

## Chapter 373 Waylen's Stratagem

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Rena sat in the library, her profile exuding an air of graceful elegance that captivated Aline's attention.

Having been intimate with other men before, Aline possessed a keen sense to discern the distinct aura emanating from Rena.

In the past, Rena had been beautiful but visibly innocent and inexperienced. Yet now, her bearing exuded the unmistakable feminine aura of someone cherished by a man. Could it be because of Waylen?

Thoughts of the distinguished and noble man stirred a bitter envy within Aline.

At that moment, Rena glanced up and caught sight of her.

The tension between them, exacerbated by Vera, remained unresolved, causing Rena to intentionally ignore her and continue reading.

Aline entertained the notion of approaching Rena, but the four vigilant bodyguards promptly intervened, obstructing her path.

Her actions drew the attention of onlookers.

Flushed with embarrassment, Aline clenched her teeth and muttered, "Rena, let's wait and see!" With those words, she turned on her heel and left.

Meanwhile, Rena resumed her reading, seemingly unperturbed.

Outside, Aline contacted Joseph, demanding, "Where are you?"

Due to Aline's interference, Joseph had ended his relationship with Vera. He responded indignantly, "It is none of your business! Aline, I've made myself clear."

Aline lowered her gaze and adopted a seductive smile. "Let's meet."

Joseph hesitated, eventually agreeing to rendezvous at a five-star hotel.

Afterward, following two encounters, Joseph emerged from a shower, draped in a bathrobe, and sat anxiously on the sofa, smoking.

Aline sneered inwardly.

She was well aware of his inner turmoil. He yearned to win back Vera's forgiveness, yet couldn't resist the temptation of Aline's body.

From the depths of her heart, she held Joseph in contempt.

Nonetheless, she had a favor to ask of him. She draped herself in a bath towel and pressed her body against his shoulder, saying, "There's a piano performance scheduled for the school's anniversary. It's a rare chance to make such an appearance."

Joseph smoked in silence.

Unsure whether he would be cooperative or not, Aline had no other option but to seek his help.

After a protracted silence, Joseph stubbed out his cigarette and offered a faint smile. "For your efforts today, I'll assist you." However, he continued, "Aline, you still don't grasp the intricacies of the upper echelons in Duefron. Our status is worlds apart. You can't fathom the influence of the Fowler family. Do you really want me to compete with Waylen? Do you think I have an easy life?"

Aline dismissed his concerns as exaggeration.

Joseph stood up, discarding his bathrobe and beginning to don his clothes.

In the midst of dressing, he spoke casually. "Put differently, no one from our generation dares to challenge Waylen."

As Joseph contemplated the subtle changes in Waylen's demeanor, he patted Aline's cheek and left behind a wad of money.

Infuriated and humiliated, Aline tossed the money back at him.

She couldn't accept this!

The opportunity was too precious to relinquish, especially after witnessing Rena rehearsing the following day. A vision of the grand stage arrangement played in her mind: the Morning Dew Piano that was once played by Louis II, the stage adorned with delicate roses, and the crystal chandelier above refracting an illusionary radiance.

Rena's natural talent was undeniable. After this performance, she would garner accolades within the circle of pianists. However, Aline couldn't bear being no match for Rena in this field forever.

Jealousy flared within Aline as she stared at Rena.

In that instant, an electrician in work attire approached and ascended a ladder to inspect the lighting.

The crystal chandelier flickered overhead.

Aline's heart raced. She couldn't help but imagine a scenario... What if the chandelier were to fall upon Rena? Then, no one would challenge her for the top spot in the performance!

Rena's pride would be shattered.

Only two days remained before the school's anniversary.



Aline spared no effort as she tenaciously trailed the electrician back to his rented house.

The man, in his early twenties and leading a solitary existence, rarely interacted with others.

Aline was skilled at leveraging her advantages.

She followed him and knocked on the door. Mistaking her for a food delivery man, the young man opened the door without much thought. But his expectant expression faded when he saw a striking woman before him, her sharp features betraying a shrewdness.

Momentarily taken aback by the stranger's presence, the young electrician muttered under his breath, "I didn't call for any, you know, services."

A trace of annoyance crossed Aline's face at his misinterpretation.

With a bright smile, she gently corrected, "I'm a student at the music school, not providing that kind of service!"

Quickly adjusting his attire, the young man allowed her in.

Aline entered and shut the door behind her.

She surveyed the room, her gaze finally resting on the young man's smooth chest. Adopting an air of arrogance, she declared, "I want to make a deal with you."

The young man crouched to find a cigarette. "As I mentioned, I didn't call for any service."

From her bag, Aline produced a stack of one hundred thousand dollars and placed it on his worn-out table.

"I need your assistance."

As she laid out her plan, the young man swiftly declined. He



pushed the money back into her bag, ushered Aline out, and firmly stated. "I won't engage in such a cruel act!"

Aline persisted, "It won't demand much effort from you!"

Reluctant to comply, the man scratched his head.

Biting her lip, Aline left her phone number and said, "Give me a call if you decide! Opportunities like this to earn money don't come often. Take your time."

After she departed, the young man sat on the edge of the bed, entangled in a dilemma, smoking thoughtfully.

He gazed at the phone number, tempted to tear it up.

Inappropriately, the stunning profile of the young girl from the rehearsal that day flashed in his mind.

Her fair complexion and slender figure captivated him as she sat at the piano.

Suddenly, a knock echoed at the door once again. Assuming it was Aline, he swung the door open and retorted, "I already told you, I won't do such a cruel thing!"

His words froze in his throat as he faced an unfamiliar man.

Dressed in a business suit and windbreaker, the newcomer exuded an air of nobility that set him apart. The man leisurely smoked a cigarette, his deep eyes fixed on the young man.

Too intimidated to invite him inside, the young man recognized the stark contrast between their surroundings.

Nevertheless, the distinguished man entered the room uninvited.

Waylen instantly noticed the paper on the table, displaying Aline's phone number. He picked it up delicately and inquired casually. "Someone visited earlier, didn't they? Offered you



money for a task?"

He smirked. "You declined her, didn't you?"

The young man remained silent.

Waylen produced a check worth eight million from his pocket. "This sum is sufficient for you to acquire a decent apartment in Duefron. But here's my condition: call her back and agree to her request!"

Taken aback, the young man considered his options.

While eight million was beyond his wildest dreams, he couldn't forsake his conscience.

Perceiving his hesitation, Waylen smiled. "I don't want you to harm anyone! The young girl playing the piano is my girlfriend. I care deeply for her! Don't worry. She won't perform on stage."

The young man found this difficult to believe.

Yet the affection in Waylen's eyes when speaking of the girl was convincing.

After a prolonged deliberation, the young man accepted the check, albeit with uncertainty. "Is this really alright?"

"I promise!" Waylen affirmed.

Subsequently, the young man contacted Aline.

Stammering, he consented. "I agree with your terms. Are you genuinely offering me a hundred thousand?"

On the other end, Aline's laughter dripped with cynicism.

How could a man of his meager means resist the allure of money?

She promptly returned to his rented house.

After the young man received the money, they struck a deal.

Anxious, she tried to coerce him with sexual advances.

However, the young man gripped his shirt tightly, flushing. "I can't do that. I've vowed to reserve such intimacy for my future wife."

Aline's plan had backfired.

Late into the night, she left the shabby rental house in her heels and hailed a taxi.

Once the car had departed, a slender figure emerged from behind a tree.

It was Waylen.

His expression remained indifferent as he stared after the receding vehicle.

