

## Chapter 409 Harold's Greatest Regret

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For a moment, Rena felt a touch of sadness deep within her.

She couldn't tell whether it was for Vera or for Harold who had passed away.

In the end, all she could muster was a nod. "Okay," Rena said. "Let's go see her."

However, to Rena's surprise, Waylen was against it.

When Rena got into the car, she received a call from Waylen. "I heard that you're going to the detention house to see that vicious woman?" he asked directly. She could feel his anxiety through the phone as he spoke.

Rena shot a glance at Ross in front of her. "Did Ross tell you that?"

Hearing this, Ross felt uneasy.

Not wanting to add further tension, Waylen softened his tone. "It's not that I don't want you to go. It's just that you're pregnant! And the place is gloomy. What if the baby inside your belly gets frightened? It is a lovely baby girl in your belly, after all."

Rena was amused.

Although Waylen sounded like he was scolding her, she knew that his words were coming from a place of love.

He was just worried that visiting that place would affect her mood.

"Well, would you like to accompany me?" she asked him in a low voice. "I happen to have a prenatal appointment this afternoon. Why don't we dine out at noon? We haven't dated for ages."

In the Exceed Group's CEO office, Waylen was intricately yet effortlessly fixing his tie.

There was a stunning elegance in the way his finger twiddled against the fabric of the tie.

With a smile, he replied, "I would love that."

Vera and Rena arrived at the detention house almost at the same time.

The door of the car opened and Roscoe came out, with Vera following behind. Vera's nose looked a tad reddish, suggesting that she had just cried.

Noticing this, Rena hurriedly approached Vera and placed a hand on her shoulder. "Why are you crying? I thought you've been looking forward to this day for a long time!"

Vera nodded and sniffled.

Before they could enter the detention house, another car arrived. When they turned around, they saw

Joseph hurriedly stepping out of the car.

Joseph stared at Vera with mixed emotions brewing on his face.

Aline had it coming to her due to her past wrongdoing. Joseph's family had been urging him to get married since he was single for some time. While he had dated several women, none of those relationships lasted long enough to reach marriage.

The villa where he once lived with Vera during their marriage remained untouched, its original state preserved.

From time to time, Joseph would go there and pay a visit.

Sometimes, he would lay on the bed, close his eyes, and pretend that he and Vera were still together.

But he could only wallow in this illusion for so long.

They were already divorced. Vera had already married Roscoe and led a happy life.

The moment Vera saw Joseph, a surge of emotions welled in her chest.

After all, both Joseph and Aline had caused tremendous pain to her in the past. Even though so many years had passed since then, she still harbored a lingering resentment toward them.

Seeing Vera standing next to Roscoe, Joseph could only flash a bitter smile.



After pulling some strings, Joseph, Vera and Rena were finally allowed to enter.

Aline had requested to meet three of them.

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of everything," Joseph assured everyone.

The reception room in the detention center was small and plain, but at this point in Aline's life, this was no longer her concern.

Aline sat there quietly, with both her hands and feet chained together.

Based on her demeanor, Aline seemed like a different person.

The energy that had previously characterized her was now gone, and the light in her eyes had died down into a shallow dim.

As Rena and the others came in, Aline slightly looked up and feebly blinked at them. "Here you are."

As soon as their eyes met, Vera felt a sense of rage bubbling inside her. She gritted her teeth, trying her best not to lose control, and asked, "Are you going to confess? Or are you going to beg for mercy? Regardless, I'm telling you it's already too late."

With a forlorn smile, Aline cast her eyes downwards, hiding the complexity in her eyes.

"Confess?" Aline muttered beneath her breath. "Why should I confess to you? What difference will that

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make?"

Vera gnashed her teeth even harder and balled her hands into fists. She wanted to beat Aline. Even though Aline was about to meet her demise, she still vexed others.

After a short lull, Aline burst into laughter.

There was something maniacal and unsettling with the way she laughed, and it sent a shiver down Joseph's spine.

Given their tumultuous history, Joseph had a lot of questions that he wanted to ask Aline before she faced the death penalty. Since Vera was also here, it was best to ask Aline those questions in person.

Joseph looked into Aline's eyes, his eyes narrowing into a sharp stare that could pierce her soul. "Aline, did you ever love me? Or did you just love my wealth?"

Aline continued laughing, her laughter sounding wilder than the last.

"Joseph, how much money do you think you have? Yes, I did aspire to be your wife back then, but that was only because Harold didn't like me. You know what was the most amusing part while I was seducing you?

It was that you were obviously deeply in love with Vera back then. I wanted to see the look on her face when she realized that her love for you amounted to nothing. If I couldn't have you, then no one else could.

Joseph's jaw slacked as words failed him.

It turned out Aline's motives for becoming the other woman were so simple.

Once Joseph had regained his composure, he asked in a hoarse voice, "So you never liked me?"

Aline glared at him and snorted. "No! Never!"

Those words felt like a dagger thrust directly into Joseph's heart.

He had sacrificed his marriage with Vera and let go of her who deeply loved him, only to exchange it for such a despicable woman.

Slowly, Joseph turned to Vera, hoping to see a look of understanding or sympathy in her eyes.

However, Vera was simply stunned by the revelation. After a while, she finally murmured, "I see."

Vera's lips curled into a smile, her shoulder relaxing as if a heavy weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

"Aline, I don't hold any grudges toward you," she said softly. "I'm doing very well right now."

Indeed, Vera was satisfied with her life. Roscoe treated her very well, and she had a healthy, cute child of her own.

Joseph, on the other hand, had led a life of pain and misery. He wanted to say something to Vera, but every time he tried to open his mouth, all that came out was air.



At last, in her moment of misery, Aline finally felt a hint of joy.

"Good. It seems that even though I'm dying, I'm still capable of making people unhappy."

Aline then turned her attention to Rena and flashed an evil grin. "Why aren't you saying anything? What? Are you afraid that I'll hurt you again?"

Rena was unfazed by her remarks. "I have nothing to say," she said with a carefree smile.

Rena realized whatever deranged Aline blurted out, it was pointless to argue with her.

After all, Aline was about to meet her demise.

Not wanting to stay in this dark place any longer, Rena walked away. She placed her hand on her belly and felt grateful for the life she had lived so far.

Before she could cross the threshold, Aline shouted her name from behind.

"Rena!"

Rena stopped in her tracks, but she didn't turn around.

Aline was seething through gritted teeth as her voice grew shrill. "Don't you have any regrets? Harold truly loved you, you know. He just didn't know how to express it. You loved each other for four years. It's a damn shame, don't you think? I bet that when midnight strikes, you dream of him and wake up missing him, don't you?"

Rena's felt her throat grow parched.

"I'm not the one Harold loved," she uttered.

It was Cecilia.

Harold could've had a lifetime's worth of happiness, but he didn't recognize it when it was staring at him in the face.

Rena knew how wonderful Cecilia was.

Although Aline didn't know about it, Rena no longer wanted to dwell on it. And she wouldn't say this to Cecilia.

As long as Cecilia was leading a content life, Rena was happy for her.

The moment Rena stepped outside, a beam of sunshine fell on her face, its warmth feeling ticklish against her skin. Beside her, a new bud had sprouted below the tree.

Waylen was standing beside the car, chatting away with Roscoe. From time to time, he would take a drag of the cigarette lodged between his slender fingers.

As soon as he saw Rena, Waylen immediately put out his cigarette.

"You're out so quickly?" he exclaimed as he wrapped a scarf around Rena's neck.

In response, Rena held his hand and gave it a weak squeeze. "When I got there, I realized that I had nothing to say to her."



Shortly after, Vera and Joseph came out.

Roscoe ran to Vera and wrapped her in his embrace. Seeing that Vera's eyes were a little red, he placed his hand on the back of her head and buried her face against his shoulder.

Watching this, Joseph couldn't help but feel a dull pain spread in his heart.

"I'm sorry," he said to Vera, his voice on the verge of cracking. Misty-eyed, he walked toward his car slowly.

Vera leaned her head against Roscoe's chest as she watched Joseph walking away.

Although Joseph and Vera once loved each other, they also hurt each other very much. Now that Aline had to face the music, Vera thought it was time to move on from the past and let bygones be bygones.

After a while, she shouted, "Joseph!"

Joseph's body froze as soon as she called his name. When he turned around, Vera told him, "I forgive you."

For a long time, Joseph just stood there like a statue. After some time, he finally managed to nod and reply, "Okay."


After that, he entered the car, started the engine, and slowly drove away.

With the hatchet finally buried, whatever ties connecting both Joseph and Vera had finally been severed. From now on, the two of them would no

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longer have anything to do with each other.



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