

Chapter 141 Rena, Sleep In The Master Bedroom!

Rena's discomfort grew stronger, causing her to feel uneasy in Waylen's presence.

In a hushed voice, she murmured, "I'll go make some noodles for you."

Waylen watched her silently, and after a moment, he apologized in a hoarse voice, "Rena, I'm sorry."

Filled with panic, Rena almost fled from the scene.

Waylen averted his gaze, lowered his head, and lit a cigarette.

Around 20 minutes later, a delightful aroma wafted from the kitchen, signaling that the noodles were ready.

Waylen stubbed out his cigarette and made his way towards the dining room.

Rena served him a bowl of noodles, intending to leave, but he grabbed her hand and implored, "Stay with me."

She shook her head, her expression serious. "Waylen, if you weren't injured, I wouldn't have come here at all."

Surprisingly, Rena remained remarkably composed. Perhaps the countless times she had shed tears because of him had

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Waylen didn't push the matter further, but he suddenly lost his appetite for the noodles.

He hastily finished his meal.

She then fetched a blanket from the guest room and pointed to the sofa.

"I'll sleep here tonight."

Waylen protested, "Sleep in the master bedroom! We've shared a bed before, and I promise I won't do anything to you."

Rena wasn't naive.

She knew Waylen possessed strong sexual desires, and if they were to sleep together, he would struggle to restrain himself. Furthermore, they had broken up, so there was no reason for them to share a bed.

Firmly, she refused, "It's better for us to maintain some distance from each other."

Exhaustion washed over her as the alcohol's effects wore off,

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and she longed for rest. Wrapping herself in the blanket, Rena lay down on the sofa and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Waylen gazed at her peaceful sleeping face, his Adam's apple bobbing with mixed emotions.

He quietly entered the bedroom, retrieved a quilt, and gently placed it over Rena. Although she didn't stir, she instinctively clutched the quilt, curling up and appearing even more delicate.

The realization that she had consumed a significant amount of alcohol that night tugged at Waylen's heart.

Had he caused her so much pain?

Did she prefer struggling so much on her own rather than taking his help?

Waylen entered his study and dialed a number, with Paisley answering on the other end.

Paisley's voice oozed politeness as she spoke.

"Mr. Fowler, it's quite late. What's the matter?"

Waylen held the phone, his tone cold and detached.

"Miss Rayne, are you still accepting new students?"

Paisley's eyes widened in surprise.

Of course, she desired students from affluent families the most!

Waylen's response was casual. "Tomorrow, I'll bring a student

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to you. Let Rena be her teacher!"

Paisley was dumbfounded and couldn't help but ask, "Your child?"

Waylen chuckled softly. "Have you ever seen Rena pregnant? The child is a relative's."

Paisley found his audacity rather impressive.

Waylen appeared dignified and serious in public, as seen in newspapers and magazines. She never expected him to be so lighthearted in private.

Nevertheless, earning money was always a good thing. Seizing the opportunity, Paisley subtly inquired about Rena.

Waylen's words held a deeper meaning.

"Rena is tired and sleeping."

Early the next morning, when Rena awoke, Waylen had already risen.

His injuries seemed to have improved, and he sat in the dining room, sipping coffee and reading the newspaper.

Dressed in a charcoal gray shirt and a dark tie, he looked as handsome as ever.

Rena found herself lost in thought.

Waylen's gaze fell upon her, and he softly alerted her, "You're missing a button."

Rena glanced down, discovering that the third button on her

champagne-colored shirt was gone.

A blush immediately appeared on her face.

Due to her seated position, her shirt had naturally opened, revealing her cleavage.

Hastily, she pulled her clothes back into place.

She searched for the button on the sofa but couldn't find it.

"Go to the walk-in closet and change your clothes. All your clothes are still there," Waylen suggested.

Rena remained silent.

Those expensive garments were purchased when he doted on her. Now that they had broken up, she saw no reason to keep them.

It was similar to the morning dew piano she once adored.

Even though she loved it dearly, she had lost all interest in playing.

In a low voice, Rena stated, "I'd prefer to use the guest room."

Having lived there before, she knew the location of the sewing kit and proceeded to sew the missing button.

Rena didn't bother with washing her face or brushing her teeth; a splash of water sufficed.

Upon exiting, she glanced at Waylen.

"Mr. Fowler, you seem fine now. I'll take my leave then."

Waylen set the newspaper aside and observed her quietly.

"Have breakfast before you go. It was delivered from the mansion early this morning."

Rena offered a faint smile.

"It's inappropriate and not necessary."

Her demeanor towards him was excessively polite, as if she were an ordinary person interacting with a celebrity.

He didn't know how others won back their girlfriends, but he had a feeling that the woman he was with was more difficult to coax than any other ordinary woman!

His gaze was fixed on her while he was deep in thought.

The atmosphere became somewhat awkward. Rena slightly bent down and said, "Mr. Fowler, thank you for continuing to help my father with the lawsuit. I'm sincerely grateful to you."

Waylen felt extremely uncomfortable.

She acted as if he was someone else. Yet they had once shared this apartment, living harmoniously and being perfectly compatible in every aspect of their lives, including physical intimacy.

Waylen felt a twinge of annoyance.

Picking up the newspaper again, he responded indifferently, "Do as you wish."

Rena swiftly departed.

She hailed a taxi and returned to her own apartment, where

she showered and changed her clothes.

Breakfast was consumed during the taxi ride.

Arriving at the music studio, Paisley apologized, "I'm sorry, Rena. I couldn't risk offending Mr. Fowler last night."

Rena didn't hold it against her.

"It's alright. I actually needed to have a clear conversation with him."

Paisley proudly displayed the contract signed by Roderick and complimented Rena, "You did an exceptional job last night. Mr. Medina is notoriously difficult to handle, yet you successfully secured his signature."

Rena offered a faint smile.

She was aware that Waylen's unexpected appearance had provided her with the opportunity to get Roderick to sign the contract with them.

She didn't wish to discuss Waylen, so she chose not to say anything.

However, Paisley had another significant piece of news to share. "Last night, Waylen called and mentioned that his relative's child will be learning the piano, specifically requesting you as the teacher! Rena, do you know of any children in the Fowler family? Or is this child perhaps Waylen's illegitimate child, and he's trying to keep it under wraps?"

Rena pondered for a moment.

While it wasn't unusual for the Fowler family to have relatives with children, there weren't many whom Waylen would be particularly concerned about.

She couldn't think of anyone who fit that description.

Paisley brushed it off and waved her hand. "We'll find out when the child arrives."

Then, Paisley remembered Waylen's words from the previous night and asked curiously, "Rena, did you two... have sex last night?"

Rena was taking a sip of water and nearly choked upon hearing the question.

In an instant, the atmosphere changed.

She gazed at Paisley, a mix of embarrassment and anger evident in her eyes.

Paisley shrugged. "He mentioned you were tired and fell asleep, so I couldn't help but wonder!"

And to be fair, Waylen did seem quite eager last night!

Rena wiped her clothes, her voice soft and reproachful. "No, he was injured, and I only tended to his wound. We've broken up, and there's nothing between us anymore."

Paisley couldn't help but feel a tinge of sympathy.

Waylen possessed an attractive physique and exuded

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undeniable charm. Many women were drawn to him.



Just then, a call interrupted their conversation.

"Miss Gordon, a relative of Mr. Fowler has arrived and wishes to enroll in your VIP class."



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