

## Chapter 123 Waylen, Do You Really Like Her

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"I don't want to go to the hospital," she murmured, her tone filled with reluctance.

The thought of seeking medical help because of their rough sex made her feel embarrassed.

Waylen, concerned, caressed her face and reached for his phone on the bedside table.

Dialing a number, he spoke urgently, "Jazlyn, please call a doctor. Rena is sick." He proceeded to provide the address and room number of the hotel.

Jazlyn was taken aback, her mouth hanging open in surprise. She wondered why Waylen resided in a hotel instead of his own home.

Was that his way of spice things up with Rena?

Nevertheless, being an experienced and dutiful secretary herself, she immediately contacted a trusted family doctor and accompanied him to the hotel.

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Nevertheless, being an experienced and dutiful secretary herself, she immediately contacted a trusted family doctor and accompanied him to the hotel.

As they arrived at the hotel, Waylen opened the door, and before the doctor could utter a word, he frowned and directed a question at Jazlyn.

"Why did you bring a male doctor here?"

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Jazlyn was speechless, unable to comprehend the difference between male and female doctors.

Waylen then insisted, "Call a female doctor who is experienced and can keep this a secret."

He knew Rena was a proud woman.

Jazlyn, quick-witted, promptly contacted a respected female doctor who possessed excellent medical skills. The doctor prescribed medication for Rena without the need for intravenous treatment.

By noon, Rena's body temperature had dropped.

However, she remained exhausted and drifted into a deep sleep.

Jazlyn stayed by her side, tidying up the hotel suite while secretly marveling at the situation.

Meanwhile, Waylen sat in the bedroom, pondering recent events.

He rested on the sofa, attending to some business on his phone before reaching out to touch Rena's hand.

Her fingers were remarkably soft and delicate, revealing that household chores were not a frequent part of her routine. Since he had given Claribel a vacation, Rena had taken on all the household responsibilities without complaint.

Suddenly, memories of their early days together flooded Waylen's mind, filling him with immense joy.

He remembered how happy he had been at that time.

As long as she saw him, Rena would blush.

He had always know that she liked him.

However, recently she rarely blushed in his presence. Yet, last night when Tyrone playfully asked her to call him "honey," a faint blush graced her cheeks.

Waylen couldn't help but feel a surge of jealousy at the thought.

By four o'clock in the afternoon, he escorted Rena back to the apartment. Though her fever had subsided, she still felt uncomfortable and experienced nausea.

Jazlyn promptly called the doctor again, feeling concerned.

The doctor had explained that Rena's discomfort was likely due to the pill she was taking.

Once the doctor left, Waylen returned to the bedroom to find Rena leaning against the pillow with a pale face. He couldn't help but think of last night. He was very satisfied and felt unprecedentedly good.

But Rena got sick, which made him feel a little regretful.

Unable to resist, he reached out to gently touch her face and whispered, "I will take you off the pill."

Rena, feeling embarrassed, turned her face away, evoking a tender response from Waylen.

He lowered his head and bestowed a gentle kiss upon her, only releasing her when her face turned red.

Rena raised her head, her eyes glistening with tears, and softly murmured, "Waylen... This game should come to an end!"

Between them, an unspoken understanding existed.

They had indeed shared a life together for a considerable period, but the woman he couldn't forget had returned. Waylen seemed to also relish Elvira's pursuit. Rena believed he should let her go; it would benefit them both.

Waylen remained silent, his gaze fixed upon her.

How could he possibly let her go?

Never! Until now, she was the only one he wanted!

Silence enveloped the room.

Rena refused to beg him and choked out. "I won't accompany you to the hotel anymore."

Waylen's Adam's apple bobbed, his thoughts returning to the events of the previous night.

In the midst of the somber atmosphere, his phone interrupted with a call from his friend.

Waylen activated the speakerphone and inquired, "What's the matter, Roscoe?"

On the other end, Roscoe Figueroa lazily smiled.

"Waylen, come out and play tonight. Last night wasn't enjoyable for you. Elvira has invited us to join her tonight. I'll make sure Tyrone apologizes to you! By the way, did you scold Rena? Don't treat her poorly. It's natural for her to be jealous because of Elvira; it shows she cares about you! I know you well! Don't go too hard on her."

Waylen refrained from retorting.

He gazed at Rena, his smile faint.

Rena, filled with anger, felt her neck reddening as she flung a pillow at him.

"I'm not jealous at all, Waylen! You can play with whomever you please. It has nothing to do with me," she exclaimed.

He smiled and said, "It was Roscoe's words, not mine."

Roscoe froze upon hearing this.

After a while, he changed his tone and laughed, saying, "Hahaha... Rena, I was just talking nonsense! Don't take it seriously!"

He lowered his voice and continued, "Waylen, will you come or not? Elvira has been abroad for years, and it's rare for all of us to get together and have some fun. Come and join us, alright?"

Roscoe was certain Waylen would agree, and Rena didn't dare stop him.

In their social circle, women supported by men usually didn't dare interfere in men's affairs; they remained obedient as they should. Those with bad tempers had already been abandoned by their partners.

Roscoe awaited Waylen's response, but to his surprise, Waylen indifferently replied, "No, I won't go. It's boring."

Roscoe found himself completely stunned.

"Waylen, I have a task."

Waylen responded straightforwardly, "Rena isn't feeling well. I have to take care of her at home."

Roscoe couldn't believe his ears.

They were accustomed to being served by women, so why was Waylen taking care of Rena instead? Waylen wasn't even a doctor!

Did he...

Roscoe asked seriously, "Waylen, do you genuinely like Rena?"

Waylen smiled and hung up the phone, turning his gaze toward Rena with a charming smile.

He asked, "Are you satisfied?"

Rena didn't want to engage with him at all.

His compromises and flirtations were nothing more than his usual tricks. If he truly liked her, he would promise a stable, long-term relationship, not just a physical one.

But he displayed consideration and made concessions, temporarily easing their relationship.

Throughout the weekend, Waylen took care of her, worked in the study, and even went downstairs to feed the white dog. Rena was still unwell.

Although he refrained from engaging in intimate moments, he still reveled in stealing kisses from her.

Whenever she succumbed to the passionate kisses, he would chuckle mischievously.

In the past two days, Rena felt as if their relationship had returned how it was before, but she knew that wasn't the case. He only acted considerate and liked to make her blush because he found her reaction interesting.

He didn't really care about how she really felt at all.

After two days of rest, Rena felt significantly better. A sudden craving for a cup of coffee struck her.

As she prepared it, the doorbell rang.

Waylen was occupied in the study, so Rena went to answer the door, assuming it was Cecilia.

However, as she opened the door, she was struck with astonishment.

Elvira stood before her with a gentle smile on her pretty face.

Her demeanor was far from malicious as it had been that



night.

Rena couldn't afford to be careless around Elvira.

She invited her inside and walked to the study door, addressing Waylen, "Miss Coleman is here. Would you like to see her?"