

Chapter 74 Taken For Granted

The sudden dip in the conversation made the atmosphere in the kitchen a little tense.

Still, Rena didn't intend to leave just yet.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Eloise was helping Darren with his rehabilitation exercises, so she asked Rena to open the door.

Rena obediently went to the door and opened it.

But as soon as she saw who was standing outside, all the color drained from her face.

Harold was standing at their doorstep with several cigarette butts lying around his feet. Rena didn't know how long he had been standing there before he decided to ring the doorbell. Their eyes met.

Eloise's voice came from inside the room. "Rena, who is it?"

Rena quickly shouted back, "No one! Just an insurance salesman!" Then she went out and hurriedly closed the door behind her.

Seeing her ex-boyfriend here, Rena felt nothing for him.

She asked coldly, "What are you doing here? If you came to

visit my father, there's no need. Don't you think my father has been tortured enough?"

Harold threw another cigarette butt to the ground and stubbed it out with his foot.

When he raised his head, he locked eyes with her and said seriously, "Rena, I came here to see you! Let's go to our old apartment. Your things are still there. You should go over there and get them."

Rena looked at him incredulously.

How dared he mention it?

In the past, she thought that that apartment held her best memories, but now she knew that she was wrong about that. Without hesitation, she shook her head and said, "Just throw them away."

Harold seemed to have expected such a response.

He smiled and tried to coax her gently. "You know I won't throw them away."

"Do whatever you want with them then!"

Not wanting to waste her breath on him, Rena was about to go back inside.

But Harold suddenly hugged her from behind and whispered, "Stop being so cold to me, Rena. You weren't like this before!"

Rena gritted her teeth, her blood boiling with rage and

resentment.

She didn't think twice and raised her hand to slap him in the face with all her might.

"Shame on you! We broke up a long time ago!"

Harold froze. He looked sad, but he didn't lose his temper.

Rena sneered at him in disdain.

She knew Harold very well. He was having a hard time now at work, but he couldn't complain to his fiancée, so he thought of running to Rena. But she didn't want to have anything to do with him, let alone listen to his hardships!

Rena tried her best to calm down and said through gritted teeth, "Mr. Moore, don't you dare come to me again! I've already looked past what you did to me and my family, so I hope you'll stop bothering me from now on!"

Harold looked at her quietly.

Her face was still pretty and delicate, but she wasn't as meek and obedient as before.

In the past, it was Rena who did everything for their relationship. Harold had always taken her for granted, and when he felt that it was the right time to chase Cecilia for greater gain, he broke up with Rena without hesitation. He never even felt the need to give Rena an explanation, let alone apologize.



He always thought that Rena would love him unrequitedly, but he was wrong.

She didn't love him anymore.

And here he was, missing her.

Harold was a proud, stubborn man. He reached into his pocket with one hand and wrapped his fingers around the key to the apartment tightly.

This was the same key that Rena had used before!

He smiled and snorted indifferently. "You're right. We should go our separate ways. It's what's good for both of us."


Rena didn't say anything more and simply crossed her arms over her chest.

Then Harold leaned closer and whispered, "But do you really think that Waylen loves you? Wake up, Rena. Do you know how many rich and powerful women want him?"

As he spoke, Harold stared at her intently.

He had never had sex with Rena. That was his biggest regret. He always took her for granted before, but now, he lost her and couldn't stop thinking about her day and night!



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