

## Chapter 39 Go To Harold's Villa

Regrettably, Jazlyn's flight encountered a delay due to a mechanical issue.

She attempted to reach Waylen in the lounge but, unfortunately, his phone was powered off while he was undergoing the trial.

It wasn't until the trial's conclusion at noon that Waylen switched on his phone and finally received Jazlyn's message. Contemplation filled his expression.

His client's assistant then approached him respectfully and conveyed, "Mr. Fowler, Mr. Williams hopes you can join him for a meal."

Waylen stowed away his phone and responded with a smile, "Please express my gratitude to Mr. Williams. However, I find myself entangled in an important matter in Duefron, leaving me no spare time for a meal with him."

While engrossed in their conversation, Dudley

approached.

Dudley Williams, an elegant entrepreneur in his early forties, reached out his hand to shake Waylen's, expressing his enthusiasm. "Waylen, your performance in court was outstanding. As you have pressing matters to attend to, I won't insist on your stay. Nevertheless, the next time you visit Heron, please do allow me the pleasure of treating you to dinner."

"Absolutely," Waylen replied gracefully.

Dudley held Waylen in high regard and promptly instructed his driver to transport Waylen to the airport.

Given the considerable delay of Jazlyn's flight, she opted to accompany Waylen back.

Before the plane departed, Waylen made another call to Rena.

To his dismay, her phone remained powered off!

His brow furrowed, and he surmised that something must have transpired. <sup>1</sup>

\*

In Duefron.

Rena spent the entire day at home.

She provided unwavering support to Eloise, who was experiencing emotional turmoil.

In the evening, Rena prepared a meal. During the course of dinner, she said softly, "I am meeting someone later. Vera introduced him to me. I believe he might be able to offer us assistance."

Eloise was skeptical.

Rena tenderly held her hand and reassured, "I assure you, I haven't deceived you! I simply want to give it a try."

Perhaps Rena's deception was so artfully executed that Eloise found herself believing it.

Following their dinner, Rena retreated to her room and retrieved a large box, from which she extracted a photo album.

Carefully opening its pages, a photograph of her mother during her youth graced its surface.

Rena caressed it gently, a touch filled with longing.

Her mother had passed away when she was merely ten years old. A year later, her father married Eloise.

Rena could vividly recall the frequent quarrels between her father and Eloise during that time. On one occasion, Eloise wept inconsolably and queried why her husband treated someone else's child so well while refusing to let her bear their own child.

It was then that Rena discovered she was not Darren's biological daughter.

Fearful of sudden abandonment, she would sometimes indulge in childish demands for a sibling whenever Darren and Eloise did not quarrel. However, Eloise had never conceived.

Eloise had loved Darren wholeheartedly and raised Rena as her own. She had shown immense kindness to Rena.

How could Rena bear the thought of Eloise enduring a decade or more behind bars?

A solitary tear cascaded onto the photograph, prompting Rena to hastily wipe it away, ever so gently.

Unbeknownst to Rena, Eloise observed this poignant scene from the doorway.

In the softest of voices, Eloise spoke up. "Weren't

you supposed to meet someone? Put on some appropriate attire before you go out."

Rena closed the photo album, returning it to its place.

She rose to her feet and changed her clothes. Just before departing, an overwhelming urge compelled Rena to embrace Eloise tightly.

An unsettling feeling gripped Eloise.

However, Rena offered a faint smile and assured her that the person Vera had sought help from was highly capable. Rena added that Harold might even hold him in high regard, which persuaded Eloise not to impede her.


With a gentle closing of the door, Rena leaned against it, her gaze vacant and lost in thought for an extended period.

By this time, dusk had already settled upon the land.

After a prolonged contemplation of the sky above, Rena eventually turned around and boarded the bus.

Upon arriving at Harold's grand villa, it was already eight o'clock in the evening. Harold, dressed in a

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 +90 Points at most

formal suit, was seated on the sofa, indulging in a drink. The soft glow from a crystal lamp illuminated his striking features. 1

In the past, Rena might have been captivated by his charm. However, her present sentiment was one of repulsion. 2

In a husky voice, Harold inquired, "Where have you been? I've been calling you all day!" 1