

Chapter 365 You And Waylen Are An Item (2)

Harold's countenance darkened, and Eloise astutely surmised the cause.

With a subtle sigh, she granted Harold entrance.

In that instant, Rena emerged from the bedroom, her surprise evident as she laid eyes on Harold.

The two families enjoyed an amicable relationship, and Rena held affection for Harold, though their connection was not particularly intimate.

Rena stood momentarily dazed, her voice soft as she inquired. "You've come to see my father?"

Harold's gaze bore into Rena, a searing intensity sweeping over her from head to toe.

Adorning a short pajama set at home, Rena exuded a delicate charm.

Her arms bore an alluring tenderness, and her long, slender legs held an enchanting elegance. A cascade of thick brown hair framed her shoulders, while brown round-frame glasses bestowed upon her a youthful aura, rendering her undeniably lovely.

She was beautiful.

Previously, Harold's estimation of her had been based solely on utility.

Now, as a man coveting her affections emerged, having expertly

navigated the Moore Group's tribulations, Harold found himself scrutinizing Rena with newfound attention.

Where he once deemed her plain and indifferent, a captivating allure now radiated from her.

The delectable cake, which he had once overlooked, seemed destined for another's consumption.

Harold hesitated to part from Rena, a characteristic flaw often attributed to men.

"We need to talk," he said, his voice soft but brimming with gravity.

Rena, puzzled, momentarily struggled to process the situation.

With Darren's perceptive intervention, the awkward atmosphere compelled him to intervene, gently asserting, "Harold, Rena is not involved in company matters."

Harold's unwavering focus remained on Rena.

His words deliberate, Harold enunciated, "Mr. Gordon, I wish to converse with her privately."

Darren faltered briefly, grappling with this unexpected predicament.

Rena retreated to her room and donned a knitted coat before reappearing. In a hushed tone, she said, "All right, we can talk downstairs."

Descending the stairs, Rena's arm was suddenly seized by Harold.

"Do you like him?"

Harold's query left Rena momentarily befuddled. Though her longstanding affection for him was widely known, she had never acted on her feelings or professed them.

While her current companionship might not logically concern Harold, her entanglement with another had seemingly drawn his attention.

Attempting to extricate her arm, Rena faltered, met with an unexpectedly strong grip.

"Waylen is willing to invest a billion dollars into the Moore Group on the condition that Mr. Gordon joins the Fowler Group. Is this the stipulation you negotiated with him?"

Rena was stunned.

Harold's wounded pride manifested as a sharp rebuke. "Answer me."

The hold on Rena's arm turned painful.

She blinked, her realization dawning that Harold's ego had been stung, prompting his unanticipated visit. But what was their relationship? And why was Harold treating her this way?

Rena, resolute, sought to clarify the situation. "What about you, Harold? What are your intentions? You know I harbor feelings for you, yet you persistently keep me at arm's length."

Harold gazed into Rena's eyes. Two youthful souls, equally impassioned, exchanged tense breaths.

After a prolonged silence, Rena's voice grew husky. "Before your inquiry, had you already considered accepting the investment?"

Harold stood taken aback.

Embarrassment etched across his features, for Rena had gleaned his intentions.

Initially, his designs revolved around forming a connection with Rena to secure Darren's trust. Over the subsequent years, as the Moore Group amassed staggering debts, the blame would inevitably fall upon Darren.

Now, however, his plan lay in shambles...

Although the Moore Group's crisis had been averted and Rena's well-being seemingly safeguarded, Harold's reactions had become increasingly convoluted.

Arriving with a distinct purpose, he grappled with his own motives.

Rena saw through his facade.

Underneath the dim glow of a streetlamp, Harold stood rigid. After a protracted silence, his voice emerged huskily. "You can go back."

Rena lowered her gaze, adjusting her coat, and began the slow journey homeward.

The night breeze carried a chill, her nose tinged with red, and her eyes slightly dampened.

Tears fell.

Unrequited love met an end before she could confess her feelings. Harold's choice lay painfully clear.

Beneath the dense canopy of a tree, Harold's elongated shadow bore a poignant loneliness.

His gaze traced Rena's receding figure.

In that fleeting moment, he yearned to halt her, to declare that the billion-dollar infusion was irrelevant.

What truly mattered was her.

Yet, ultimately, he remained silent. He watched Rena's departure, a silent spectator to her fading presence.

Returning home, Rena found herself in a subdued mood.

Darren's comforting hand landed on her back. "It's my fault. I didn't anticipate your emotional state."

Rena shook her head, embracing Darren, and confided in a soft whisper, "Dad, I know you love me the most. You did this because Harold doesn't reciprocate my feelings."

Darren affectionately ruffled her hair. "Who could resist my baby?"

Eloise joined them with a dish, feigning annoyance at the intimate display. "Darren, you're spoiling her rotten. Rena is 20 now. She's more than capable of managing her own affairs."

Darren said with a smile, "Says the one who tucks Rena in every night."

Their laughter resonated warmly.

Rena's spirits lifted, prompting her to indulge in two bowls of rice.

As night fell, Rena wrestled with her emotions, ultimately resolving to move on from Harold.

Just as she was about to drift into sleep, her phone emitted a WhatsApp notification.

Upon seeing the message, she was stunned, the image before her evoking an exhilarating rush.

It was a photograph of a shirtless man, an enticing allure exuding from every contour of his form. Glistening water droplets seemed poised to cascade down his smooth skin, pooling within the folds of a bath towel, and his well-defined abdominal muscles...

The man in the image was Waylen.