

## Chapter 30 Waylen's Decision

Rena gazed at the photograph for an extended duration, lost in contemplation.

She delicately caressed her phone, torn between a longing hesitation. In the end, she refrained from immediately responding to his message, opting instead to compose a reply half an hour later.

"Apologies, Mr. Fowler. I was fast asleep just moments ago," she conveyed.

Observing Rena's response, Waylen's countenance bloomed with a smile, cradling a glass of wine in his hand.

He found her endearing, with a touch of unique charm.

Choosing not to reply, he simply savored a sip of the crimson nectar held within his goblet.

In the ensuing days, Waylen did not make another appearance, yet intermittently sent Rena a photograph or a few words.

Each time, Rena abstained from reciprocating his messages.

Yet, an unspoken understanding of their deep connection lingered between them.

One morning, while en route to work, Rena's path was interrupted by a call from Waylen.

After a brief moment of hesitation, she answered the phone. "Mr. Fowler?"

Seated within his car, Waylen clutched a document upon his lap, the dossier pertaining to Darren's case.

Waylen recollected the prior evening when he had requested the document from Hyatt. In response, Hyatt had offered a knowing smile and remarked, "Waylen, why the sudden change of heart? Is it because of Miss Gordon? She's a remarkable woman and Tyrone really adores her..."

At that moment, donning a subtle smile, Waylen had implored Hyatt to keep Rena unaware.

Waylen expressed his need to reconsider the matter.

Presently, Waylen tenderly flipped through the documents and spoke to Rena, saying, "I will be embarking on a week-long business trip! When I return, let us rendezvous. There is something I must share with you." ①

Rena was uncertain about the nature of Waylen's impending revelation but she recognized the value of maintaining a positive rapport with him.

"Very well," Rena replied softly, her voice laced with acquiescence.

Waylen's heart melted, and he lowered his voice to a gentle whisper. "Why are you so compliant? Don't you realize that allowing men to treat you this way will only invite mistreatment?"

Blushing deeply, Rena found herself rendered speechless for a prolonged moment.

Waylen's smile blossomed.

After ending the call, he immersed himself in the document, investing considerable time in its perusal.

It was more than just a transaction; in fact, he felt remorse for Rena and desired to make amends.

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Setting her phone aside, Rena pondered what Waylen might disclose to her in a week's time.

So engrossed was she in her thoughts that she nearly missed her bus stop.

Hastening to the music studio, she entered to find

her colleagues casting peculiar glances in her direction, which baffled her.

In the end, one of Rena's confidant colleague leaned in and whispered, "Rena, the director has discovered your part-time job. She intends to speak with you later! Rumor has it that Aline informed the director. You and Aline joined the studio simultaneously. Your teaching skills were well-regarded and many students adored your classes. Aline has held a grudge against you for quite some time." <sup>3</sup>

Rena stood frozen, utterly taken aback.

Her colleague continued in hushed tones, aware of Rena's predicament and the justification behind her decision to take on a part-time job.

At that moment, a colleague approached Rena with utmost courtesy, politely requesting her presence in the director's office.

Rena trailed behind her, ascending to the second floor where the director's office resided. The assistant rapped on the door and announced, "Miss Rayne, Miss Gordon is here."

"Please, come in," a melodic female voice responded.

Rena turned the knob and entered.

Paisley Rayne, a capable woman in her early forties, occupied the desk, engrossed in perusing various documents. As Rena approached, Paisley gestured for her to take a seat.


Eager to offer an explanation, Rena was swiftly interrupted by Paisley's words. "Indeed, it was Aline who brought this matter to my attention. However, I have turned a blind eye to it for some time, considering the hardships your family has faced. But since yesterday, more and more parents have become aware of your part-time job and their discontent has flooded my phone lines. You are well aware that the families of the piano students in our esteemed music studio are either affluent or influential. I really cannot afford to offend these angry parents."

Rena comprehended the weight of Paisley's words.


Reluctant to burden Paisley, who had consistently treated her with kindness, let alone tarnish her own integrity, Rena delicately removed her work identification card and placed it upon the table.

Softly, she expressed her gratitude, saying, "I sincerely appreciate the nurturing guidance you

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have provided me over these past few years." 10

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