

Chapter 34 Harold, You Love Her!

Aline was in shock.

Harold showed no mercy, gripping her long hair tightly and forcing her to meet his cold gaze. "Do you understand the consequences of spreading nonsense?"


Aline winced in pain, but her confusion outweighed the physical discomfort. Finally, she realized why Harold was so furious.

It was because he didn't want Rena to discover what had happened between him and Aline. But why?!

Reluctant to accept this truth, Aline couldn't help but speak up as jealousy filled her eyes. "Didn't you claim that you didn't love her?"

"I indeed don't love her!" Harold sneered, his voice filled with disdain. "But who do you think you are? You have no right to interfere in my relationship with her." 🗨️

Chapter 34 Harold, You Love Her!

 +90 Points at most

Aline forced a bitter smile through her bloodied tears.

She looked like a shocking mess as her delicate makeup was smudged.

She let out a humorless chuckle and said, "Harold, you love her!"

"No, I don't love her!"

His defensive stance caused her to laugh louder.

"Really? If you don't love her, then why do you care whether she knows the truth? Why are you so bothered that she might discover what a despicable man you are, capable of sleeping with any woman? If you don't love her, why have you gone to such lengths to deal with her just to make her come back to you? If you don't love her, why haven't you slept with her in the past four years? Are you truly uninterested in her sexually, or are you simply afraid of hurting her? Harold, you must regret it. You haven't touched her in four years, and now that she's single, she can do whatever she wants with any other man," Aline hissed, her eyes red from tears. 2

Aline felt like a fool. She had been so confident

that she had finally defeated Rena, but now she had suddenly realized that Harold never really had feelings for her to begin with. What only mattered to him had always been power and Rena. 1

Aline's words struck a nerve, and Harold slapped her twice in a fit of rage.

Though her lips trembled, she continued to sneer.

"Harold, your slaps mean nothing! Let me tell you, Rena will never return to you. Even if you get everything else you want, you'll never have her!" 1

"Fuck off!" Harold shouted, consumed by anger.

With cold eyes directed towards him, Aline straightened herself, wiped the blood from her mouth, and left with a sense of pride.

Meanwhile, Harold, still seething, smashed his phone against the wall. The secretary, about to enter the room, froze at the sight before her.


She had never witnessed Harold so enraged.

Amidst the chaos, Harold declared, "I must see Rena tomorrow!"

Understanding his intentions, the secretary nodded silently.

Rena had yet to inform Eloise that she had lost her

Chapter 34 Harold, You Love Her!

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job. With so much happening at home lately, she didn't want her stepmother to worry.

That night, sleep eluded her as thoughts of the future consumed her mind.

At one o'clock in the morning, Waylen called Rena, but she chose not to answer. Instead, she sent him a message.

"Eloise is asleep. I don't want to wake her up."


Within minutes, Waylen replied.

"I'll be back this Saturday. What gift would you like?"

Rena stared at the screen of her phone, unsure of how to respond.

She had planned to leave Duefron, which meant her path would probably never cross with Waylen's again. Besides, she wasn't one for casual relationships.

After contemplating for a while, she let out a sigh and finally typed a message.

"Mr. Fowler, thank you for everything." 

It was evident that she no longer wished to maintain contact with him. Waylen, being astute, surely understood her message.

She waited for a while and glanced at her phone from time to time. As expected, he didn't reply.

She had already gotten what she wanted, but a hint of disappointment still lingered. Would things have been different if she and Waylen had met under different circumstances?

She quickly realized that she was overthinking things.

How could someone from a wealthy family like Waylen ever be with her?

Rena had a restless night, but she woke up early the next morning, fearing that Eloise might suspect something was amiss.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, the door swung open. Eloise stood there with a pale face, her lips trembling as she said, "Rena, your father has taken his own life." ²⁴