

Chapter 106 The Silent Treatment

Waylen surmised that Rena's anger had reached a profound depth, causing him to tread cautiously amidst her fury.

He delicately whispered in her ear, "He is but a trifling figure. Is it truly worthwhile to unleash such fury upon me?"

The lateness of the hour dissuaded Rena from engaging in a verbal clash with him.

In response, she softened her disposition and tenderly embraced his waist, speaking words of trust. "I place my faith in you."

Then, she closed her eyes and, after a while, succumbed to slumber.

Waylen, however, found sleep elusive.

As he beheld her cherubic visage, he clenched his teeth in frustration.

Indeed, she was soundly asleep!

Despite the discord that had transpired between them, she seemed disinclined to engage in communication or seek resolution.

Waylen's temper was far from amiable.

With her aloofness, he refrained from further attempts at appeasement.

The dawn arrived.

Upon awakening, he discovered Rena absent from their shared resting place.

The distant sounds of domestic chores reached his ears.

Reclining on his back, Waylen reflected upon the events of the previous night. He concluded that their relationship ought not to be in such disarray.

A quarrel should never have marred their connection.

Having arrived at this realization, Waylen arose, freshened himself and donned his formal attire.

A light gray shirt, black suit pants and a distinguished trench coat adorned his frame.

He fastened his watch and proceeded to exit the room. Rena was busying herself with setting the table.

The morning sunlight bathed her figure, endowing her with an air of gentility. Yet, Waylen couldn't forget the tempestuousness she had exhibited the night before.

Seating himself, he savored a cup of coffee and perused the morning newspaper.

Rena prepared a delectable egg salad sandwich for him.

Waylen took a bite and marveled at its superior flavor, surpassing even the sandwiches served in restaurants. Thus, he gazed intently at the culinary masterpiece before him.

Noticing his fixed stare upon the sandwich, Rena took a seat beside him and inquired gently, "Doesn't it taste good?"

Waylen directed his gaze towards her.

After a brief pause, a smile crept across his face as he uttered, "It tastes exquisite!"

Rena remained silent, sipping her milk at a leisurely pace.

Waylen observed her drifting into absentmindedness once again.

With no words exchanged, he simply took his coat and exited the premises. Rena followed suit, retrieving the shoes he intended to wear from the entryway. If she treated another man in the same manner, he might become complacent.

But Waylen did not. The more tender she grew, the more distanced he felt.

Now, Rena simply viewed and treated him as her sugar daddy!

Waylen couldn't ascertain whether this was beneficial or not. Regardless, it failed to bring him happiness.

He fixed his gaze upon her and spoke indifferently, "I will be departing for a business trip to Heron in two days. Would you like to accompany me?"

Rena displayed surprise.

After contemplation, she responded, "I have to give Danna lessons twice this week. I may not have the time to accompany you."

Waylen did not press the matter and proceeded to open the door.

As Rena stared at the closed door, she pondered if this was a form of silent treatment.

In reality, their conflict was not significant and they had not engaged in a major quarrel. However, after witnessing him dining with that captivating client, Rena found it impossible to treat him as she once did.

At the very least, she couldn't engage in any intimate gestures with him now.

She was human, not a mere automaton.

Once Waylen departed, Rena diligently tidied up the apartment.

At noon, a call from the pawnshop interrupted her tasks.

Anxiously, Rena hastily answered, "Hello, any news?"

The apologetic voice of the manager came through. "I'm sincerely sorry, Miss Gordon! Your necklace was purchased by a middleman but, regrettably, he did not provide any contact details. Despite our best efforts, we failed to locate him."

A tinge of disappointment washed over Rena.

After a prolonged silence, she said softly, "If you receive any updates, please inform me. I am willing to repurchase it at twice the price."

The manager offered words of solace.

Rena caressed her phone, a melancholic air about her.

The opportunity to reclaim her mother's heirloom had slipped away.

Following the events of the previous night, Rena felt compelled to seek employment.

She needed to establish a sense of independence. Otherwise, she would find it difficult to detach herself from Waylen when their relationship inevitably ended.

Her resume was impressive, ensuring she could secure a job without much difficulty.

However, she desired to secure something more substantial.

Around noon, Eloise called, inviting her back home for lunch.

Upon returning, Rena discovered that it was her twenty-fourth birthday. Eloise had prepared a magnificent three-tiered cake and a table adorned with an array of delectable dishes.

Darren, sporting a smile, playfully placed a birthday cap on Rena's head and exclaimed, "Fortunately, I can partake in

celebrating your special day! I have never missed a single one of your birthdays."

Eloise playfully nudged him, cautioning him to choose his words carefully.

Rena's eyes glistened with moisture.

She embraced them tightly.

Although they were not her biological parents, they showered her with boundless love.

At least now, her father was safe.

In that moment, the grievances from the previous night dissipated, replaced with a sense of gratitude.

Amidst the lunchtime conversation, Darren inquired about Rena's employment situation.

After a momentary pause, Rena replied, "I have resigned from my position at the music studio. I intend to seek a new job."

Darren harbored no skepticism regarding her statement.

Eloise, lost in her own contemplations, summoned Rena to the bedroom after the meal. She closed the door, cutting off any external distractions, and addressed the matter directly.

"Have you had a quarrel with Waylen?"

Rena chose not to conceal the truth from her.

Vaguely, she responded, "In any case, I need to secure a job."

Though not explicitly stated, Eloise possessed a keen

understanding that Rena must have endured mistreatment due to Waylen.

Furthermore, Waylen's absence during Darren's illness was a clear indication that he did not regard Rena with seriousness.

Eloise quietly wiped away her tears.

She retrieved a card from the safe, containing a sum of five million dollars, which constituted half of Darren's savings.

Rena resisted accepting it.

Eloise firmly grasped her hand and placed the card within it.

In a choked voice, Eloise uttered, "I had no other choice before! I am deeply sorry! Rena, you are currently with Waylen. While the Fowler family is affluent, if you solely rely on Waylen's finances, you will be subjected to scorn. Purchase some clothes and shoes for him with your own money. Do not constantly try to save money, or they will look down upon you."

Rena experienced profound sadness.

Eloise continued, "I believe you do not need to seek employment. Instead, consider renting a place and establishing your own music studio. I have faith in your capabilities! It is best for you to cultivate your own career."

Rena's gaze descended upon the card in her hands.

After a significant period of contemplation, she embraced Eloise tenderly and expressed, "Thank you, Eloise."

Eloise, wiping away her tears, added, "Do not divulge anything about Waylen to your father. His health is fragile and he cannot withstand any distress."

Rena nodded solemnly, affirming, "I understand."

As she departed, Rena faintly discerned the sound of Eloise weeping in solitude within the confines of the bedroom.

At six o'clock in the evening, Rena arrived back at the apartment.

Waylen had returned and Jazlyn was swiftly packing on his behalf.

Efficiently, Jazlyn completed the task.

Positioned by the French window, Waylen engaged in a grave conversation over the phone. It appeared that there were complications regarding the case.

After concluding the call, Waylen directed his gaze towards Rena.

"The business trip has been rescheduled. It will commence in approximately a week."

Rena yearned to disclose her plans of opening a music studio to him. However, the timing seemed evidently inappropriate to broach the subject. Hence, she softly inquired, "What time is your flight?"

"In two hours," he replied.

Rena raised her eyes to meet his gaze.

She surmised that he was genuinely preoccupied, to the extent that he had no time even for the silent treatment.

Just as Rena found herself at a loss for words, Waylen grabbed his luggage and addressed Jazlyn, "Rena will accompany me to the airport."

Rena stood frozen in place.

Waylen tenderly patted her head and proposed, "If you change your mind now, I will have Jazlyn book a ticket for you."