

Chapter 200 Rena, I Want It

Inside the office, silence enveloped the air, punctuating the gravity of the moment.

Rena's complexion grew even paler as she mustered the strength to speak, her voice strained.

"Waylen, you know what? I'd rather make a simple deal with you. The last thing we should discuss is love, the future, and marriage..."

Rena raised her head slightly, her voice trembling. "Remind me. Who said marriage is just a piece of paper that ties two people down? A mere means of manipulation?"

Waylen, moved by her words, responded in a hoarse and gentle tone, "Rena, I'm sorry. I've caused you sadness."

He retrieved a tissue and handed it to her, his gesture filled with empathy.

Suppressing her emotions, Rena spoke in a low voice. "Waylen, if you want a chance, fine, I'll give you one. One year... I'll be with you for one year, and then we'll go our separate ways."

Waylen sat with his back against the window, his figure shrouded in the darkness cast by the light behind him.

Upon hearing her proposal, his eyebrows raised ever so slightly. "What if, within that year, you fall in love



Upon hearing her proposal, his eyebrows raised ever so slightly. "What if, within that year, you fall in love with me and want to marry me?"

Rena remained silent, but Waylen understood the meaning behind her silence.

She would exercise self-control to prevent herself from being attracted to him.

In this one year, she would keep her promise.

Leaning against the sofa, Waylen appeared at ease, but inwardly, his body was slightly tense. He believed Rena's proposal was favorable. After all, he had been instrumental in her career advancement. She had also learned to negotiate and handle people.

A prolonged silence followed.

Rena stared intently at him, her voice filled with tension. "Waylen, do you want this chance or not?"

"I want it," he responded, conceding to her terms.

Rena found herself in a daze, but Waylen had already risen from his seat and approached the back of the sofa.

Gently, he embraced her, whispering in her ear, "Rena, I want it... Don't say things like we'll just sleep together anymore. How could I subject you to that? We'll be in an open relationship, okay?"

Waylen possessed both masculine charm and tenderness, which he strategically employed when dealing with Rena.

She was well aware of his tactics.

Calmly, she replied, "No cohabitation, and don't take me home to your parents."

"Okay.

But it wouldn't be too much for me to occasionally bring you to my apartment for a weekend, right? That's how couples spend time together," Waylen proposed.

Rena didn't object.

In fact, she indeed preferred him not to come to her apartment.

With the deal settled, she prepared to leave.

However, Waylen gently pressed her shoulder and leaned in for a kiss. Standing while Rena sat, their position was not ideal for a comfortable kiss. However, the intensity of their attraction made it all too easy to be consumed by passion.

Rena neither refused nor responded, while Waylen couldn't resist the urge to tease her.

"It's been only six months, and you already don't remember how to kiss? Rena, let me..."

With his slender, handsome fingers, he gently held her chin and succeeded in capturing her lips.

Rena involuntarily allowed his tongue into her mouth, their tongues intertwining in a passionate dance. What began as a gentle kiss had grown extremely fervent.

After the kiss, their hearts raced, and Waylen leaned against Rena's shoulder, gasping for breath.

In a hoarse voice, he uttered, "Rena, you still have feelings for me."

Embarrassed, Rena slightly buttoned up her shirt with trembling hands.

The intense kiss had caused Waylen to loosen it, and she let him. Now, as she regained her composure, she felt a sense of embarrassment. Waylen bent down and put his forehead against hers.

"I don't want to let you go," he whispered.

Rena's eyes glistened with tears.

He knew she was reluctant, but it didn't mean her body felt nothing.

Waylen refrained from teasing her further. Instead, he gently straightened her clothes and whispered, "I have some business to attend to. I'll have the driver take you back to the music studio."

His tenderness became unbearable for Rena.

She stood, facing him, trying to maintain her composure. "I can take a taxi. Mr. Fowler, Vera..."

Waylen gazed at her as if he were looking at his beloved, a smile gracing his lips.

"Still address me as Mr. Fowler?"

Rena felt a hint of embarrassment.

He didn't say anything more and signaled his secondary secretary through the internal line. "Accompany Miss Gordon downstairs and help her... call a taxi."

The secondary secretary smiled sweetly. "Miss Gordon, this way, please."

The secretary sensed the underlying connection between Rena and her boss and therefore treated Rena with utmost respect, refraining from commenting on the situation.

A car parked downstairs, but it wasn't a taxi—it was Rena's champagne-colored BMW.

Zack, seeing Rena emerge from the building, jumped out of the car, his gaze fierce.

The secretary noticed something amiss.

"Miss Gordon, should I call security?"

Rena didn't want to make a scene. She smiled and replied, "He's my driver. Thank you. See you later."

The quick-witted secretary nodded and swiftly retreated.

Observing Zack's unfriendly stare, Rena opened the car door, intending to get in. However, Zack forcefully pushed her hand away and slammed the door shut.

Gritting his teeth, he questioned, "Did you sleep with him?"

People bustled around, and Rena responded coldly, "Are you planning to announce it to the whole world?"

Zack disregarded the consequences. He was driven to madness upon learning that Rena had come to see Waylen. Damn it! He had come to Duefron solely to infuriate Waylen, but before he could have sex with his woman, they ended up back together.

Yet...

Amidst his anger and embarrassment, an unfamiliar feeling brewed inside him—a desire to break free and unleash his emotions.

He didn't understand the nature of this sentiment, but he knew he was seething with rage as he spoke without thinking.

"Why don't you like me? Is it because Waylen is better in bed? Is it because he's older? Or do you simply prefer his charade as an elite?"

Rena grew furious.

She had spent half an hour with Waylen and felt exhausted. Now, being questioned by Zack further agitated her. She responded in a colder voice, "My personal affairs don't require your attention. Remember your place."

Zack had never heard such harsh words before.

Glaring at her, he kicked the car door with all his might. "You like him, don't you? What's so great about a poser like him? He won't be as exceptional as me."

Rena refused to engage in this argument with him.

A taxi arrived at that moment. She hailed it and prepared to get in.

Zack pulled her back, pleading, "Don't go!"

Rena closed the door, apologizing to the driver. She then turned to look at Zack calmly and asked, "Zack, why did you come to Duefron?"

Under her penetrating gaze, Zack lacked the courage to even lie to her.

Sensing his hesitation, Rena softened her tone and said, "Stop this tantrum. If you feel uncomfortable working here, you can leave at any time. But if you choose to stay, there's one condition... I won't entertain any romantic advances from you."

Zack was young, only 23 years old, two years younger than Rena.

She understood that his intentions weren't entirely pure when he came to work for her, but she never considered him a bad person. On the contrary, he had been caring towards Eloise and, though sharp-tongued, he had never targeted the girls at the music studio.

Rena truly regarded him as a younger brother.

In fact, there were few people like him in her life.

Having expressed her expectations, Rena opened the car door and got inside. Leaning back against the seat, she whispered softly, "Take me back to the apartment. I'm not feeling well."

Zack remained stiff for a while before finally entering the car.

Even after he got in, he continued to pester her. "Hey, did you sleep with him or not?"

"Yes," Rena responded, assuming he would stop talking after her confirmation.

Indeed, Zack's young ego had been bruised by the silence that followed.

He remained quiet, driving Rena back to her apartment.

Once they arrived, Rena remained in the car and instructed him, "There's a pharmacy up ahead. Go and buy a box of antipyretics."

Zack's mood soured, causing him to make a sarcastic remark. "What? He tires you out, yet he can't even buy you a box of medicine? What's the appeal of being with him?"

Rena, feeling unwell, refrained from engaging in an argument. At that moment, Zack's words slipped out unintentionally, betraying his true emotions. Rena,

however, dismissed them and allowed him to vent his frustrations.

After his complaints, Zack hastily left the car to purchase the antipyretics. Once he returned, he opened the back door, expecting Rena to step out. To his surprise, she was fast asleep.

Leaning against the plush leather seat, she slumbered peacefully.

Her long brown hair cascaded over one side of her face, revealing the allure of her delicate features.

Zack's heart raced as he beheld her.

Feeling at a loss, it was the first time Zack experienced such conflicting emotions. Initially, his intention had been to get on Waylen's nerves by hooking up with Rena, but now he just couldn't tear his gaze away from her.

It was the first time that he felt this way towards a woman.

Overwhelmed, he opted to flee the scene.

He tossed the antipyretics into the car and forcefully closed the door before hurrying away.

Rena awoke, and as she witnessed Zack running away, she was left speechless.

She took the medicine and made her way back to her apartment.

Possibly due to the chilly night air from the previous night, Rena caught a cold. Before retiring to bed, she made a call to the music studio, confiding in her secretary.