

Chapter 122 If I Don't Call Him Honey, Should I Call You...

Rena's reluctance to leave the car was evident.

She remained seated, her eyes fixed upon Waylen.

Delicate and flawless, her face bore a trace of grievance, particularly in the corners of her moist eyes.

Waylen leaned down and gently lifted her out of the car, offering, "Would you prefer to walk on your own or shall I carry you?"

Fearful of attracting unwanted attention, Rena requested to be put down, her voice tinged with hesitation. "Waylen, I don't want to be entangled in your love affairs."


Waylen obliged, placing her back on her feet.

His gaze roamed deeply over Rena, from her face to her slender shoulders and the elegance of her dress.

After a prolonged silence, he uttered in a hoarse voice, "Your dress is truly exquisite!"

Rena's face flushed with anger, her frustration evident.

She had spent considerable time with Waylen and understood his strong sexual desires. If she were to wear

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something more alluring, she knew it would ignite his passion,
regardless of the time or place.

Yet, she found no honor in being objectified.

She was merely a woman he played with, while Elvira held an
unforgettable place in his heart.

As they arrived at the hotel's front desk, Waylen presented
his identification card and withdrew a handful of banknotes.

The receptionist discreetly scanned him from head to toe
while assisting with the check-in process.

Waylen, a renowned eligible bachelor in Duefron, was
rumored to have a girlfriend. The beautiful woman beside him
was assumed to be his significant other.

Curiosity glimmered in the receptionist's eyes as she handed
over the room card.

"Room 3601. Wishing you a pleasant night, Mr. Fowler."

He accepted the room card, maintaining composure even in
such circumstances.

Rena, however, felt a discomfiting unease coursing through
her body.

This was her first time in a hotel with a man, and it left her
feeling uneasy.

Inside the elevator, Waylen pressed Rena against the wall,
cupping her chin and kissing her.

Rena attempted to evade his advances, but he swiftly blocked her movements.

Her body weakened under his touch.

Seeing this, Waylen chuckled softly.

After the passionate kiss, both of them were breathless, with Rena's delicate forehead displaying prominent blue veins.

He tenderly caressed her eyebrows, suddenly furrowing his own.

He remembered how Rena had seemed slightly aroused in Tyrone's embrace at the club earlier.

Feeling a twinge of discomfort, Waylen pressed his forehead against Rena's and questioned, his voice husky, "If I hadn't taken you away, would you have really called Tyrone honey?"

Rena gazed at Waylen, her eyes filled with confusion, taking her time to comprehend his words.

She knew she couldn't escape his grasp that night and decided to toy with him.

Wrapping her arms around Waylen, she leaned against his neck and whispered delicately, "Yes, I would have."

Waylen's body tensed slightly, caught off guard by Rena's response.

She released her hold on him and leaned against the elevator wall. "If I'm not calling him honey, should I call you

honey instead?"

It was an obvious provocation, yet it ignited something within him.

Many women desired him, but he rarely showed interest.

Rena, however, was different from any of them. They had had a lot of passionate moments together.

But every time she looked at him with moist eyes, he couldn't stand it.

Elvira, despite her beauty, never stirred such desires within Waylen.

There were complications between them, and Waylen had never fantasized about her body or felt any impulse.

Rena, on the other hand, exuded a captivating charm, making him yearn to hold her close.

Since they were in a public elevator, he had to restrain himself.

He settled for gently caressing her face and gazing into her narrow eyes.

They refrained from any further actions, yet the atmosphere in the elevator seemed to ignite, as if engulfed in flames.

Ding! The elevator doors opened.

With Rena's hand in his, Waylen led her to the suite.

In the dim light cast by a small bedside lamp, he took a

moment to admire her beauty.

After a lingering pause, he cupped her face and kissed her passionately.

However, Rena suddenly turned her face away and struggled.

She felt deeply wronged.

What was he doing?

Every day he flirted with the unforgettable woman in his heart, and now, when his desires were aroused, he sought her.

Waylen kissed her chin, his voice hoarse as he inquired, "What's the matter?"

Weren't you fine just now?"

She rested her head against the transparent glass of the window, her voice hoarse as she replied, "I didn't go to the club tonight seeking you."

"I know!"

But does it matter?"

Don't you want this?" Waylen persisted. ...

"You want this, Rena. Your body has already revealed it to me," Waylen asserted dominantly, leaving Rena unable to resist.

They engaged in their passionate encounter, though Rena's enthusiasm was not as fervent.

The man's actions were rougher than usual, involuntarily

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reminded of Tyrone's adoration for Rena and Harold's longing
for her.

Rena was not that enthusiastic.

In the heat of the moment, Waylen found himself being more
forceful.

After some time, their arousal finally subsided and all that
could be heard inside the room were labored breaths.

Rena, feeling uncomfortable and overcome with exhaustion,
yearned for sleep.

But after lying still for a while, she sat up abruptly, her gaze
fixed on Waylen.

"Waylen, you didn't use protection!"

Waylen covered his eyes with his hand before pulling Rena
into his embrace. "Just this once. Besides, you're in a safe
period."

Rena remained resolute, her voice soft as she posed a
question in the darkness.

"What if I get pregnant? Would you allow me to keep the
baby?"

Her voice quivered with a trace of sorrow. "Waylen, if I were
to become pregnant, I wouldn't choose abortion."

Regardless of Waylen's wishes, if she was with child, she
would give birth. Rena couldn't bear the thought of

The night enveloped them in darkness.

Waylen yearned for rest, yet Rena's insistence kept him from lying down.

Waylen turned on the lights.

He dressed and said, "I'll go to the pharmacy to buy birth control pills."

Rena sat up, her lips trembling slightly as she made a request. "You... buy some topical ointment as well. I'm not feeling well down there."

Embarrassment flickered across Waylen's handsome face as he complied with her request.

Rena looked away and said, "It hurts."

He buttoned his shirt and pulled up the chain of his trousers.

He went out for about 20 minutes and came back with a small box of pills and an ointment. When he handed them to Rena, he felt a little embarrassed.

He had never bought such items for a woman before.

Rena had never used them, either.

She sat on the bed, reading the instructions on the box.

Taking a bottle of mineral water from the bedside table, she unscrewed the cap and swallowed the pill.

Waylen watched her from the bedside, observing Rena's

composed demeanor.

She lacked the hysteria often portrayed by female leads on television after taking such pills. Intrigued, he couldn't help but ask, "Will this medication kill my sperm?"

Rena glanced at him, taken aback by his thoughts.

She was surprised. Wasn't that the birth control pill for?

She chose to ignore his comment.

Then, she rose from the bed in her bathrobe, intending to apply the ointment in the bathroom.

Waylen, however, halted her progress. Overcoming his own awkwardness, a hint of embarrassment lingered on his face as he suggested, "Let me help you apply it."

Naturally, Rena refused.

She wasn't that intimate with him.


Nevertheless, he carried her back to the bed and insisted on applying the ointment for her. Throughout the entire process, Rena felt embarrassed and uneasy. Once finished, she wrapped herself in the quilt. "I want to sleep."

He put away the ointment and embraced her from behind.

Rena was too exhausted to struggle free from his grasp.

As dawn approached, Waylen felt heat radiating from Rena's body, indicating a fever.

Realizing that he was the likely cause, he gently patted her

Chapter 122 If I Don't Call Him Honey, Should I C  +120 Points at most face and said, "You have a fever. I'll take you to the hospital."

Rena, in a daze due to her fever, opened her eyes.

She looked at him with teary eyes, resembling a fragile and vulnerable creature.

Unbeknownst to Waylen, his heart skipped a beat for an inexplicable reason...