

## Chapter 150 Dry Her Hair

---

Waylen paused, his thoughts momentarily halted.

"Set them aside somewhere! I haven't yet determined how to handle them," he asserted.

Claribel inquired, her curiosity piqued, "And what about the piano? It's a gracious gift from you to Miss Gordon, purportedly named Louis XII. I've heard it's quite costly! Since you don't play the piano, should you request Jazlyn's assistance in managing it as well?"

Waylen found himself at a loss for words.

"That piano is known as Morning Dew," he finally murmured, his voice soft and restrained.

Claribel's lips curled, revealing a hint of dissatisfaction.

Waylen directed his gaze towards the Morning Dew piano, his eyes lingering upon it. After a while, he murmured with a casual tone, "You need not concern yourself with it."

Claribel refrained from further inquiries.

Waylen, reluctant to discard Rena's belongings, was

obviously still harboring feelings for her.

Claribel speculated that he might even attempt to reconcile with her, imploring her to return.

Undeterred, Claribel resumed her work.

Waylen, lost in thought, absentmindedly cradled a cup of coffee in his hand.

In the subsequent week, Waylen found himself succumbing to a detrimental habit. He would routinely tail Rena after work, feigning coincidental encounters.

On occasion, he shadowed Rena to her favored locales.

Other times, he trailed Rena to the music bar and restaurant frequented by Robert.

Although Waylen and Robert were not personally acquainted, their families maintained some level of connection, fostering a degree of familiarity.

While Robert remained oblivious to the intricate details of Waylen and Rena's history, he gradually detected peculiarities in their interactions.

Curiosity finally compelled Robert to question Rena. Rena, somewhat taken aback, assumed Robert was already aware of the circumstances.

Yet, upon regaining her composure, she admitted to her prior involvement with Waylen.

Having spoken her truth, she anxiously awaited

Robert's reaction.

Understanding that some men placed great importance on such matters, Rena vowed not to impose if Robert couldn't accept it.

At that moment, Robert remained silent, his thoughts concealed.

However, as he escorted her back later, he asked softly within the confines of the car, "Rena, if Waylen were to express a desire for reconciliation, would you consider it?"

Men possessed an inherent understanding of their own kind.

It was common knowledge that Waylen had no intentions of marrying.

Robert surmised that this might have been the underlying cause of their breakup.

Yet, in recent times, Waylen persistently made his presence known to Rena. In Robert's estimation, the reason behind this audacity displayed by a man of such pride might lie in his desire to uphold his dignity, hoping that Rena would take the initiative to reconcile.

Yearning to uncover Rena's true intentions, Robert posed the question, fixating his gaze intently upon her.

Rena reclined against her seat, her thoughts

momentarily adrift.

She turned her head to meet his eyes, recognizing the amicable rapport they had been fostering. Though their connection remained lukewarm, it exuded a gentle warmth. With the exception of the tender Christmas Eve kiss upon her forehead, Robert had never acted recklessly towards her.

She understood the depth of Robert's affection for her.

Likewise, she cherished this relationship and yearned for their future together.

After a prolonged silence, Rena spoke softly, her words resonating with sincerity.

"Robert, I'm wholehearted in my commitment."

Upon hearing these words, a wave of relief washed over Robert. The inner turmoil he had experienced remained concealed.

Aware of his own merits, being handsome and hailing from a prosperous lineage, he also couldn't help but acknowledge his inferiority compared to Waylen. Waylen possessed a prominent social status and charisma that appealed to countless women!

This knowledge was what made Robert uncomfortable. However, Rena's earnest proclamation provided solace and reassurance.

Leaning closer, he tenderly kissed Rena on the



cheek, his voice tinged with a hint of huskiness. "It's only nine o'clock. Would it be permissible for me to accompany you home and spend some time together?"

Rena playfully tousled her hair, reminiscing about the restaurant mishap where an innocent child accidentally smeared chocolate on her locks.

Offering an apologetic smile, Rena remarked, "I'll need to wash the chocolate off my hair. Regrettably, I won't be able to prepare coffee for you."

Robert's gaze lingered upon her, his eyes filled with tenderness.

"I desire to visit your abode not for the sake of coffee. Allow me the privilege of assisting you in drying your hair later, alright?"

Rena found no reason to decline.

She had been involved with Robert for several dates, their connection deepening with each passing encounter. How could she deny him entry into her sanctuary?

With a smile adorning her face, she replied, "Then I'll wash my hair after brewing the coffee."

A subtle smile graced Robert's lips.

In truth, Rena herself didn't even notice that her interactions with him during their dates lacked a certain sense of informality.

Rena led him to her apartment on the fourth floor. The living space, though modest with an area of approximately 50 square meters, emanated an inviting warmth.

Rena proceeded to prepare a cup of coffee for him before retreating to the bathroom to wash her hair. Upon emerging, she discovered Robert standing by the window, a cup of coffee clasped in his hand, his gaze fixed on something outside.

Rena gently towel-dried her hair and inquired, "What captivates your attention?"

Robert's eyes, transfixed upon the golden Bentley Continental GT parked below, shifted towards Rena as she approached. Raising his coffee cup in a gesture of approval, he uttered, "This coffee is exquisite."

"I'm delighted to hear that you appreciate it," Rena responded warmly.

Robert's smile widened as he beckoned, "Come here! Allow me to aid you in drying your hair."

Rena harbored no doubts.

She handed him the hairdryer, positioning herself with her back turned, unaware of Waylen's presence down below.

With gentle strokes, Robert tenderly dried Rena's hair.

Upon completing the task, he encircled her in a loving embrace, whispering from behind, "I long to spend the night here with you."

Rena's body tensed instinctively.

Delicately disentangling herself, she whispered softly, her voice laced with caution, "Robert, it wouldn't be appropriate."

A bitter smile graced Robert's lips.

He acknowledged Rena's rationality, appreciating her sensible approach. However, when a woman's love became overly rational, it often signified a lack of wholehearted devotion to the relationship.

There was no trace of desire in her eyes.

Silently contemplating for a brief moment, Robert eventually departed.

As he descended the stairs, the Bentley Continental GT remained parked, its window rolled down. Waylen, indulging in a cigarette, caught Robert's attention. Robert couldn't help but acknowledge Waylen's undeniable handsomeness.

In a courteous gesture, Robert nodded towards him. Waylen, his gaze fixed upon Robert for a long while before finally reciprocating the nod.

Before Robert could enter his own car, Waylen discarded his cigarette, stepping on the accelerator and swiftly drove away.

Watching the departing vehicle, Robert experienced a tumult of emotions.

Waylen returned to his apartment, shedding his coat and carelessly tossing it onto the sofa.

Settling in front of the piano, he positioned his slender fingers upon the ebony and ivory keys, closing his eyes. The sound of Moonlight Sonata, a composition often played by Rena, filled the room. Waylen possessed a certain level of skill in playing the piano, albeit not a virtuoso.

Yet, he had chosen not to reveal this talent to Rena, deeming it unnecessary.

His intention had always been to remain with her for a year or two before parting ways amicably, compensating her generously with a substantial sum of money as recompense.

However, their relationship had come to an abrupt end in less than two months.

Rena had no desire for any form of recompense from Waylen. All she yearned for was to break free from him and embark on a new chapter of her life.

There was an undeniable air of contentment radiating from Rena when she was in Robert's company.

Rena and Robert had been together for a span of ten days.



Robert had managed to visit her home after only ten days with her.

Would their intimacy escalate soon, culminating in a physical union?

The piano emitted a somber note, its melancholic resonance filling the room.

Waylen directed his gaze towards the Morning Dew piano in silent contemplation.

Memories flooded his mind, harking back to the first time he had shared a physical connection with Rena.

He had gifted her the piano and she had rearranged the apartment, her happiness palpable in those moments.

Unbeknownst to Rena, this act of generosity from a man of elevated status was merely a common means of keeping his lover happy.

He indulged her whims and desires, manipulating her affections to satiate his own carnal desires.

After all, the physical union between two individuals who share a genuine emotional connection is an entirely distinct experience. For instance, every time Rena moaned beneath him, her eyes brimming with adoration, it heightened Waylen's pleasure.

Would she gaze upon Robert in such a manner in the

days to come?

Waylen refused to permit such a future to materialize!

He had reached the threshold of his patience, his forbearance hanging by a thread.