

## Chapter 89 Morning Dew

Rena couldn't wait to find out what the gift was!

She didn't even bother to wash up or brush her long hair and simply ran to open the door barefoot.

She was greeted with Claribel's smiling face. "You should put on your shoes, Miss Gordon, or else Mr. Fowler will feel sorry for you."

Rena obliged. She quickly put on some slippers and then practically flew downstairs, only to be shocked by what she saw.

Positioned right in front of the French windows was a grand piano—a very expensive grand piano.

It was even said that King Louis II had once played this piano.

The piano had a beautiful name, too—"Morning Dew".

Rena couldn't help but stroke the shiny black lid in awe.

Resting on top of the lid was a red rose. Suddenly, Rena remembered that after they had sex last night, Waylen had held her in his arms and whispered in her ear, "You are my morning dew."

Her face burned from shyness. It turned out that Waylen was

such a romantic!

Seeing the happy expression on her face, Claribel beamed at her. "Miss Gordon, how about you try it out? I'd love to hear you play."

Rena nodded enthusiastically.

She sat down, raised the lid, and let her slender fingers dance over the keys lightly.

Claribel didn't know much about the piece Rena was playing, but it was undeniably pleasant to the ears.

Rena was still in her vintage lace nightgown, and her long brown hair was a bit disheveled from having just woken up.

Sitting there, playing the piano, she was indescribably beautiful!

Claribel sighed wistfully. Waylen was so lucky to have such a beautiful girlfriend.

Rena soon finished the song.

She stroked the delicate keys and marveled at the beauty of this piano.

Just then, the phone in the bedroom rang. Knowing that it was Waylen calling, Claribel wisely left to give Rena privacy.

Rena went to get her phone and answered the call.

"Have you seen the gift yet?" Waylen asked with a faint smile.

For some reason, Rena couldn't help but blush when she

heard his voice. She gently bit her red lip and whispered, "Yes, but it's too expensive!"

"It doesn't matter as long as you like it. Well? Do you like it?"

Rena replied honestly, "I don't just like it; I love it! Waylen, thank you so much."

However, her expression of gratitude was met with silence. Just when Rena was getting a little anxious, Waylen's hoarse voice sounded from the other end of the line. "I'll wait for you to thank me properly tonight."

Rena's heart skipped a beat. She knew what he meant.

He wanted to have sex with her. And to be honest, so did she. However, Rena was still a virgin before last night. She was not so thick-skinned and didn't want to talk about sex with him so boldly. Besides, Claribel was here.

Gazing out the French window, a thought suddenly occurred to her. "Is it okay if I want to make some changes around here?"

She knew that she was probably asking too much since it wasn't her home. However, she made such a request because she knew Waylen liked her, and she believed that women should be spoiled by their men.

And sure enough, Waylen said, "Anything you want."

Rena's eyes lit up happily. If he was there now, she would've kissed him right then and there.

Waylen also obviously longed to kiss her as well. "Anyway, my meeting's about to start. Let's talk about it tonight."

"Okay," Rena replied meekly.

After putting the phone down, she couldn't help but rush to the piano again. Rena was so happy that she didn't even consider the fact that she'd need to move the piano out of the apartment when she and Waylen broke up.

She was a little simple-minded and had forgotten that this was how rich men played with girls like her. Whenever a rich man was interested in a woman, he would shower her with expensive gifts and do as she said, but on the day he grew tired of her, he'd abandon her like trash.

A woman who had grown used to being spoiled would be left behind alone and might never recover from such a blow...

Soon, Claribel set the table for breakfast.

As she did, she said happily, "Miss Gordon, I heard from the delivery man that this piano is called a 'Louis III'."

Rena giggled good-naturedly.


Then she touched the piano and corrected her gently, "Actually, it's called a 'Louis II'."

Claribel smiled and shook her head helplessly. "Is that so? Gosh, I'm so stupid."

Before having breakfast, Rena went back to the bedroom, washed up, and changed her clothes. At the table, Claribel




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handed her a business card and said, "By the way, a Ms. Rayne dropped off her business card and asked if you could join her for dinner."





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