

Chapter 65 She Can't Fall Asleep Without Him

Harold's body abruptly shifted position, his sudden movement causing the bedframe to squeak a little.

In a deliberate motion, he extracted his phone from his pocket, deftly unlocking the device and accessing his exclusive collection of personal memories.

Within that sacred digital space, a solitary photograph occupied the screen, capturing the essence of Rena, forever encapsulating her presence.

Perhaps two or three years prior, Harold had toiled relentlessly often until midnight and, as he labored, Rena dutifully prepared nourishment, eagerly awaiting his return.

On that particular night, however, her patience was pushed to its limits, causing her to succumb to slumber while waiting for him to return.

Adorned with supple and flawless skin, Rena's countenance radiated an aura of submissiveness, manifesting her inherent obedience.

Fatigued to the core upon his arrival home, Harold's

weariness was momentarily overshadowed by the sight of Rena's vulnerable form.

Moved by her tranquil repose, he was inexplicably compelled to seize that fleeting moment within the confines of a photograph.

In subsequent times, Harold had severed ties with Rena in pursuit of Cecilia, yet he inexplicably refrained from deleting this very photo. The reasons behind his decision eluded him, shrouded in an enigmatic haze.

To be candid, Harold believed he didn't harbor deep affection for Rena, his sentiments towards her remaining lukewarm at best.

His treatment of Rena in days gone by left much to be desired, an unfortunate truth he readily acknowledged.

Gazing at the photograph, his eyes entranced by its timeless capture, Harold's focus remained unwavering, until an abrupt knock on the door shattered the tranquility of the moment. The voice of Krista, his mother, echoed from outside the door, carrying a sense of urgency. "Harold, I have something of great importance to discuss with you."

Harold replied, swiftly stowing his phone away, as he composed himself for the impending interaction.

With a gentle push, Krista unlocked the door, her eyes beholding the sight of her son's weary countenance. Pity

swelled within her, yet she mustered the strength to fulfill her duty.

"Harold, it is crucial to remember that you and Rena have severed ties. Your commitment lies with Cecilia now. You mustn't falter in your dedication! Furthermore, Rena has moved on, moving in with another man. Her reputation will inevitably suffer irreversible damage. How can we possibly embrace such a woman as our daughter-in-law?"

Krista's words were delivered with an edge of severity, cutting through the air like a sharp blade.

Harold's brow furrowed, his voice laced with a chill as he retorted, "She herself has chosen not to be with me."

Determined, he reached for his coat, fully intent on departing.

Unyielding in her concern, Krista trailed behind him, her voice laden with curiosity. "Where are you heading, Harold?"

"Return to the office," the command echoed, urging Harold to reenter the familiar realm of his professional endeavors.

Seated within the confines of his sleek sports car, Harold refrained from igniting the engine immediately.

Instead, he closed his eyes, allowing his mother's words to permeate his thoughts. One particular phrase, "Moving in with another man," resonated deeply within him, unsettling his very being.

Pondering upon the notion that had he not pushed Rena to

such extents in the past, she might never have crossed paths with Waylen, let alone embark on a shared existence with him.

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Rena made her way back to the apartment just shy of five o'clock, her arrival preceding Waylen's anticipated return at seven. Urgently, Rena busied herself with the preparation of dinner.

A lover of cleanliness, Rena indulged in a swift shower after successfully crafting the evening meal.

With a radiant demeanor, she carefully arranged the newly acquired garments she had purchased earlier that day into Waylen's wardrobe. Surprisingly, the dresses mingled harmoniously with his suits, evoking a pleasing visual symphony.

Eventually, Rena retrieved the items she had specifically chosen for Waylen: a pair of shirts and a meticulously crafted belt.

Originating from esteemed international brands, these offerings carried a weighty price tag.

As Rena envisioned the enchanting sight of Waylen adorned in these gifts, a blush crept upon her cheeks, warmth suffusing her entire being.

In this idyllic moment, her phone abruptly rang, signaling an

incoming call from Waylen.

Aware of Waylen's less than amiable temperament, Rena found solace in the fact that since he had declared their relationship, he would extend kindness toward her.

"I've taken on a demanding case, and I'll be working late in the upcoming days," Waylen shared, his voice laced with a hint of weariness.

Yearning for his presence, Rena inquired, "Won't you return for dinner?"

"No, I won't," Waylen responded curtly. On the verge of hanging up, he added, "I may only return to change my clothes during the next few days."

A sudden wave of guilt washed over Rena as she reflected on her extravagant spending earlier that day.

Engulfed in a whirlwind of busyness, Waylen abruptly terminated the call, leaving Rena to absorb the fleeting connection.

Resignedly, Rena stowed away her phone, her gaze fixated upon the hanging shirt, a poignant stillness enveloping her. The initial elation she had experienced had dissipated, replaced by a somber atmosphere.

Dinner unfolded in solitude, Rena's solitary presence filling the space.

As she lay upon the bed, a sense of unfamiliarity washed

over her. Typically, Waylen would cradle her in his arms, engaging in tender interactions that now seemed distant.

A sudden surge of crimson stained Rena's cheeks, her yearning for Waylen's embrace unanticipated and perplexing.

Summoning her willpower, Rena endeavored to succumb to slumber, yet her rest was fragmented, disrupted by numerous awakenings throughout the night. Waylen remained absent, his return indefinitely postponed. Instead, it was Claribel who graced her presence in the morning.

"Mr. Fowler is perpetually engrossed in his responsibilities. Miss Gordon, refrain from harboring excessive concerns," Claribel offered in a consoling tone.

Rena nodded, acknowledging Claribel's words, her worries momentarily assuaged.

Given Waylen's absence the previous night, Rena found herself unable to find solace within the confines of their shared abode. After careful contemplation, she implored Claribel to prepare an ample breakfast, fueled by her desire to deliver it to Waylen.