

Chapter 90 She Really Likes Waylen

Miss Rayne?

Rena figured that Claribel was talking about Paisley Rayne, the director of the music studio she once worked for. Paisley had treated her well before, so Rena couldn't refuse her invitation.

After breakfast, Rena called Paisley.

Paisley didn't say much over the phone. She just smiled and said, "I have some good news. Let's talk about it over lunch."

Rena's curiosity was definitely piqued.

She still had a few hours before then, so Rena took the time to measure the curtains in the living room and took photos of the apartment. Then she decided to go to the furniture shop in the afternoon.

At noon, she met Paisley in a restaurant. Paisley liked spicy food, and Rena agreed to whatever she ordered. Soon, Rena's face turned a little red from the spiciness.

When they were almost done eating, Paisley went down to business.

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"Did you know that Aline was rejected by the parents of our students?"

Rena paused and looked at her in confusion.

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Paisley smiled at her meaningfully.

"Rena, do you really not know? Or are you pretending not to know?"

"Does... Does it have anything to do with me?" Rena asked hesitantly.

Paisley didn't keep her guessing anymore and went straight to the point. "You could say that it was because of Mr. Fowler. He attended the school reunion with you, which turned the tables for you. After all, those parents aren't idiots. They all want to get close to Waylen by sucking up to you."

Then, she shrugged and said bluntly, "They want you to teach their children."

Rena couldn't help but crack a smile.

Paisley guessed what was on her mind, but she didn't want to force her. "It's okay if you don't want to come back to work. If I were you, I'd also be reluctant. Anyway, I thought you should also know that Aline can't work in the music studio anymore. Someone wanted to have her kicked out of the industry. She's crying and begging the boss for mercy as we speak!"

Rena's eyebrows shot up in surprise. It didn't take long for

her to guess that Harold must've been behind this.

She and Harold had broken up a long time ago, yet the stubborn bastard always got himself involved in her affairs. Even so, she didn't give a damn.

Paisley was smart, so she dropped the subject.

She was sensible enough not to even ask Rena about her relationship with Waylen.

Paisley had to go back to the office to clean up Aline's mess after lunch, so she left right after they paid the bill.

Rena frowned, but she soon adjusted her mood.

She didn't want to dwell on the past. No matter what Harold thought, she couldn't let him affect her life anymore.

As planned, Rena took a taxi to a furniture shop.

She chose Baroque style fabric, ordered custom curtains for the French windows in the living room, and bought two lake blue vases of varying sizes to match the new curtains.

The total bill amounted to \$340,000.

Rena didn't mind. After all, in her mind, the Morning Dew deserved the best backdrop.

The manager swiped the card, handed it back to Rena, and respectfully gave her a small gift for having made such a big purchase at their store.

"Miss Gordon, please rest assured that we'll deliver the goods

to your home and install them before four o'clock in the afternoon."

Rena smiled in response.

Then she walked around casually and picked out a few more things she liked, such as a beautiful lace tablecloth and some ornaments. She was in the mood to shop, so she texted Waylen to tell him that she wouldn't be home until six o'clock in the evening.

Waylen soon sent a reply.

"Okay, stay safe."

Reading his simple message, Rena sighed happily. She really liked this man.

And she didn't feel ashamed of it.

Any woman would fall for an excellent man like Waylen.

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The installers came in the afternoon and installed the curtains. The finished product was even better than Rena had expected.

The curtains went perfectly with the piano.

Rena put some fresh flowers into the vases she had just bought and spread the beautiful lace tablecloths on top of the table. With these few, simple changes, the whole apartment looked different—a little feminine in fact.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Rena thought that the installers might've left something, so she immediately went to open the door. To her surprise, it was Waylen standing outside.

Flustered, Rena blushed and asked, "You have a key, don't you? Why didn't you open the door yourself?"

Without answering, Waylen just wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed her against the shoe cabinet by the entrance.