

## Chapter 118 Tell Me, Is This The Mature Thing To Do

"Did you have a delightful time?" inquired Rena, her voice carrying an air of serenity.

Waylen gracefully removed his coat, casually tossing it onto the sofa before approaching her.

He idly toyed with the wine glass resting on the countertop, his gaze profound and contemplative.


Normally, Rena abstained from indulging in alcoholic beverages, adhering to a life of self-discipline.

However, tonight she had taken to drinking, indicating her troubled state of mind. Waylen surmised that he might be the cause.

In a hoarse voice, he queried, "Are you vexed?"

Rena remained silent, torn between the desire to be truthful and the reluctance to lie.

Following a prolonged silence, Waylen mustered a faint smile and uttered, "Rena, we agreed from the outset that we would enjoy each other's company for a certain period of time and part amicably once we grew weary. What are you doing now?"

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Rena gazed at him and softly inquired, "Have you grown weary of it now?"

Waylen instantaneously comprehended her meaning. She wanted to terminate their relationship.

Was it because of Elvira?


Abruptly, Waylen placed her onto the piano.

The piano emitted a melodic note.

Rena struggled, attempting to free herself.

Clad solely in a black silk bathrobe, her bosom inadvertently exposed during her struggles. Observing this, Waylen narrowed his eyes.

He swallowed hard and whispered into her ear, "Why are you

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so preoccupied with my association with Elvira? Don't be so immature."

Rena appeared lost in a daze.

Veins tinged with blue pulsed on her temples.

Yet, she reined in her emotions.

Lifting her gaze, she implored, "Enlighten me then. What is the mature thing to do?"

Without giving him a chance to speak, she enveloped her arms around his neck, pressing her crimson lips against his in a gentle and affectionate kiss. Taking the lead, she even delved into a passionate kiss, leaving Waylen utterly astonished!

Never before had Rena exhibited such bold and seductive behavior.

His previous disagreement with her slipped from his mind as he had always enjoyed being intimate with her. Now, he became completely immersed in the fervor of their kisses.

The piano continued to fill the room with its harmonious melodies.

"Mr. Fowler, is this the mature thing to do?" Rena inquired, her tone remarkably composed.

Waylen lifted his gaze, locking eyes with her.

Rena bestowed a radiant smile upon him.

"I apologize, Mr. Fowler. I overstepped tonight. It won't happen again," she declared, her voice laced with sarcasm. Pausing for a moment, she continued, her words dripping with irony, "I shall always remember my duties!"

Waylen's eyes narrowed, a glimmer of emotion flickering within.

Gently, he caressed her face.

In that moment, he struggled to decipher his own sentiments.

He hoped she would act sensibly and uphold their agreement. However, witnessing her compliance, he couldn't help but recall the occasions when he had caught her gazing at Harold with undeniable affection.

Had she reserved most of her love for Harold, offering him merely a fraction?

He was once complacent, believing she really adored him. He even felt sorry for her, thinking she would be pained by his reunion with his ex-girlfriend. But now, everything turned out like a bad joke.

A scornful smirk adorned Waylen's face.

He pressed her against him, his intentions clear.

Tonight, he would explore all the positions they had never attempted before!

Rena indulged in their kisses for a brief moment before nonchalantly stating, "I'm menstruating."

"What?"

"Waylen, I'm on my period," she reiterated.

Waylen paused, his eyes brimming with desire.

Perhaps unable to contain himself any longer, he pulled Rena into his embrace to confirm the truth of her words.

"Waylen! No! You despicable scoundrel!"

Waylen released his grip on her and sank into the chair. Retrieving a cigarette, he leisurely lit it, savoring the slow exhale of smoke.

Rena swiftly donned her bathrobe, her body still trembling. It was difficult to discern whether it was due to the allure he had exerted over her or the anger that coursed through her veins.

With a cigarette held delicately between his slender fingers, Waylen created elegant smoke rings, obscuring their faces from each other's view.

Flicking the ash from his cigarette with a smile playing upon his lips, he remarked, "Rena, I haven't grown weary of you yet! I still find pleasure in your physicality!"

A faint smile crept across Rena's lips.

Elvira's influence loomed so large that upon her return, Waylen didn't even bother pretending to harbor any affection for her.

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He once possessed the patience to shower Rena with sweet words and endearing nicknames but now he brazenly declared she was here simply because of his attraction to her body!

What an insufferable jerk!

He no longer felt compelled to maintain the facade?

This was the true Waylen!

Fatigue washed over Rena and she no longer wished to engage in conversation with him. In a serious tone, she inquired, "May I retire to bed now?"

Waylen's smile persisted as he took a drag from his cigarette, using one hand to delicately caress her tender face.

In a husky voice, he murmured, "Yes."

Rena recognized that their relationship had deteriorated rapidly within such a short span of time.

Yet, she remained indifferent.

She knew she couldn't conquer a man like Waylen. Thus, she refused to immerse herself in his grasp.

She would stay by his side until he grew tired of her.

His relationship with Elvira should not concern her.

That night, Rena slept soundly!

Waylen refrained from returning to the bedroom that night.

Rena surmised that he sought solace in the study, pining for

Elvira once more. It suited her just fine, as his absence meant he wouldn't disturb her!

However, she understood that unless he explicitly declared the end of their relationship, she couldn't bring herself to sever the ties.

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In the ensuing days, Waylen grew increasingly occupied.

He rarely returned home for dinner and sometimes didn't even come back to sleep.

Rena never dialed his number to inquire about his whereabouts. They existed as strangers cohabiting the same space, devoid of the once cherished sweetness. At times, Rena even questioned if they had ever experienced such tender moments!

She refrained from meddling in his private affairs.

Her own life kept her occupied as well!

The preliminary preparations for opening the music studio were nearly complete. Rena and Paisley diligently selected an auspicious day to officially unveil their musical sanctuary.

One day, Rena returned from the music studio.

As she settled into the car, a call from Vera jolted her senses. Vera seemed hesitant, contemplating whether to share something or remain silent.



"Has Joseph been troubling you again?" Rena asked, concerned for her friend.

Vera's anger surged instantaneously.

"He's a wretched fool! I've given up on him!" Vera snapped.

"Rena, why don't you keep a closer eye on Waylen..."

Rena's heart sank.

Maintaining a gentle smile, she inquired, "What has happened?"

Vera's anger overflowed as she divulged every detail.

"Waylen has been attending several social events alongside Elvira lately! Moreover, during one of his recent business trips, Elvira accompanied him! Read the newspapers and you'll understand!"

Rena found herself lost in a trance.


As it turned out, Waylen had embarked on a business trip a few days ago, unbeknownst to Rena.

Did their relationship suffer to such an extent, or were they both consumed by their respective busy lives, leaving little room to inquire about each other's recent experiences?

A wry smile graced Rena's lips.

Addressing Vera, she uttered, "The state of our relationship is not as idyllic as you imagine. Why should I hinder him from seeking companionship or engaging in amorous pursuits?"

Vera stood dumbfounded.

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After a prolonged silence, she exclaimed, "Goodness gracious!  
You possess such clarity of mind!"

In a jesting tone, Rena replied, "I simply gleaned a lesson from  
Mr. Fowler himself."



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