insist. Instead, she simply told him to take his temperature from time to time.

"If you still have a fever later, I'll take you to the hospital tomorrow, okay?"

Waylen smiled and then got out of the car.

When he arrived at the office, instead of having his meeting, the first thing he did was to call Jazlyn in.

"Give me Rena's credit card statement," he ordered.

Jazlyn was surprised at first.

Then she guessed that there must've been some sort of conflict between the couple.

In less than ten minutes, she returned to his office and put the document on the desk in front of him. "Mr. Fowler, this is your supplementary card's statement. The last time Miss Gordon used it was over a week ago."

Waylen nodded and asked Jazlyn to go out first.

Then he leafed through the document quietly.

It turned out that she hadn't been using his money.

And she bought a car by herself.

Lastly, she intended to start her own business.

These were the moves of a well-educated woman. Waylen had never doubted Rena's moral code, and he knew that she wasn't materialistic.

But he was more than willing to support her financially. In fact, he was determined to make it up to her even if their relationship had an expiration date.

What she was doing now wasn't what he wanted!

He wanted a more simple relationship—that of a give-and-take.

But he knew Rena well. If he didn't respect her, she'd stop being so good to him!

After weighing the pros and cons, Waylen made a compromise.

He leaned over and pressed the comms, saying, "Come to my office, Jazlyn."

Jazlyn thought that he was finally going to start the meeting, but as soon as she entered his office, she saw him drinking coffee leisurely. He asked, "Do I have an office about 200



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
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