

## Chapter 27 Waylen, What Are Your Intentions Towards Me

After Rena bid farewell to the hospital, her next destination was the detention center, where she intended to visit her father. 3

Darren's overall condition was satisfactory despite his complexion appearing slightly darker and that he seemed to have lost a bit of weight.

A wave of relief washed over Rena, soothing her troubled mind.

After that day, Rena continued to immerse herself in her bustling life.

Throughout the daytime, she devoted herself to her work at the music studio, while in the evenings, she divided her time between playing the piano at the restaurant and tutoring some students. Exhaustion had become her constant companion, yet the additional income made it all worthwhile.

As the days trickled away, a week had passed and, during this time, Rena had not encountered

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the restaurant and tutoring some students. Exhaustion had become her constant companion, yet the additional income made it all worthwhile.

As the days trickled away, a week had passed and, during this time, Rena had not encountered Waylen. However, through the entertainment section of the newspaper, she managed to glean some information about his whereabouts, learning that he had embarked on a journey to Heron.


During his time in Heron, he had attended a grand event for the elite, elegantly adorned in a black velvet suit, a pristine white shirt and a stylish black bow tie.

Mesmerizing and refined, Waylen stood out amidst the bustling crowd in the photograph.

Beside him, a stunning woman graced his presence. Waylen had his arm casually draped around her waist. They looked like a couple.

Rena's discerning eyes quickly recognized the woman as an esteemed A-lister, renowned for her exceptional acting prowess.

In the photograph, she leaned against Waylen, her countenance radiating a palpable ambition to

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secure her position within the esteemed Fowler family through marriage.

With gentle grace, Rena carefully set aside the newspaper, allowing its pages to settle quietly.

Thankfully, Rena did not harbor any illusions of Waylen treating her with particular significance.

It was ordinary for a man of his wealth and influence to attract numerous admirers of the fairer sex.

Two days later, Rena was engaged in her part-time stint at the restaurant as usual.

Unexpectedly that night, Waylen made an appearance.

Clad in a dashing dark blue shirt, complemented by charcoal suit pants and a sleek black trench coat, he exuded an air of maturity and undeniable handsomeness.

He arrived unaccompanied, occupying a seat and ordering some food, yet barely touching his meal. Leaning back against the chair, he leisurely absorbed the enchanting melodies produced by Rena's skillful fingers dancing across the piano keys.

Perplexed by his sudden visit, Rena had no choice but to feign indifference and carry on with her performance, purposefully ignoring his presence.


As the clock struck ten, signaling the end of the bustling evening at the restaurant, the doors closed and a sense of tranquility descended upon the establishment.

Rena, on the verge of completing her shift, prepared to bid farewell to her workplace.

As she made her way towards the exit, she couldn't help but notice the absence of Waylen from his usual seat.

A mixture of relief and self-reflection washed over Rena. She realized her own narrow-mindedness and acknowledged the need to express her gratitude to him for his care during her time in the hospital.

Stepping out of the restaurant, Rena found herself confronted by a resplendent sight: a golden Bentley Continental GT parked right before her. The window gracefully descended, revealing Waylen behind the wheel.

"Get in the car," he uttered succinctly. 

After a brief moment of hesitation, Rena acquiesced and opened the door, mindful of the unnecessary attention his fancy car would attract. Waylen initiated the car's engine and kindly reminded her, "Please fasten your seat belt." <sup>2</sup>

A blush adorned Rena's cheeks as she hurriedly complied with his request.

Taking a moment to steal a glance at him, Rena observed Waylen in his current state. He was donning a mere shirt and suit pants, his coat casually draped on the back seat of the car.

Unexpectedly, Waylen posed a question, "Do you find me handsome?" <sup>2</sup>


Rena's blush deepened, rendering her speechless for a moment.

As Waylen's car came to a halt at a red light, he turned his gaze towards Rena, his eyes filled with profound meaning.

After a brief hesitation, Rena summoned her courage and spoke up. "Mr. Fowler, I want to express my gratitude for what you did that day."

Waylen maintained his silence. <sup>3</sup>

Summoning every ounce of bravery, Rena pressed

Chapter 27 Waylen, What Are Your Int  +90 Points at most on, "There's a bus stop up ahead. I can easily catch a night bus from there."

Finally, Waylen broke his silence. "Rena, stay with me for a little while."

He had addressed her by her name so softly.

In that moment, Rena's heart melted, her resolve wavering.

Waylen steered the car towards the base of a secluded mountain, where solitude prevailed, offering an atmosphere suited for more intimate endeavors. 1


It was only then that Rena began to fully comprehend the situation.

Evidently, Waylen's spirits were dampened, evident from his somber demeanor.

Retrieving a cigarette from his pocket, he ignited it, allowing the tendrils of smoke to curl and intertwine with the night air.

The picturesque scene unfolded, transcending words to encapsulate its ethereal beauty.

At the base of the mountain, a subtle chill permeated the air. Rena, clad in a delicate dress, soon felt the nip of the cold, causing her nose to

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blush crimson, accentuating her complexion and  
rendering her visage all the more captivating. 1

Recognizing Rena's discomfort, Waylen gracefully  
stooped down, retrieved his coat and gently  
draping it around her shoulders. "Put this on," he  
instructed.

"Thank you."

A quiver danced within Rena's voice as she  
responded, gratitude lacing her words. However,  
a tinge of regret whispered within her, questioning  
her decision to be here with Waylen. Tonight, she  
perceived an enigmatic shift in his demeanor, as if  
he was veiled by an aura of intrigue.

Her intuition soon proved to be correct.

Following the completion of his cigarette, Waylen  
leaned in to kiss her. 9

Amidst the throes of the intimate moment, Rena's  
senses began to regain clarity. Resting against  
Waylen's shoulder, she delicately whispered, her  
voice laden with inquiry, "Waylen... What are your  
intentions toward me?" 1

Waylen met her gaze, his eyes brimming with  
understanding, comprehending her unspoken

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desire to preserve the sanctity of their connection.  
She evidently did not want to have sex with him.

3

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