

Chapter 17 Not enough

"Get her the banjo from the hall." Marcelo announced.

Jason was shocked to hear that. "But that belonged to your father. No one is allowed to touch it."

"Renee needs it, give it to her."

Jason was stunned.

The banjo that belonged to Marcelo's dad was off-limits but now he was allowing Renee okay it?

Jason knew that Renee and Marcelo's marriage was arranged by his mother against his wishes.

He also knew his friend better than anyone.

Marcelo had never let anyone, even a woman come close to him.

But why was he softening towards Renee?

Could he be falling for her?

This was starting to get interesting.

The waiter promptly returned, banjo in hand and presented it to Renee.

"That's the one from the hall!" An onlooker immediately recognized the sacred banjo.

Just a short while ago, Catherine had taunted Renee, asserting that the banjo in the hall was an antique meant for display only.

Now, as Renee took hold of it, Catherine's smugness seemed to fade, replaced by a sense of being publicly mocked.

Catherine, masking her frustration with a forced smile, questioned the waiter.

"Isn't that banjo usually off-limits to guests?"

The waiter nodded. "Usually it is. But the owner made an exception for Miss Renee, given her proficiency."

The banjo, a prized possession overseen by Jason, a titan in the entertainment industry, had never been lent out despite numerous requests.

Why was Renee being given special treatment? Catherine burn with jealousy.

"Renee, do you seriously think you can play the banjo? Playing the banjo is no easy feat. Don't overestimate your abilities and bring more embarrassment to yourself." Still upset that Renee was given the permission to play the banjo, Catherine lashed out.

Renee barely glanced at Catherine, then elegantly positioned the banjo on her lap, her fingers gently touching the strings.

The initial notes rang out clear and melodic, capturing everyone's attention.

Her fingers danced swiftly across the strings, producing sounds as varied as gentle raindrops and soft whispers. The music escalated, embodying the grandeur and intensity of a battle, overwhelming the audience.

A voice rang out from the crowd.

"My God! She's playing 'House of flying daggers!'"

'House of flying daggers' was a renowned banjo composition, known for its complexity, layered melodies and profound emotions.

Its execution demanded exceptional skill and rapid hand movements.

Yet, Renee performed it with ease, as though it were a mere warm-up exercise.

Her gaze lowered, her features radiating perfection and elegance, a spectacle for eyes and ears.

The audience was only jolted back to reality when Renee handed the banjo back to the waiter and offered her gratitude to him.

Even those not versed in music were captivated and enthralled by the

quality of Renee's performance.

"Amazing!

"Absolutely beautiful!"

"Most talented lady I've ever seen!"

"She's going to make a big name for herself!"

The crowd showered praised on Renee while Grace and Rocco were left speechlessly embarrassed.

Once again,their adoptive daughter had overshadowed their own biological child.

Catherine and Grace's expressions darkened.

Since when did Renee play the banjo?

How was she able to play it that well?

Renee thanked the crowd and then thanks the waiter once again.

"Miss Hudson,your thanks should go to someone else.Mr Jason is waiting for you."

RENEE

Jason?

I was led to Jason who was clad in a suit.

He was standing outside the porch.

"I heard you got the banjo for me,thank you so much."I said,gratefully.

Jason smirked and then replied."You're thanking the wrong person."

I frowned,confused.

"The banjo is your husband's.He gave me the permission to lend it to you."Jason then gestured towards the parking lot."He's over there."

My husband?

Marcelo came to this event?

I couldn't believe it so I drawled,

"My husband,you mean,Marcelo?"

"Yeah,he's here and I know about your marriage but I won't tell anyone."

I suspect Jason's discretion had more to do with Marcelo's instructions than his own will.

Our marriage hadn't been made public,making it a matter of confidentiality.

Approaching the parking lot,I recognized a Maybach particularly because of its customized license plate.

I saw Luke on the driver's seat and waved at him.

He seemed to inform Marcelo of my presence.I circled to the other side of the car and tapped on the rear window.

As it lowered,Marcelo's face came into view.

His gaze was icy as usual.

"Renee,stopping in front of a moving car?Do you have a death wish."

My intended words of gratitude were swiftly stifled by his cold demeanor.

I had firstly made sure that the car was slow enough as to not hit me.

Why did Marcelo,despite his handsome features always speak so harshly?

I wish he was softer.

I swallowed my complaints and stared at Marcelo for a moment.

Marcelo sat back,his eyes closed as he let out.

"What do you want?"

"I have a feeling that you were waiting for me."

His eyes shot open and he glared at me.

"You wish."

Frustrated yet composed, I took a deep breath. "Thank you for lending me the banjo. Jason told me you have your permission."

"So..." He drawled. "How do you plan to show your gratitude?"

I frowned. "I just did. I just thanked you."

"Mere words are not enough." He snapped.

I bit my lower lips.

How should I thank him?

Cook him dinner?

Invite him to dinner?

Would he agree?

Chapter Comments

