

Chapter 64 Rena Is On His Mind All The Time

Rena aspired to bring him joy.

Her arms encircled his neck, initiating a tender kiss.

Waylen's initial reaction was one of astonishment.

His heart then fluttered, skipping a beat.

As he arrived at the law firm, his cheerful disposition remained intact. Even Jazlyn noticed his uplifted spirits and his enhanced allure.

At ten o'clock in the morning, a gentle knock echoed, announcing Jazlyn's entrance.

With a radiant smile, she addressed him, "Mr. Fowler, the legal counselor from the Moore Group seeks your audience! Having reviewed your schedule, I've found an available slot at four o'clock this afternoon..."

"I have no desire to meet with him!" Waylen declared in an apathetic tone, "The concerned departments have already filed a lawsuit against the Moore Group regarding their financial troubles. Let them resolve it on their own."

Jazlyn couldn't hide her surprise.

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Jazlyn couldn't hide her surprise.

Waylen's sister was about to wed the Moore Group's CEO, yet Waylen showed no intention of extending his aid.

Maintaining her professional demeanor, Jazlyn replied, "Very well, Mr. Fowler."

She retreated to her desk and promptly responded to the Moore Group's legal counselor.

Naturally, Harold soon became aware of the development.

His lack of astonishment was evident.

Clearly, Waylen's actions were intentional. How could one expect his assistance?

This crisis left Harold drained of energy, leaving no room to pursue Rena or handle Darren.

Waylen possessed remarkable capabilities, skillfully steering situations to his advantage.

Having been immersed in the business world for countless years, Harold had become ruthless and unsparing.

However, he begrudgingly acknowledged that he paled in comparison to Waylen's abilities!

Harold's emotions were in turmoil.

He stood before the grand French window, indulging in one cigarette after another.

Recollections flooded his mind, back to the time when the Moore Group faced its gravest crisis. Strangely, he didn't resort to smoking then, as Rena would gently chide, "Excessive smoking isn't good for you."

And then, she would slip a soothing mint candy into his mouth.

Back then, Harold found her gestures bothersome.

Despite her attractive appearance, she lacked the art of

pleasing men.

Why did he endure four years with her? It was merely to manipulate Darren into becoming the scapegoat.

Yet, now that he had truly got rid of her, an emptiness pervaded his being.

Harold reassured himself that he was simply unaccustomed to this change!

A rap at the door interrupted his thoughts.

His secretary entered, bearing news of a predicament concerning a shopping mall he had purchased earlier in the year.

Nonchalantly, Harold uttered, "I shall go and investigate."

Half an hour later, Harold's car pulled up outside the shopping mall.

The task consumed the better part of his day. By the time he completed his responsibilities, the clock read four in the afternoon. His secretary offered a modest meal. "Mr. Moore, you haven't had lunch! Please make do with this for now."

However, Harold had no appetite whatsoever.

With a casual tone, he stated, "Let's return to the company."

Descending from the fourth-floor office center, Harold encountered an unfortunate malfunction with the elevator, compelling him to utilize the passenger elevator instead.

Harold's countenance grew increasingly volatile, his face contorted with anger.

As the elevator approached the ground floor, a sight awaited him... Rena!

Alone, she navigated the shopping haven, clutching several bags in her hands. Currently engrossed in selecting clothing at a prestigious men's boutique, she exuded an air of concentration and gentility.

Harold knew all too well that she was procuring garments for Waylen.

This scene unsettled him, instilling a deep discomfort within and he had no desire to witness it again. Swiftly, he departed the mall and sought solace within his car.

Harold closed his eyes, issuing a command to the driver to transport him back to the Moore family estate.

His secretary also caught sight of Rena but her timidity stifled any inclination to inquire or comment.

Upon Harold's arrival at home, Krista discovered him, her surprise evident, and she prepared to engage him in a conversation concerning the company.

"Mom, I'm rather fatigued and in need of rest," Harold interjected, loosening his tie as he ascended the staircase.

Noting his expression, Krista contemplated voicing her thoughts but ultimately refrained.

Harold retreated into his room, forcefully shutting the door behind him. Collapsing onto the bed, he shielded his eyes with his arm, his mind awash with the tender countenance adorning Rena's face.

