

## Chapter 51 I Can Give You Whatever He Gives You!

Rena elegantly changed her attire before venturing outside, casting a gaze towards the study before her departure.

Within the study, Waylen was engrossed in his work, immersed in his own world. Sensing Rena's presence, he turned his attention towards her. With a tender tone, she expressed, "I shall return prior to half past ten."

Upon hearing her words, Waylen's lips curved into a faint smile.

Living with another person was an entirely novel experience for him. 1

It had undeniably deviated from his accustomed solitude. Nevertheless, he found solace in this newfound arrangement. Rena possessed an unobtrusive nature, exuding a gentle demeanor. She excelled in the culinary and domestic arts, which was almost reminiscent of... 3

Waylen abruptly halted his train of thought.

"Very well," he simply responded with a slight nod.

As Rena departed, her intention was to secure a taxi at the entrance of the apartment complex, a task typically facilitated by the convenient location.

Yet, to her surprise, as she approached the complex's entrance, a sleek black sports car came to an abrupt halt before her.

Stepping out of the vehicle was Harold.

Rena was struck with astonishment upon seeing him, her trepidation of being left alone with him resurfacing. Moreover, his countenance conveyed great displeasure.

She endeavored to maintain control over her emotions.

Gradually, Harold approached her without making any physical advances. He merely uttered sarcastically, "I underestimated you. So, you truly ensnared Waylen! Do you honestly believe he loves you? Are you aware of his past? If you possessed knowledge of his history, your overconfidence would have been quelled." 3

A faint smile played upon Rena's lips.

In the calm tone, she inquired, "And how does any of this concern you, Mr. Moore?"

Rena was not naive; she could tell that Waylen harbored feelings for another woman.

Her nonchalant response left Harold momentarily frozen.

Unable to contain his curiosity, he questioned, "You are unaffected? Are you willingly accepting the role of his plaything? Rena... He merely desires you for physical pleasure. Are you truly content with that?" 3

Rena lowered her gaze, a touch of scorn tainting her voice as she retorted, "And what about you, Harold? Is it not the exactly same case with you? Don't you just want to have sex with me?"

Determined to avoid entangling herself with him, she attempted to push him away and walked towards the roadside.

Suddenly, Harold seized her hand, refusing to release his grip. With an impassive expression, he stared directly into her eyes and declared, "I can give you whatever he gives you, and even those he can't!"

In that moment, his wounded pride compelled him to rise above Waylen.

He even contemplated the notion that if Rena were to become his mistress, perhaps he would divorce Cecilia in a few years and marry her.

Rena's repulsion was palpable.

In a hushed tone, she warned, "Let go of me or I shall cry out for help! Surely you wouldn't want your engagement to be tarnished, would you?"

Gritting his teeth, Harold reluctantly released his hold on her.

Rena proceeded towards the roadside, successfully hailed a taxi, and swiftly departed.

Helpless, Harold watched her vanishing form and vented his frustration by striking the roof of the car. 2

In the distance, Waylen, clutching two small boxes, observed the unfolding scene with contemplation.

Immediately after Rena's departure, he recollected that he had left the condoms in his car. Little did he anticipate such a spectacle when he came to retrieve them.

A faint smile graced Waylen's face as he retrieved

his phone and dialed Jazlyn's number. "Get the Moore Group's audit records from the past few years and have the documents prepared on my desk by tomorrow morning."

Jazlyn was taken aback by the unexpected request.

The Moore Group happened to be the business enterprise owned by the esteemed Moore family.

It was worth pondering whether it was appropriate for Waylen to delve into the affairs of the Moore Group, especially considering his sister's impending marriage into the esteemed family.

Jazlyn surmised that Waylen's motivations stemmed from his concern for Rena.


Clearly, Waylen was consumed by jealousy! 4

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Upon Rena's return, the clock struck half past ten.

Waylen appeared to have concluded his tasks, finding solace near the French window with a glass of wine in his hand, lost in contemplation.

As Rena entered and closed the door behind her, he remained fixated, unaware of her presence.

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She lingered at the doorway, her teeth gently gnawing at her lip, deep in thought.

Although she was uncertain about the methods employed by women to please men, she knew that Waylen's desires were purely physical in nature. Thus, she approached him, tenderly embracing him from behind. "Have you completed your work?" <sup>5</sup>