

## Chapter 205 Say My Name

Rena's face lit up with a smile as she replied, "What would you like me to inquire about?"

As she uttered those words, there was a tinge of mockery behind them.

Lost in his thoughts, Waylen fixated on the rare sight of her smiling in his presence.

She appeared completely at ease.

No further questions escaped his lips. Leaning against the back of the seat, he gazed at her, his voice tinged with hoarseness. "This is the task I took on previously. And I didn't catch a glimpse of her."

Rena simply nodded in acknowledgment.

Waylen continued to study her, as if anticipating something, yet eventually he refrained.

He couldn't determine what reaction he desired from her.

Would it be jealousy or perhaps an argument?

Anything would be preferable to this calmness.

Waylen's heart sank even deeper. On one hand, he mourned the loss of his grandmother, and on the other hand, he fretted over Rena's demeanor.

Nonetheless, he reminded himself that a man should maintain composure.

In his quest to start afresh with her, he had invested more thought than ever before.

Within the master bedroom of the lavish villa, Rena possessed her own separate dressing room. Waylen had thoughtfully arranged a collection of clothing for her, all from her favorite brands, some even matching her own style.

Knowing her penchant for working in the villa, he had designated a study for her.

Rena could sense Waylen's consideration.

Although she didn't vocalize it, she was willing to coexist peacefully with him, even tolerating him when he was in a sour mood. For instance, he insisted on heading to the screening room for a movie after dinner.

Closing the file she had been perusing, Rena stood up.

Almost instinctively, Waylen clasped her fingers, his tender touch evoking more emotion than all their romantic memories combined.

In Rena's recollection, Waylen had rarely displayed such tenderness.

He had often preferred to channel his emotions in the bedroom.

Rena found herself taken aback by this unexpected display.

Unable to resist, she gazed up at him. Waylen gently pulled her closer, enveloping her with his arm. "I've picked a horror movie and dimmed the lights. You might be frightened later."

A smile graced Rena's lips. "Really? Is it truly that terrifying?"

Waylen delighted in witnessing her smile.

He paused, softly caressing her delicate face with his hand, and whispered, "You look incredibly beautiful when you smile."

Rena felt a sense of unease, like a fish out of water. "Aren't we going to watch the movie?"

Waylen smiled, took her hand and led her downstairs.

Though it was merely a home theater, it spanned an impressive one hundred square meters. A set of reclining sofas was arranged in front of the expansive circular screen.

In the subdued lighting, he guided her to a seat.

He had selected a classic horror movie from the past, though it would be more accurate to describe it as a love story with a touch of horror elements.

Waylen enjoyed the movie with great fascination.

As Rena turned to face him, he could still discern her in the darkness, despite the absence of visibility.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, wrapping his arm around her shoulder and gently tracing her ring finger with his other hand.

Rena's body tensed in response to his gesture.

Amidst the darkness, he chuckled softly. "Are you afraid?"

Quickly denying, Rena retorted, "No!"

Waylen chuckled again, pulling her into his embrace. He caressed her face and inquired, "What are your thoughts on the movie?"

"Not bad," she responded.

Waylen ceased his questioning, lowering his head to capture her lips...

Rena was taken aback, her grip on his arm tightening, yet she did not push him away.

The protagonists on the screen happened to be engaged in an intimate moment, enhancing the romantic atmosphere. Waylen, aroused by the scene, whispered in Rena's ear, "Can we?"

Resting her head on his shoulder, Rena whispered in return, her expression in the subdued lighting remarkably composed, though she didn't want Waylen to perceive it, "Not here."

Waylen ran his fingers through her hair, gently stroking it.

He knew full well whether or not she was receptive.

Thus, he blurted out, "You truly dislike it here? It's so dark, and I assumed you would enjoy it. After all, we can't see each other."

An icy tension settled in the air.

Waylen felt that maybe they needed more time. His desire was for her to be by his side forever.

Yet, her indifference towards him constantly plagued him with anxiety.

Everything unfolded organically.

Rena no longer voiced her refusal, yet she remained relatively silent. Only when he pleased her immensely did she moan and let out a faint gasp...

Her subdued moans only fueled Waylen's passion.



He had lost control.

They indulged in their desires within the home theater once, and then he carried her back to the master bedroom. He yearned to witness her under the luminosity of light.

Gripping his neck, Rena pleaded, "Waylen, turn off the light."

But he was captivated by her beauty illuminated by the light.

Her flawless supple skin bewitched him and the delicate blue veins at the edge of her eyebrows enticed him to bestow kisses upon them. He kissed that spot with fervor. "Say my name."

Rena locked eyes with him.

She couldn't help but recall that during their time together before their breakup, there had been a moment when she called out to him so lovingly in the throes of passion.

Yet, she didn't wish to do that now.

How close must they be for her to address him in such an affectionate manner again?

Rena remained silent for a significant stretch of time.

Her prolonged silence caused Waylen's enthusiasm to wane, his eyes filled with a touch of uncertainty. Rena reached out to touch his handsome eyebrows and finally spoke up. "Aren't we in a good place now?"

If Rena had no expectations for him, they wouldn't engage in arguments.

Just like the recent incident when he traveled to Braseovell, she knew about it but felt nothing.

She didn't mind whether he encountered Elvira or not.

After all that had happened, Rena simply desired to love herself for the remainder of her life.

Ultimately, their intimate encounters came to a halt.

Waylen found their relationship dissatisfying. He yearned for a response from Rena, a sign that she still held some concern for him deep within her heart.

Rena bestowed him with kindness but she didn't offer him anything more.

He disengaged from her, rolling over and letting out a subdued sigh.

Rena recognized his discontent, yet she couldn't suppress her pride and console him tenderly.

She rose from the bed and headed for the shower.

Midway through her cleansing, Waylen entered. His gaze was veiled by the mist.

Rena was willing to engage in conversation with him.

Clad in a bath towel, she said in a hushed tone, "Waylen, you are a successful lawyer and a shrewd businessman. You should understand the importance of cutting losses in a timely manner. Look, you have always desired me. Now I am here before you, but you are still not happy... Waylen, if you feel discomfort or unhappiness in this relationship, why don't you end it?"

She didn't wish to deceive him.

At least until this moment, she had no intention of spending the rest of her life with him.

And she had never harbored thoughts of seeking revenge.

It was best for them to part ways amicably.

Rena offered him a smile and whispered softly, "Waylen, what you desire... I cannot give it to you."

He had once uttered those words to her.

Now, it was her turn to express them.

Her voice carried a delicate weight, yet it struck his heart like a hammer, inflicting deep pain upon him.

Waylen gently closed his eyes.

In a low, raspy voice, he uttered, "Rena, if you are willing to voice this sentiment, it signifies that you still care about me..."

Rena remained silent. In truth, they were both in pain at this very moment.