

Chapter 349 Harold Died In A Car Accident (1)

It was nearly 12 o'clock when Waylen finally returned home.

The soft glow of the hall light greeted him as he entered, and an air of tranquility enveloped the entire house.

Waylen ascended the stairs, first checking on the children in their rooms before loosening his tie and making his way back to the master bedroom. Rena had already fallen asleep, and the room was illuminated by the gentle moonlight.

Standing at the foot of the bed, he gazed at her for a while before stepping into the bathroom.

The smell of cigarettes and alcohol clung to his coat and shirt. He shed them and placed them in the laundry basket before taking a refreshing shower.

Once he was done, he slid into bed and lay down beside Rena.

Even though she breathed calmly, he knew she was awake. She simply chose not to engage in conversation with him.

Waylen pressed a tender kiss on the back of her neck and whispered, "Don't you want to ask me about tonight?"

Rena's body tensed up slightly, and she remained silent.

Recalling the teasing remarks from the people at the banquet and Rena's suggestion of finding a young girl, Waylen felt a sense of dissatisfaction. He wrapped his arms around Rena's slender waist, drawing her close to him.

As they made love, neither of them uttered a word.

The room was filled with hushed emotions, a silent release of pent-up feelings.

Afterward, Waylen was thankful that he remembered to wear a condom. Rena didn't take a shower but instead drifted off to sleep, still lying on her side.

Quietly, Waylen lifted the quilt and got up.

While in the shower, his mind pondered how they had come to this point in their relationship.

He couldn't decipher Rena's feelings. If anything, this encounter had left him in an even worse mood.

Early in the morning, the peaceful ambiance enveloped Rena's home as she immersed herself in household chores.

She carefully gathered the clothes that Waylen had taken off the previous night, intending to send them for dry cleaning. As she picked up his shirt, a faint fragrance of perfume wafted into her senses.

The scent was youthful and sweet, raising her suspicions.

Rena paused for a while, looking stunned.

Did Waylen return so late last night to get back at her or start a fierce struggle with her by letting another woman get close to him?

Examining the shirt closely, she found no traces of lipstick.

However, while tidying up Waylen's coat, a business card fell out of the pocket.

Times Entertainment - Ruth Powell.

Half an hour later, Rena swiftly acquired Ruth's personal data.

Ruth, a 21-year-old actress, had just entered the industry and

was known for her exceptional acting skills.

Rena held the photo in her hands.

Ruth in the picture bore a striking resemblance to Rena, but upon closer inspection, Rena noticed signs of plastic surgery. It was evident that Ruth's target was Waylen.

The lingering scent of perfume on Waylen's shirt now made sense.

Perhaps Waylen knew when Ruth slipped her business card into his pocket, and he was merely testing Rena's reaction.

Rena quietly burned the information she had gathered.

Wendy, Rena's trusted subordinate, spoke in hushed tones. "Times Entertainment is a new company, and the boss is... Aline Hanson."

Rena gazed into the dancing flames, lost in thought.

With gentle fingers, she supported her head, deep in contemplation.

Wendy hesitated for a moment before suggesting, "Mrs. Fowler, should we secretly teach Ruth a lesson? As a newcomer, she won't get far."

Rena asked with an air of calm determination, "Should we tie her up and scare her, or perhaps arrange for someone to expose her in a scandalous movie?"

Wendy enthusiastically agreed with a quiet clap of her hands.

Rena glanced at Wendy, her eyes holding a spark of determination.

"I won't confront her directly. Instead, I'll give her a boost," she said softly.

A female star seeking fame?

Rena would aid Aline in making Ruth more famous...

Wendy was taken aback, unsure of Rena's intentions.

With a serene smile, Rena continued, "Provide Ruth with several excellent resources by using my connections, and ensure she rises to fame in the shortest time possible... Oh, and look into her plastic surgery history and her past."

Wendy was astonished by her boss's calm demeanor and involuntarily swallowed.

Immediately, she complied without hesitation.

That day, Ruth received an invitation to a popular variety show. Thinking that it was due to Waylen's assistance, she dialed his number to express her gratitude.

However, she didn't have Waylen's private number, so she called his company instead.

After a series of transfers, Jazlyn answered the call and politely assured Ruth, "I'll inform Mr. Fowler."

Ruth thanked Jazlyn warmly before ending the call.

At that moment, Aline approached her.

Taking a drag on a long, thin cigarette, Aline spoke slowly. "You lack experience, my dear. You can't compare to Rena at this point. Don't be deceived by your youth. Rena's refined temperament was cultivated by her affluent family. You can't match her in that regard. But once you become an A-list celebrity, you'll be no less than her."

Ruth was Aline's secret weapon, and Aline was willing to invest significantly in her fame.

Aline believed that a man would choose a beautiful young lover over a wife who opposed him.

Leaving the office building, Aline received an unexpected call from Harold.

Her heart wavered upon seeing the caller's name.

After a momentary daze, she answered in a stern voice, "Mr. Moore, why are you calling me now? I thought you had forgotten about me."

"Let's meet."

Harold hung up before she could reply.

In his office, Harold played with an emerald necklace.

Rena had returned the birthday gift Harold gave her, not uttering a word. He couldn't understand why Rena wouldn't consider him despite her current hardships.

He gazed at the screen, watching the video of the school anniversary repeatedly, but Rena remained indifferent.

About ten minutes later, he then set out for a meeting.

He had arranged a meeting with Aline at a luxurious hotel suite.

In the suite, Aline adorned herself in a seductive silk pajama set that matched the color of her nightgown. She leaned against the sofa, sipping red wine, her figure truly alluring.

As Harold entered, Aline offered a gentle smile.

"What's the matter? Are you here to defend your sweetheart?"

Harold sat opposite Aline, pouring himself a glass of wine.

Their history together made their interactions complex.

Aline's gaze lingered on him, contemplating her position.

In her younger days, she felt inferior in Harold's presence. She

had engaged in relationships with men like Joseph and even had to keep her involvement with Harold a secret.

But times had changed.

Now, whoever had money had power.

After two glasses of wine, Harold looked at Aline and said, "Your people must not harm Rena's family."

Aline raised her glass, smiling coquettishly.

She chuckled until tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, what's this? Worried about her, are you? Afraid she'll cry her heart out in secret?"

Aline playfully leaned against Harold's chest, toying with him using her delicate fingers. "Harold, how many times must I tell you before you believe me? Rena isn't the poor girl she once was. How else could she have held her own as the daughter-in-law of the Fowler family for so many years?"

"Then you shouldn't have crossed her."

"But I don't like her. Ever since Fred went to jail, my wealth has taken a nosedive. How can I not despise her?"

Aline clenched her teeth, vowing, "One day, I'll outdo her."

Harold had endured much.

He had experienced the might of the Fowler family and Mark. Even when Rena took charge of the Exceed Group, he had suffered setbacks because of her. He never believed that Aline could match Rena.

But there was Ruth...

Harold feared that Ruth might harm Rena.

With her hands holding his handsome face, Aline spoke with a hint of tremor in her voice. "Harold, if you sleep with me, I

promise I won't let Ruth get close to Waylen."

Harold was no saint.

But he didn't mind sleeping with Aline.

Harold could sleep with anyone, including Aline.

He had come to the hotel today almost solely to sleep with her. He realized that he, a despicable person, was a perfect fit for Aline. There was no need to hide anything from her, and he could unleash his anger without the slightest trace of shame.

A few hours of passionate lovemaking compensated for the void in Harold's heart.

As night fell, Harold rested against the sofa, smoking. With Aline's arms wrapped around his waist, she murmured softly, "Don't leave tonight."

However, Harold gently pushed Aline away and began to dress.

He had only come here for sex.

Staying the entire night cuddling would be ludicrous...

After he left, Aline fumed and threw the pillow away.

Outside the hotel, Harold sat in his car.

His body was satisfied, but his heart remained empty. He would never obtain what he truly desired.

Rena. Rena.

He drove his black sports car, feeling absent-minded.

He had never believed in reincarnation.

But now, he yearned for another life. If there were to be a next life, he wanted to cherish Rena... He wished to bring joy to Rena and erase her bitterness.

Late autumn rain started to drizzle down.

He drove to Rena's villa where warm lights shone.

He imagined her teaching the children to play the piano, and how she would bake cakes for them.

On his way back home, Krista called him and spoke about family matters and his sister's unhappy marriage.

The windshield wipers swept from left to right, angrily trying to wipe away the heavy droplets that came pouring down.

Yet, the rain grew heavier, making it difficult to see the road ahead.

Holding the phone, Harold was lost in thought, unaware of the large truck on his left that was about to overturn... With a screeching sound of brakes, the massive slag car mercilessly crushed the sleek black sports car.

Blood oozed slowly from Harold's forehead.

The crimson liquid obstructed his vision.

Then, pain surged throughout his body.

He could barely move, and the darkness closing in around him signaled the end of his life.

With tremendous effort, he struggled to undo his seat belt.

His bloodstained hand fumbled inside his pocket and grasped the emerald necklace wrapped in a soft cloth.

He retrieved it with trembling fingers.

The precious item remained intact.

He had intended to give it to Rena. Thankfully, it remained unharmed.

In this moment of desperation, Harold realized how deeply he loved Rena. He had only come to understand the depths of his feelings for her on the day of the school anniversary. In the twilight of his life, a realization struck him like lightning. He had let go of a girl who had been by his side during his young age... A girl who was now going through difficult times.

He knew this was his retribution.

Harold whispered to himself, "Rena... I'm an abhorrent person. I don't dare ask you to shed tears for me. I only wish for you to accept this necklace... Perhaps you won't believe that I once loved you wholeheartedly."

Darkness slowly enveloped Harold.

In his final moments, he recalled that one night.

Entering their home, he found Rena waiting for him under the warm glow of the lights. She had prepared the dishes and was leaning on the dining table, patiently awaiting his return...