

Chapter 36 Knelt Down And Beg

Rena's gaze turned hollow.

She looked at Harold, the man she once loved so deeply, and felt incredibly strange, as if she had never truly known him.

How could he be so heartless?

Eloise wouldn't even harm a chicken, let alone wield a knife. Harold must have provoked her and manipulated the situation.

"Harold, please let me go," Rena pleaded, interrupting his impending words.

But before he could respond, Rena knelt down before him. Eloise snapped back to her senses, emitting a strange sound as if she wanted to stop Rena.

However, Rena refused to rise.

Tears filled her eyes, yet determination gleamed within them. In a trembling voice, she spoke, "Mr. Moore, I was young and naive. I shouldn't have

been involved with you. It was my mistake. I implore you, for the kindness I once showed you, please release my father and Eloise. Let them go! Please!"

Witnessing Rena's profound humility, Eloise burst into tears.

Snapping out of it, she apologized to Rena and attempted to pull her back up.


Rena was Darren's cherished daughter.

Seeing the girl on her knees, begging Harold for mercy, the blood inside Eloise began to boil.

How could she kneel before this monster?

Rena remained motionless, her unwavering gaze fixed on Harold. After four years together, how could he not understand her?

Rena possessed a gentle temperament, but she could be stubborn at times. She had once loved him wholeheartedly, but now she knelt before him to sever their ties.

Gritting his teeth, Harold asked angrily, "What if I refuse to let them go? What do you intend to do, Rena?" 

Rena clenched her fists and replied, "Aren't you

afraid that I'll expose your true nature to the Fowler family?"

"Just try it!" Harold's face contorted, a sneer crossing his lips. "And let's see if Cecilia will forgive me, if your entire family will escape unscathed, and if Waylen will come to your aid."

The mention of Waylen further infuriated Harold.

His eyes suddenly blazed in anger as his chest heaved in and out. At that same moment, Rena finally understood the kind of person Harold truly was. She looked at him as if she had just realized something.

While slightly wincing in pain, Harold approached Rena, forcibly lifting her and drawing her closer to him.

He caressed her face and whispered in a low, hoarse voice, "Come back to me! Otherwise, I can't guarantee what I might do. Perhaps Eloise will end up imprisoned on charges of assault, and as for Darren..."

He wasn't even able to finish what he was saying when Rena's hand struck his face with a resounding slap that echoed throughout the room.

Trembling with anger, she exclaimed, "Harold, you wretched bastard!"

He grabbed her hand tightly, refusing to let go. The grip was so hard that she was sure that it would leave a mark later on.

The man then pressed his face against hers, his voice icy as he murmured, "You didn't realize it until now? You didn't say any of this when you had feelings for me back then! You didn't see me as a wretched bastard when you eagerly waited for me to kiss you! Rena, back then, you claimed that I was the most handsome man in the world. Have you forgotten your words? Do you need me to help you remember?"

Eloise struggled to rush over to Rena's aid, but Harold soon let go of Rena and instructed the security guard to restrain Eloise.

His voice dripped with coldness as he commanded, "Call the police. Inform them that this woman deliberately attacked and injured me."

Rena reached for his hand, desperately trying to hold on.

Yet, Harold forcefully shook her off, licking the

blood from his lips as he sneered, "Rena, you truly know how to make me angry."

Not long after, the wailing sirens of approaching police cars grew louder and louder.

Upon realizing the unfortunate fate that awaited her, Rena's face turned pale.

Harold was shameless and vile. He was a true bastard!

She closed her eyes briefly before reopening them, softly saying, "Please, don't be angry. I'm apologizing to you on Eloise's behalf."

Hearing this, the man sat on the sofa and extended his hand out to her.

Hands now stained with the man's blood, she slowly raised it as well. As she reached back to him, she gently placed her palm on his. 1