

Chapter 48 A Phone Call With Rena

Harold's nerves were on edge, anxiety tingling through his veins. 1

In his mind, he pondered whether it was the fragrance of the female escort's perfume.

Attempting to ease the situation, he mustered a smile and said, "This morning, I had to visit the hospital to change the dressing. Perhaps it's the lingering scent of the nurse's perfume that you're sensing."

Cecilia expressed her discontent, her dissatisfaction manifesting in fidgeting with her nails, as she grumbled, "That nurse must be exceptionally young and beautiful! You must have found great joy when she attended to your dressing."

A chuckle escaped Harold's lips, as he playfully pinched her cheek, teasingly asking, "Are you feeling a twinge of jealousy, my dear?"

Deeply enamored by Harold, Cecilia's suspicions were mere fleeting thoughts. He skillfully coaxed her and, in no time, a radiant smile adorned her face as she leaned affectionately against his shoulder.

Korbyn confidently placed his chess piece on the intricately carved chessboard, offering his opinion. "As a young lady, it is best to maintain a certain level of reservation."


How could Korbyn fail to recognize his own daughter's nature?

Waylen had mentioned that Cecilia possessed a pure simplicity and would readily comply with Harold's wishes.

Yet, Korbyn believed it was advantageous for Cecilia to be with the astute Harold who would look out for her.

Harold effortlessly deceived Cecilia, his smile masking his true intentions.

Just then, Juliette approached with a warm smile and addressed the group, "Since Waylen is unable to join us at the moment, why don't we proceed with our meal? The servant has already laid out the

Chapter 48 A Phone Call With Rena  +90 Points at most dishes."

Cecilia seized Harold's hand, pulling him close as they walked arm in arm, an intimate gesture reflecting their connection.

Korbyn and Juliette exchanged knowing smiles, an unspoken understanding passing between them.

During the subsequent lunch, the atmosphere remained pleasant. Harold showcased his conversational prowess, endearing himself to Cecilia's parents.

After the meal, Cecilia led Harold to her private sanctuary on the second floor.

As the door closed behind them, she boldly initiated a passionate kiss, revealing her desire to share a deeper connection with him.

However, Harold's wound and his sexual encounter with the female escort earlier that morning meant that fatigue gripped him, leaving him devoid of the energy required for intimacy with Cecilia. 7

Moreover, his current state of mind did not lend itself to passionate endeavors, so he settled for a tender kiss instead.

In a voice tinged with huskiness, he expressed, "Give me a few more days, my love. Can you wait?"

Shyly, Cecilia nodded in agreement, her arms enveloping his waist as she inhaled his unique scent. "I truly wish for you to shower and rid yourself of the perfume's aroma. However, since it's the scent of the nurse's perfume, I don't mind."

Harold's smile bloomed as he affectionately caressed her head, soothing her concerns.

They decided to rest, seeking solace in each other's embrace.

A distant car's sound then echoed from downstairs. It could be Waylen's arrival.

With gentle motions, Harold disengaged Cecilia's hands and made his way to the balcony, hoping for a glimpse.

Indeed, it was Waylen.

The afternoon sun cast its sweltering rays, prompting Waylen to discard his jacket. Dressed in a dapper dark blue shirt and suit trousers, he engaged in a phone conversation.


"I've returned to my parents' house. I'll pick you up around five o'clock! Start packing your belongings."

Tension coiled within Harold's body. He knew it must be Rena conversing with Waylen on the other end of the line.

Was Rena planning to move in with Waylen?

At that moment, Waylen lifted his gaze and locked eyes with Harold. A knowing smile graced his lips.

Waylen chuckled.

Speaking gently into the phone, he reassured, "It's nothing, my dear. I simply spotted an acquaintance! If there are items you can't bring along, we can always purchase new ones on our way back." 

After concluding his phone call, Waylen disconnected the line.

A shadow passed over Harold's face, his expression turning somber.

Just then, Cecilia awoke from her nap. She approached him, seeking solace by enveloping his waist and longing for a kiss. However, Harold wasn't in the mood. He simply said, "Your brother has returned. Let's go downstairs."

Despite Cecilia's inherent simplicity, she couldn't help but perceive his indifference, leading to a

tinge of disappointment seeping into her heart.

Harold, ever the charmer, skillfully coaxed and reassured her.

As they descended the staircase, Cecilia's spirits soared once more, her buoyant nature resurfacing.

Waylen sat comfortably on the sofa, engrossed in a magazine. Cecilia eagerly threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Waylen!"

Waylen playfully pinched her cheek and remarked, "You're still as clingy as ever. Harold might become jealous."

"He won't," Cecilia insisted, holding onto Waylen's arm and assuming a spoiled stance. "Didn't you mention having several projects? It would be better to have Harold take care of them instead of outsiders."

Waylen glanced up at Harold, a meaningful smile dancing on his lips. "Dad is right. You treat Harold better than you treat us now."

"No, I'm not!" Cecilia protested, her voice filled with affection. 