

Chapter 47 If A Woman Truly Loves You

After Rena hung up the call, Harold furiously pounded the steering wheel of his car.

Rena!

Doubts consumed him as he pondered, was she still the woman he once knew? 6

Harold found himself engulfed in a melancholic mood, reluctant to acknowledge that Rena's presence had an undeniable impact on his emotions.

He reasoned that he was upset simply because he had failed to get her.

Instead of seeking medical attention for his waist injury, Harold veered off course and directed his car towards an upscale club where he often engaged in business discussions with his associates.

This establishment exuded an air of exclusivity, attracting individuals of notable standing. 7

Once inside, Harold retreated to a private room, seeking solace in the isolation it offered. With a heavy heart, he poured himself a drink and silently contemplated his current predicament.

Observing Harold's despondency, the manager approached and joined him for a drink, displaying genuine concern. "Mr. Moore, have you had a disagreement with your girlfriend?" he inquired politely. "Why else would you be indulging in daytime drinking? I have heard that the young lady from the Fowler family holds deep affection for you. How could she possibly quarrel with you?"

Leaning back on the luxurious leather sofa, Harold cast his gaze downward and murmured, "Does she truly love me so much?" 3

The manager, sporting a warm smile, proceeded to pour Harold a glass of wine. "If a woman loves you so much, she must be obedient to you." 4

Harold silently sipped half of his wine, lost in thought.

After a brief pause, a smile slowly formed on his lips as he questioned, "But what if, one day, she ceases to be obedient? Does that imply her love

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for me has vanished?"

The manager, eager to appease Harold's concerns, replied flatteringly, "You possess extraordinary qualities. How could she possibly stop loving you?"

Aware of Harold's turmoil over matters of the heart, the manager astutely summoned a female companion, aiming to lift his spirits.

The young female escort possessed an aura of innocence and purity.

"Come and keep Mr. Moore company. We can't let him drink alone," the manager instructed the escort.

Harold was on the verge of declining but, as he lifted his head, he was taken aback.

The escort's pristine countenance bore an uncanny resemblance to Rena's, particularly when viewed from the side. His astonishment compelled him to pull the girl closer and call out, "Rena?"

Recognizing the situation, the manager tactfully exited the room.

Left alone in the private space were Harold and the female escort.

Instinctively aware of how to bring joy to men, the

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escort made the first move by encircling Harold's neck with her arms and kissing him. In response, Harold pressed her against the sofa, succumbing to desire.

After their intercourse, Harold casually inquired, "What is your name?"

"Lillian," she replied, assisting him in dressing with remarkable obedience.

Harold's playful smile emerged as he remarked, "It's a lovely name."

Lillian blushed, enfolding her arms around his waist while asking, "Mr. Moore, when will you visit me again?"

Harold lit a cigarette and took a few drags before responding.

"We'll discuss that later."

A hint of disappointment flickered across her face. She yearned to know if he desired her as his mistress. After all, he had displayed great ardor just moments ago, repeatedly calling her Rena.

To her, Rena's identity was inconsequential. What truly mattered was the prospect of being involved with a wealthy man.

Harold, devoid of any inclination to engage in further conversation, promptly departed the club.

As he settled into his car, he glanced at his wrist to check the time. It was already 11 o'clock, indicating it was time to proceed to the Fowler family's residence for lunch. However, the thought of encountering Waylen's face caused his handsome visage to darken, dampening his spirits.

Upon his arrival at the Fowler family's residence, Harold was taken aback to discover that Waylen had not yet returned.

Cecilia descended the stairs, clutching her phone and addressed her parents in a sugary tone, "I'm not sure what has kept Waylen so occupied. He had promised to join us for lunch but now he claims he won't be able to finish his work until three o'clock in the afternoon."

Harold's hands clenched tightly, well aware of Waylen's true engagements.

Nevertheless, he chose to feign composure and engaged in a game of chess with Korbyn.

Seated beside Harold, Cecilia spoke softly, attempting to placate him. "Don't be angry, Harold.

Waylen didn't mean any harm."

Harold offered a smile, assuring her, "I won't let anger consume me."

Korbyn, quite content with Harold's response, cast a glance at his beloved daughter and remarked, "Do you truly believe that Harold possesses the thoughtlessness you often exhibit? He is a considerate individual who comprehends Waylen's circumstances."

Harold tenderly embraced Cecilia, affirming, "Cecilia possesses immense thoughtfulness herself."

Cecilia's heart warmed at his words. Just as she was about to speak further, a distinct fragrance reached her senses, causing her to inquire, "Harold, why do I detect the scent of perfume on you?" 2