

Chapter 210 Rena's Uncle Arrives

Waylen gently caressed Cecilia's head, his voice filled with concern as he inquired, "Now, please tell me. Do you still desire to be in Harold's company?"

Cecilia's countenance turned pallid, and she shook her head in response, silently conveying her answer.

Her longing for Harold had dissipated entirely, evaporating like a fleeting wisp of smoke.

The reason for her change of heart was Harold's infidelity, which had transpired even before their nuptials, leaving Cecilia with no desire to pursue a relationship with him any longer.

Waylen's demeanor toward Cecilia was devoid of sarcasm, his actions embracing her gently, reminiscent of their childhood days.

In the span of a protracted moment, he lowered his head and whispered, "Come to my abode on another occasion. I shall request Rena to fry some succulent chicken drumsticks for you. They are your favorite, aren't they?"

Cecilia disengaged herself from his embrace, observing him with a gaze akin to that of a caring nurse attending to a patient.

After a prolonged pause, she sniffled softly and said slowly, "Dad is greatly incensed. I fear he will not endorse your

relationship with Rena any longer. Moreover, Rena seems unforgiving and disinterested in marrying you. Waylen... are we destined to remain single companions?"

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Within the confines of the Fowlers' study, Korbyn seethed with anger, unable to fathom the situation that had unfolded before him.

What the hell was going on?

The two children he held in high regard, Harold and Rena, had been engaged in a clandestine romance for four long years. It was inconceivable.

As Waylen entered the room, Korbyn's fury erupted, leading him to hurl a cup against his own son.

Waylen made no effort to evade the projectile, resulting in a gash on his forehead from the impact, and crimson droplets trickled down his face.

Juliette's heart winced with pain at the sight.

Korbyn sneered contemptuously. "Look at you. A mere scratch, and yet you fret over him. He anticipated this reaction from you, which is why he resorts to such tactics."

Waylen maintained a pretense of ignorance. "Dad, what concern is Harold's affair to me?"

Korbyn's rage spiraled out of control.

He pointed an accusing finger at Waylen and vented his fury. "You persist in feigning ignorance. How proficient you are at deception! It may be acceptable for you to intimidate others in court but do you truly believe you can deceive your own father within the confines of our home? Let me tell you, Harold's

mistress divulged everything to me."

Waylen chose to remain silent.

He took a seat on the sofa and used a tissue to staunch the bleeding from his forehead.

Korbyn fixated his gaze on Waylen and remarked sharply, "Why the silence now? Waylen, you truly are something! Aware of Harold's involvement with Rena, you proceeded to steal Rena away. And when you tire of playing with her, you intend to discard her covertly, don't you? What course of action do you believe is fitting for you now?"

Waylen's words trickled out slowly, laden with a weighty significance, "Cecilia yearns to sever ties with Harold."

A subtle, enigmatic smile graced Waylen's countenance as he pressed on, his voice dripping with sincerity, "Dad, I implore you to divulge your desires concerning the Moore Group and I shall dutifully fulfill them. Should it prove inconvenient for you, I shall shoulder the responsibility gladly."

Korbyn's temper flared uncontrollably.

He believed his son possessed a knack for evading matters of importance while fixating on trivialities.

His gaze bore into his wife and his voice erupted in a bellow. "Look at your astute son. So cunning, he is."

Juliette grew vexed, retorting, "Clearly, he inherited your genes as well. Why do you cast blame on me?"

Korbyn touched his nose pensively, his tone now softening. "Summon Rena here. I must have a conversation with her."

"She is currently in Heron, engrossed in a substantial project.

Dad, you shouldn't be so worked up. So what she was someone else's girlfriend before? Besides, Rena was but a pure and innocent woman. Nothing happened between her and Harold. I was her first."

Korbyn chuckled with an air of enraged amusement.

He extracted a cigarette from his pocket, igniting it with care, inhaling the smoke leisurely. "So, I am meant to commend you for your swiftness? Is that your source of pride? Waylen, you possess an audacious impudence... Let me make it clear, I do not approve of this."

Waylen remained unperturbed.

Whether his father approved or not was inconsequential. The crux of the matter lay in Rena's indifference towards him now.

Waylen then said with restrained composure, "Dad, it seems premature to draw conclusions, wouldn't you agree? The pivotal issue at hand is Rena's apathy towards me. My standing has been diminished."

Korbyn derived a sense of satisfaction from this response. He cast a sidelong glance at Waylen and uttered, "Loser!"

Observing Korbyn's expression slightly ease, Waylen resolved to exert further effort, but before he could act, the housekeeper hurriedly approached, her voice tinged with anxiety. "Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, a Mr. Evans from Czanch is requesting an audience with Mr. Waylen."

A Mr. Evans from Czanch?

Korbyn's extensive experience in the business realm set him apart from ordinary individuals, endowing him with a heightened intuition.

He sensed that something significant was about to unfold.

Hastily striding towards the window, he flung the curtains open, revealing several sleek black limousines adorning his courtyard. Though not extravagantly priced, these were Audi A8s, signature vehicles of some certain important people and typically reserved for special occasions.

Korbyn ventured a guess regarding the visitor's identity.

It should be Mark Evans, the present head of the illustrious Evans family in Czanch.

Mark possessed a distinction that set him apart from the rest of his family. He held a prestigious position in his career as a politician.

Regarding the other members of the Evans family, they dabbled in business and the arts. Yet, when critical decisions had to be made, it was Mark who assumed the mantle of authority.

Mark's lifelong singularity had become the stuff of legends.

Throughout his existence, he had ceaselessly sought out his long-lost twin sister.

Gazing outwards, Korbyn's voice resonated softly, laden with a tinge of caution. "This gentleman from the Evans family may appear unassuming but behind closed doors, he is ruthless. Many have perished due to his machinations. Waylen... How did you manage to incur his wrath?"

Waylen entertained a few hypotheses.

However, he chose not to divulge them explicitly. Sporting an enigmatic smile, he merely replied, "Perhaps it is due to the scarcity of members within the Evans family. They may be seeking a suitable son-in-law."

Korbyn's anger skyrocketed.

He extinguished his cigarette and hissed vehemently, "Accompany me downstairs to receive our esteemed guest."

With that, Korbyn descended the staircase, accompanied by his son.

In the grand hall of the Fowler estate, a figure of elegance stood tall, hands tucked behind his back, his gaze fixated upon an authentic painting adorning the wall.

Though his features were not distinctly visible, the gracefulness of his posture was resplendent.

Upon hearing the approaching footsteps, the man turned around, a faint smile playing upon his lips.

Despite being in his forties, he exuded a remarkable charm, appearing no older than thirty-five or thirty-six.

Korbyn experienced a jolt of astonishment within.

However, the more affable Mark appeared, the more Korbyn sought to interject with a touch of sarcasm.

Of course, Korbyn was no stranger to the art of deception. Far from being taken aback, he warmly extended his hand, greeting Mark, "Mr. Evans, do you happen to admire the painting that caught your attention?"

Sporting a genial smile, Mark responded, "Mr. Fowler, would I dare to pilfer your cherished possession?"

Korbyn offered a few vague remarks before instructing a servant to serve tea.

Waylen, usually brimming with pride, took the tray from the servant, expertly pouring a cup of tea for Mark, and respectfully offered it to the man. "Mr. Evans, this tea is truly exceptional. I implore you to savor it."

Korbyn's eyes widened, pondering whether a remarkable transformation had befallen Waylen's character.

Mark possessed a lucid awareness of the situation at hand.

Instead of partaking in the tea, he delicately retrieved a faded, yellowed photograph from his tailored suit pocket. Placing it gently upon the tea table, a smile graced his lips as he remarked, "Today, I have come to seek information about an individual from you, Mr. Fowler."

Waylen picked up the photograph.

The young woman captured within its frame possessed a captivating beauty and an air of nimbleness, akin to Rena.

Mark finally lifted the teacup, but as his lips hovered near its rim, he paused and inquired, "Mr. Fowler, does she bear a resemblance to someone familiar? This is my long-lost younger sister, who vanished years ago... Yet she left behind a daughter named Rena Gordon."

Having uttered those words, Mark gently returned the cup to its resting place.

He turned his gaze towards Korbyn and Waylen, his tone courteous as he continued, "I have been fervently searching for her for an extensive period. I heard that she shares a profound connection with young Mr. Fowler, thus I took the liberty of coming here to inquire about her."