

Chapter 52 Not Sullied

Waylen didn't say anything.

Instead, he slowly drank the rest of the wine in his glass while holding her hand, gently stroking it with his thumb.

Rena wasn't an idiot. Although she had never slept with anyone before, she understood what he meant. Standing on tiptoe, she whispered in his ear, "How about I take a shower first?"

Waylen set his glass down.

Without warning, he suddenly scooped her up and plopped her down on top of the counter.

Behind her was the window.

In front of her was Waylen.

Rena could tell that he was in a bad mood, but she didn't know how she had offended him.

Sure enough, when Waylen pressed his lips against hers, Rena could tell that it was just a casual, half-hearted kiss.

But she still kissed him back.

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She was inexperienced, so after fumbling around for a while, she wrapped her legs around his waist and asked in a low voice, "What's the matter with you?"

Waylen tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear and studied her face carefully. All of a sudden, he recalled how Harold had grabbed her hand earlier...

He cupped her cheek and asked in a low voice, "How'd you even end up with that bastard?"

Only then did it dawn on Rena.

Waylen was in a foul mood because of what happened between her and Harold.

Indeed, she used to be in love with Harold. After all, they had been together for four years—but she had never slept with him.

Instead of answering his question, she simply wrapped her arms around the man's neck and kissed him.

Waylen couldn't care less about her relationship with Harold, but he didn't want to continue at this moment. He patted her back and said in a hoarse voice, "Take a shower and then go to bed."

After saying that, he withdrew his arms and leaned against the counter next to her, lighting a cigarette idly. Despite his simple actions, he was irresistibly handsome.

Rena looked at him quietly, feeling a little dejected. She couldn't erase her history with Harold. Besides, if she had never been with Harold, she never would've met Waylen, let alone move in with him.

Gradually, she plucked up the courage to approach him.

Waylen looked down at her quizzically.

Emboldened, Rena plucked the cigarette from his lips and put it out. Then she brought her face close to his and whispered, "Waylen, don't be so cold to me. I'm so sullied, you know." 5

And just like that, a spark of lust was ignited in Waylen's eyes.

He suddenly pinned her against the counter and kissed her, holding the back of her head firmly so that she couldn't resist.

He kissed her like crazy, as though he was scared that she'd suddenly disappear. His kiss now was completely different from earlier. Gone were his restraints.

Stunned at first, Rena soon recovered and wrapped her arms around his neck, immersing herself in the kiss.

She could only repay him... by pleasing him.

But unexpectedly, Waylen suddenly pulled away from the kiss. He whispered in her ear, "I just have to finish something first. Then I'll think about how to deal with you in bed." 8

Hearing this, Rena blushed furiously.

This man was such a cheeky devil!

Waylen's mood had clearly improved. He even

went so far as to tease her, "Why are you still holding me? Do you want me to continue?"

Only then did Rena realize that her arms were still wrapped around him firmly. At this, her face turned even redder.

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The next morning.

Waylen had already left by the time Rena woke up.

She had just moved in, so she wasn't used to living here and didn't sleep well.

Upon sitting up in bed, she saw a red hot trail of hickeys on her skin. Although Waylen didn't have sex with her yesterday, they made out passionately and he had left many love marks on her body.


Recalling their passionate night together, Rena blushed. Rubbing her eyes, her gaze landed on something on top of the bedside table.

There were two small colorful boxes...

Rena froze.


Thinking back to last night, she remembered that Waylen didn't take the condoms before they went upstairs yesterday. Did he go back to his car to

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

retrieve the condoms after? Perhaps he saw
Harold pestering her yesterday... ³

No wonder he acted so strange last night!

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