

## Chapter 29 Didn't She Love Harold The Most

Rena took the stairs since the old apartment building wasn't equipped with elevators.

Upon reaching the second floor, her eyes couldn't resist stealing a glance downward.

There, parked incongruously amidst the aging apartment complex, stood Waylen's car, the opulent golden Bentley Continental GT. This locale was not befitting of a person of Waylen's stature.

Rena mused to herself, speculating that someplace like a lavish soiree was where he truly belonged.

She resolved to erase tonight's events from her mind.

Unable to bear the sight of his car any longer, Rena hastened her ascent.

Waylen lingered until the luminous glow emanated from the top floor. 1

Waylen was oblivious to the fact that a mysterious black sports car lay concealed in the shadows. Its

owner had patiently waited there for over two hours.

Harold had observed the lengthy embrace between Waylen and Rena within the car! <sup>2</sup>

Emerging from his vehicle, Harold exuded a captivating allure, his countenance enhanced by the darkness. Leaning casually against the car, he ignited a cigarette.

He exhaled the swirling tendrils of smoke.

Every detail of the encounter had been imprinted in his mind.

A contemptuous smirk graced Harold's lips.

Had Rena truly fallen for Waylen in such a short span of time? Didn't she love Harold the most?

Eyes fixated on the illuminated window above, Harold dialed a number.

"Now is the time to act!" he uttered into the phone.

After issuing the command, he terminated the call, a malicious sneer lingering on his face. "Rena, you brought this upon yourself!" <sup>2</sup>

Upon returning home and flicking on the lights, Rena encountered Eloise emerging from her bedroom, clad in pajamas.

"Why did you come back so late?" Eloise reproached with a tinge of disapproval.

Rena poured herself a glass of chilled water, biting her lower lip as she resolved to keep the truth concealed. "I missed the last bus," she muttered, opting not to disclose what really happened.

Eloise gazed at Rena intently before speaking up again, her voice filled with warmth. "I shall prepare something for you to eat."

Rena always sensed that Eloise more or less knew what was really going on. However, she didn't know how to bring up the topic. After all, she held no significance to Waylen.

After a brief lapse of around five minutes, Eloise emerged with a steaming bowl of noodles. Placing it delicately on the table, she encouraged Rena to indulge.

Rena's hunger was undeniable. In a hushed tone, she expressed her gratitude, "Thank you."

Seated across from Rena, Eloise observed her intently, her chin cradled delicately in her hands. Rena felt a twinge of unease and inquired, "What troubles you?"

It seemed as though Eloise had wrestled with this

question for some time, yearning to ask it. Finally, she inquired, "Did the lawyer named Fowler bring you back? Do you still maintain contact with him?"

Rena nodded and replied, "Our paths may not cross in the future."

Eloise's countenance dimmed, a trace of disappointment evident.

Rena had once loved Harold deeply and had gone to great lengths for him but his ingratitude had been overwhelming. Eloise genuinely wished for Rena to find a man far superior to Harold.

Alas...

Rena comprehended the thoughts plaguing Eloise's mind. Tenderly, she clasped her hand and reassured her, "Mr. Fowler and Harold will inevitably become relatives. I dare not even entertain the notion of being with him."

Eloise let out a slight sigh and voiced her concern. "But he took you out. How could he not even treat you to a meal? And there's even the lingering scent of cigarettes on you..." 1

Water nearly escaped Rena's grasp as she choked on it! 1

Embarrassment washed over her intensely.

Retreating to her room, Rena indulged in a refreshing shower before sinking into her bed. Sleep eluded her, consumed by ceaseless contemplation.

Eloise's demeanor lingered in her thoughts, hinting at an acceptance of Darren's impending two-year imprisonment. 1

Rena's heart bore a tinge of melancholy.

Vengeance against Harold had danced through her mind but she harbored the sober realization that she wielded no power over him right now. Moreover, she had a duty to tend to Eloise, a soul unacquainted with the trials of life. 1

Rena tossed and turned, trapped in the clutches of sleeplessness.


At the stroke of four in the morning, her phone erupted in an unexpected ring.


Initially assuming it to be a spam message, she contemplated deleting it but her senses froze when she laid eyes upon the screen.

It was a message from Waylen.

"Are you still awake?" the text read. 7



Attached was a photograph, seemingly captured from the balcony of his apartment. The image

Chapter 29 Didn't She Love  +90 Points at most  
depicted the dazzling night vista of Duefron's  
liveliest street, accentuated by a delicate goblet  
resting against the railing.

 I want no ads >

13:09

100.0%

  58%