

## Chapter 25 He Seems To Regret!

Harold refrained from departing hastily, opting to linger for a while longer.

As Waylen pressed Rena onto the bed, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss, Harold found himself situated outside, bearing witness to the scene. 8

Harold had previously witnessed Rena's captivating charm when she engaged in such intimate gestures with him.

His emotions surged, fueling a blaze of anger within him, prompting his fists to clench tightly. 3

Overwhelmed by Rena's painful yet joyful groan, Harold succumbed to an impulsive urge, striking the adjacent wall with a forceful punch. 2

Crimson droplets adorned the wall's surface, creating a splattered canvas of blood. 2

Harold's hand, wounded from the impact, bled profusely.

However, he seemed impervious to the pain, remaining motionless as his countenance grew

dark.

A fleeting moment transpired, wherein Harold harbored an ardent desire to storm into the ward and whisk Rena away from Waylen's clutches.

Yet, he also comprehended that such a course of action would promptly annul his engagement to Cecilia.

All his endeavors would crumble to naught in an instant!

With a heavy heart, Harold took his leave, driving toward an antiquated apartment complex. 5

He had once called this place home for a span of two years and the security guard still retained vivid recollections of him. As his vehicle rolled into the premises, the guard extended a warm welcome, exclaiming, "Mr. Moore, you have returned!"

Harold acknowledged the greeting with a stoic nod.

Ascending the stairs, he unlocked a door, revealing an apartment spanning approximately 80 square meters, brimming with cherished memories of his time with Rena.

During that period, the Moore Group teetered on the precipice of bankruptcy. The members of the Moore family dwelled within this aging apartment,

where Harold's mother would haggle at the market in pursuit of food that was about to go bad –because that was all they could afford.

Times were arduous indeed.

Considering his sense of self-worth, Rena would frequently grace his presence, preparing meals for him and discreetly offering him financial assistance. 1

What a naive woman she was!

She believed Harold loved her but little did she know, he had exploited her from beginning to end.

Rena remained oblivious to the truth!

All this time, she had wrongly assumed that she was the cause of her father's misfortunes. Unbeknownst to her, several years ago, Harold had already decided to make her father a scapegoat, and getting close to Rena and gaining her father's trust were all just parts of his plan.

Rena's foolishness was such that in the end Harold found it difficult to abandon her.

For even if he attained riches and wielded power, where else could he find a woman so innocent and guileless, who also happened to love him unconditionally?

Thus, he desired to retain her by his side!

He yearned for her to continue cooking for him and tenderly soothing his weary forehead. Perhaps he would even allow her the privilege of bearing their child! 9

Even if it entailed the slight inconvenience of finding another scapegoat.

Harold strolled over to the balcony, extracted a cigarette, ignited it and leisurely savored its smoke. After indulging in four or five cigarettes, he summoned his secretary. 3

"How is the progress on Darren's case? Is Hyatt Larson still handling it?"

The secretary confirmed as such.

Harold uttered his next words with an impassive demeanor. 2

The secretary was taken aback.

Having served Harold for an extensive duration, she was well aware of his relationship with Rena. In that moment, she couldn't help but advocate on Rena's behalf, "Mr. Moore, regardless..."

In an icy tone, Harold curtly commanded, "Just carry out my instructions!"

The secretary fell silent momentarily before conceding.

At that precise moment, a call from Cecilia interrupted his thoughts.

Harold was perturbed and initially inclined to ignore the ringing, yet Cecilia persisted, dialing his number repeatedly, leaving him no choice but to answer.

"Harold, where are you? My hand is in pain. Could you come and take care of me? My parents are coming tomorrow to discuss our wedding date. You can ask your mother to join us."

Harold's mind remained clouded with the image of Waylen kissing Rena. An overwhelming sense of distress engulfed him. He responded with a detached tone, "I understand." 5

He terminated the call.

Resolutely, he compelled himself to cease dwelling on the matter any further. With power at his disposal, he could procure whatever his heart desired.

He vowed to never regret the decision he had made.