

## Chapter 261 You Haven't Recovered Yet

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After a few days of indulgence, Waylen found himself struck down with a fever.

Rena, feeling both shy and angry, decided to keep him at home to recuperate and also forbade him from getting too close to her.

Despite his illness, Waylen couldn't resist touching her, leaving Rena at a loss on how to handle his advances. She was hesitant to take him to the hospital, so she called a family doctor to attend to him at home.

One Monday, Rena received a call from Juliette, who invited her over for tea.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Rena entered the study where she found Waylen leaning against the sofa, engrossed in reading business-related documents.

He looked relaxed and comfortable, dressed in a white sweater and grey casual pants.

Rena gently touched his forehead, relieved to find that his fever wasn't too severe anymore.

"Are you going out?" Waylen asked, noticing Rena's attire.

She replied, "Your mother wanted me to spend some time with her."

Looking back at his documents, Waylen snorted teasingly. "Are you planning to leave the patient at home? Mrs. Fowler... Aren't you going to take responsibility for me after you enjoyed the sex?"



he playfully remarked.

Blushing, Rena replied softly, "I'll be back early this afternoon."

Waylen remained silent, but when Rena kissed him and asked if that would suffice, he stared at her for a long time before slowly saying, "Yeah, I want chicken soup tonight."

Rena agreed, and after saying their goodbyes, she took a taxi to the Fowlers' house.

As she arrived and entered, she discovered only Juliette at home.

Juliette informed her that Cecilia had taken Edwin out for some fun.

She then led Rena to the small parlor of the master bedroom on the second floor.

Glancing at the room, Rena instantly knew that Juliette did not want anyone to eavesdrop on them.

Rena took the initiative to make coffee, and once it was ready, they sat down next to each other.

Juliette then showed Rena a photo. "Someone introduced him to me. He's at the same age as Cecilia, a university teacher and his family runs a small business. What do you think?" Juliette asked.

Examining the photo carefully, Rena found the man good-looking and gentle in temperament.

She thought he seemed suitable for Cecilia.

With a worried look on her face, Juliette said, "Rena, help me persuade Cecilia. Although she agrees to meet new people, she seems very negative about it. But she can't be single all the time. Although her father doesn't say anything, he still hopes that she can start a family."

Rena felt a pang of guilt and knew she had to offer her support.

Patting Rena's hand, Juliette said, "There's a lot going on between Cecilia and your uncle. And none of it was your fault. I can only say that they didn't meet in the right place at the right time.

They have a child, and if it weren't for the conflict that can't be solved, they would probably get back together for the sake of the child. But now..."

Rena comforted Juliette for a long time, trying to be a source of strength.

Later that afternoon, Cecilia returned with Edwin.

Rena played with Edwin, and after some time, Cecilia could guess what was going on. She called a servant to take Edwin to have some dessert and then approached Rena.

"Rena, it was my mother who asked you to come, wasn't it?" Cecilia asked softly.

Rena sighed softly, knowing she couldn't hide it any longer.

She took out the photo and handed it to Cecilia.

Cecilia stared at it for a long time before Rena whispered, "If you don't want to do this, I'll talk to your parents. If worse comes to worst, I will ask your brother to talk to them."

Rena didn't want to force Cecilia and only wanted her to find happiness.

After all, she was also a woman with pained past. She knew that Cecilia did not move on, and there was Edwin by her side. It wasn't easy for Cecilia to accept someone else.

Cecilia looked down at the photo for a long time, contemplating her decision.

Finally, she looked up with a determined smile. "I'll go."

Rena was stunned for a moment.

"People always have to move on, don't they? I'm willing to go on a blind date and meet someone new. Besides, this man looks good. Maybe I can get along with him," Cecilia reasoned.

Touched by her strength, Rena felt speechless.

Rena hugged her tightly, feeling the unspoken emotions between them.

Cecilia rested her head on Rena's shoulder, letting her feelings flow freely. "Rena, at that time, I really liked Mark, a hundred times more than I liked Harold. But he had so many... I am too insignificant."

Rena listened, understanding the complexities of Cecilia's emotions. Later on, it was time for her to leave.

She picked up Alexis on her way home, feeling absent-minded.

As she cooked chicken soup for Waylen, she accidentally scalded herself.

Waylen, concerned about her well-being, tended to her wound. "What did my mom say that made you so upset? Is it about Cecilia?" he asked gently.

Rena looked at Alexis, who was wide-eyed and listening intently.

Realizing it wasn't the right time to discuss it, Rena said, "Let's talk about it later."

Waylen smiled, understanding her desire for privacy.

They put Alexis to bed, and when they were alone in the master bedroom, Waylen saw Rena applying skincare products in front of the dresser. He walked over quietly, wrapped his arms around her waist, and asked in a hoarse voice, "What's wrong with Cecilia?"



Rena let him hold her, feeling comforted by his touch.

She did not show any efforts of stopping him.

Eventually, the two of them fell into a passionate moment. After a while, she shared with him everything about Cecilia, wanting him to understand her concerns.

Waylen kissed the soft flesh behind Rena's ear, his voice hoarse with emotion. "So, you want her to be with your uncle, don't you?"

Rena turned around to face him and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Yes, and no. Waylen, I want her to marry for love instead of settling for Edwin's sake. You know what? No matter how young and beautiful a woman is, if she enters the dating pool as a single mother, she'll probably have a hard time finding genuine love."

Rena didn't want Cecilia to face such challenges.

Seeing how sad Cecilia was earlier, Rena knew she agreed on going on the blind date for her parents' sake.

Rena's identity was subtle, so she told Waylen these words to make him pay more attention to this matter.

Waylen kept silent for a long time, absorbing Rena's words.

He held her close, gently stroking her earlobe. "Rena, have you married for love? Can you tell me?"

Rena lowered her voice and replied, "I'm talking about Cecilia."

Waylen smiled faintly, understanding her answer.

He leaned over and kissed her passionately. "Let her go on the blind date. It might be good for her, and it might also help her and Mark sort out their feelings. If Mark can remain calm, it means they aren't right for each other," he said, trying to

reassure Rena.

Though she appreciated his perspective, Rena knew her uncle better than that.

As she looked at Waylen, she remained motionless, her thoughts still consumed by Cecilia's happiness.

After a long time, Waylen playfully pulled Rena's ear and said, "Are you in a daze? Why are you looking at me like that?"

Rena still didn't move.

He had always been lustful. Now, she was sitting in his arms with messy clothes. He couldn't help but want more than just making out with her.

Rena finally came back to the present moment and blushed, realizing their slightly disheveled state. "You haven't fully recovered yet. Behave yourself... We'll do it when you're well, okay?" Rena said, trying to divert his attention.

Waylen let out a soft chuckle. "You know I can't resist you."

Before anything else could happen, footsteps came from the stairs, and the servant announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Evans is here."

Rena was obviously stunned.

She looked at Waylen and asked, "It's so late. Why is Uncle Mark here?"

Waylen straightened up his clothes and said in a low voice, "It must be something important. I'll go downstairs first. Go and change your clothes before you follow."

Rena nodded in agreement, feeling intrigued and apprehensive about the unexpected visit.

In the hall of the villa, crystal lights lit up the huge space.

Instead of sitting down, Mark stood in front of the piano and stared at it from top to bottom. He thought that it was crazy of Waylen to spend 600 million dollars just for it.

"Good evening."

Waylen's voice echoed from the top of the staircase.

Although the man was already in his 40s, he still had a very charming aura that Waylen could not help but admire.

## Chapter 262 What He Had Done Was Terrible

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Upon hearing Waylen's voice, Mark turned around as he pointed at the piano and smiled.

"It looks good."

Under the soft glow of the crystal chandelier, Waylen's eyes held a touch of nostalgia. "I bought it when Rena and I first got together. I placed it in my apartment before, but now Alexis needs to learn the piano, so we moved it here."

Waylen gestured for Mark to take a seat.

Mark went to the sofa and gently placed a document on the table.

Waylen picked it up and began to read.

It was an internal document, seven pages long, detailing Elvira's major crimes and concluding with the prosecution's recommendation for the death penalty.

Mark's voice was deep as he confirmed, "Death penalty. If there are no accidents, it will be executed in two months."

His expression was complicated, a mix of emotions swirling beneath the surface.

He had heard something from insiders, understanding now how Alexis managed to survive after losing so much blood.

He realized that he had underestimated Waylen's ruthlessness when necessary.



The man was capable of doing anything when needed.

After reading the document, Waylen returned it to Mark, silently acknowledging that Mark's efforts played a crucial role in the swift resolution of the case. Despite their differences, they were still family when it mattered the most.

Waylen then walked over to the bar counter and retrieved a bottle of red wine and two goblets. With a smile, he asked, "Have a drink with me?"

The unspoken invitation suggested that Mark could spend the night at their villa.

However, Mark politely declined, glancing upstairs at Rena standing on the landing.

"I'm good. I have a meeting tomorrow morning."

Waylen didn't force Mark, but asked him to stay overnight.

However, Mark patted Waylen on the shoulder and said, "The driver is waiting for me. Waylen, treat Rena right."

All of a sudden, Mark looked like he had suddenly remembered something and frowned.

Anyway, he couldn't get over Cecilia.

Waylen didn't insist and didn't mention Cecilia, understanding that the wounds were still fresh.

He saw the man to the car, and as the black Audi drove away, Waylen remained standing on the parking pad, taking out a cigarette and lighting it up.

The smoke swirled around him, obscuring his face as he delved into memories.

The good, the bad, and everything that had led to this point. The capture of Elvira would bring closure to the past, and Waylen

knew that it was necessary for him to move forward.

After finishing his cigarette, Waylen finally returned to the villa's porch, where Rena awaited him.

She looked gentle in the dim yellow light, and he hurriedly wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "Why are you out here? It's cold outside."

Rena held his hand, intertwining her fingers with his, and nestled comfortably in his arms.

Her actions reminded Waylen of Alexis, and he playfully teased her, "You are even better at acting like a spoiled child than our daughter now... Do you want me to hug you?"

Rena tightened her grip and murmured, "Waylen, don't say anything. I want to hug you for a while."

He didn't protest and just held her close, feeling her warmth and comfort.

After a long while, he leaned down and kissed her.

"It's okay. I'm right here with you, okay?"

Rena nodded, content with his gentleness.

Waylen felt his blood boiling.

He knew she was exceptionally obedient right now, but he didn't want to take advantage of her vulnerability tonight. He was sure that no matter how he played with her, she would not resist.

If it was a normal situation, he would probably have sex with her right away already.

Tonight however, they sought solace in each other's embrace.

Meanwhile, Mark sat in the car.

The driver asked softly, "Mr. Evans, where are we headed to?"

He did not answer immediately. Instead, he closed his eyes, appreciating the moment of silence.

His mind was preoccupied with thoughts of those major projects and a certain person.

After a while, he said in a hoarse voice, "Go back to the hotel."

After the meeting the next day, he should go back to Czanch. After all, he was really busy.

He took over the task a few years ago.

Despite his successful public life, he struggled with personal matters.

He couldn't even publicly show his love to the woman he loved. And he had to hide his real self and could only find solace in that secret apartment with her.

Two years ago, he broke up with someone he deeply cared for, and the pain still lingered.

He had always been abstinent, but he smoked two packs of cigarettes at that night.

He tried to stop himself from going to see her.

If he didn't see her, he wouldn't lose his mind and wouldn't become a love-sick fool. It had been so long since they broke up and he thought he had moved on, but... He hadn't.

Even now, he couldn't help but eventually drive alone to see Cecilia.

However, when he found her, she wasn't alone.

She was with a young gentleman, looking seemingly content with their companionship.

She had dinner with that man and they went to the cinema.

The man didn't send her home until nine o'clock in the evening.

At the gate of the Fowlers' villa, Mark's car was parked not far away. Watching them from a distance, Mark felt a pang of jealousy.

He wished he could be younger, free of obligations, and able to confront the man openly.

But now, he could only watch from the shadows, feeling a mix of emotions.

Cecilia got out of the car and watched the man leave.

The man her mother's friend Dora Carter introduced to her this time was actually very nice. And Cecilia was willing to get along with him... She went to dinner with him, went to the movies with him and she felt OK.

Maybe they could get married after some time together.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and her heart ached as she felt torn between her past and the possibility of a future with someone else.

Then, she heard Mark calling her name, "Cecilia."

Startled, she took a step back, unsure of how to respond, but also guarded.

Mark raised his chin slightly, pointing to his car.

"Get in, and let's talk."

Cecilia hesitated, torn between her emotions and her apprehension, not sure if she was ready to confront the past that Mark represented.

She took two steps toward the imposing gate, her intention to ask the guard for assistance thwarted as Mark swiftly grasped her arm and half-forcibly pulled her into the waiting car.



The door closed with a resounding thud, and Mark glanced at her from the corner of his eye, his voice tinged with surprise.

"A blind date?"

Cecilia didn't attempt to deny it. "Yes, he's a nice person. He's met Edwin and accepts him."

Mark swallowed nervously.

The prospect of someone else becoming Edwin's father seemed like a cruel joke, but now it was a very real possibility right now.

The woman he once loved so deeply would soon share her life with another man.

And their son, the one he cherished above all else, might call another man dad.

In an attempt to steady his emotions, Mark lit a cigarette.

The smoke curled around his handsome features, accentuating his allure.

He was undeniably good-looking, even with the cigarette in hand.

There had been countless moments when he passionately embraced her, their bodies entwined in the throes of desire. Then he would lean back against the headboard, smoking while grappling with mixed feelings and guilt.

After all, she was 16 years younger than him, and he couldn't help but feel guilty for taking her.

Once, she leaned over and took a drag from his cigarette, and he trembled and almost dropped the cigarette.

In his new-found excitement, he had sought solace in their physical connection, feeling like nothing more than an instinct-driven animal.

As the car interior filled with smoke, Cecilia couldn't help but cough weakly and pleaded, "Let me get out of the car."

Mark obliged and snuffed out the cigarette, his eyes conveying a profound gaze as he asked the question he had long yearned to voice, "What about you? Do you like him?"

Cecilia's eyes welled up with tears, and she replied in a subdued tone, "Kind of."

Mark realized she wasn't trying to piss him off.

She was simply accepting her fate and making the best of it.

She was willing to marry someone else if they treated Edwin well and were compatible in every way.

The pain he caused her had led her to give up and embrace her destiny.

Overwhelmed with heartache and conflicting emotions, Mark didn't know who to blame.

He stared at her for a long time before handing her his phone, his voice returning to calm with a trace of imperceptible tenderness. "Call your mother and tell her you won't be going home for the time being."

Cecilia froze. "I'm not going out with you."

Mark's voice softened as he explained, "I need to talk to you. If you don't want to, I'll call your mom myself. Cecilia, do you want this to happen?"

Tears streamed down Cecilia's cheeks as she felt humiliated, but she reluctantly called her mother.

Using Mark's phone, she couldn't lie, so she explained that she had something to discuss with him regarding Edwin and might return home later.

On the other end, Juliette remained silent for a while before instructing, "Put Mark on the phone."

Cecilia handed the phone to Mark, unaware of the conversation that ensued between him and Juliette.

In a low voice, Mark assured, "I know. I won't cross any boundaries."

After a few more words, he hung up and placed the phone in the storage compartment.

The car started moving, and Cecilia leaned against the back of the seat, murmuring, "Mark, aren't you very busy?"

Mark chuckled as he held the steering wheel. "Do you know my schedule?"

Cecilia retorted sarcastically, "You're always in the news, Mr. Evans. With your debonair charm, you're the center of attention wherever you go. It's hard for me not to know."

Mark remained silent as he drove through the dark night with the woman he had once loved deeply seated beside him.

At this moment, he wished time could freeze, allowing them to be together once more.

After half an hour, they arrived at a quiet road.

Cecilia recognized the place.

Reacting violently, she desperately slapped at the window. "I won't go there, Mark.

I refuse!"

The memories of their past intimacy flooded her mind, and she couldn't fathom why he was taking her back to that apartment. What were his intentions? What did he expect from her?

Feeling helpless, Cecilia couldn't accept any of this.

Her palms were reddened from her futile attempts.

Her eyes were filled with tears, and despite her recent composure, she once again felt like the powerless girl who couldn't resist his demands.

She despised herself for it.

Finally, Mark stopped the car.

Turning to face her and seeing the tears in her eyes, his heart ached.

As a mature and astute man, he wouldn't overlook the fact that she still harbored feelings for him. Otherwise, she wouldn't have reacted so strongly.

Gently, he reached out to caress her face, trying to comfort her like one would soothe a child. "I won't do anything. I just want to talk to you about something. Cecilia, don't we still have trust in each other? If you can't trust me, at least trust your mother. She agreed."

His words flowed with a smooth eloquence, leaving Cecilia defenseless and unable to refute him.

Vulnerable and unsure of her emotions, she felt completely lost in the face of his persuasive words.