

Chapter 384 Waylen Went To Czanch

Unbeknownst to Rena, Waylen embarked on a journey to Czanch, his footsteps guided by a purpose hidden in the depths of his heart.

Rena remained in blissful ignorance, the tapestry of her own day woven with the threads of routine.

The private plane touched down gracefully at the stroke of ten, like a phantom of the skies. Waylen's arrival at the Evans family residence was well-timed, shortly before noon, leaving the mansion's butler utterly surprised by the unexpected guest. Rushing to the grand hall, he announced with urgency, "Mrs. Zoey Evans, Mr. Waylen Fowler has arrived."

Zoey's heart raced with curiosity.

"What brings him here today?"

Her unease was rooted in the unresolved tension between their families.

Mark, her son, and Waylen's sister Cecilia had a tangled history that led to the birth of a child. For years, Mark hadn't given Cecilia a home, and Zoey feared Waylen's presence might ignite a storm of anger.

The butler hesitated, and then cautiously replied, "He appears troubled."

Zoey's concern deepened.

At that very moment, Waylen entered, his demeanor unusually deferential, which only served to bewilder Zoey further.

Without delay, he extended his arm to escort Zoey to her room, away from prying eyes. He confided with a faint smile dancing on his lips, "I have something to share with you, in private."

Zoey's playful retort didn't mask her relief. "Waylen, what's with all the secrecy?"

Waylen's enigmatic smile remained.

When they arrived at the room, he unveiled an aged photograph on the table.

As Zoey donned her reading glasses to study it, she marveled, "This is an old picture of me. How did you manage to find this?"

When she flipped the photo over, her questions dissipated, replaced by a subtle shift in her expression.

Her eyes welled with a complex mix of melancholy and longing for days long gone by.

In fading ink, the reverse side of the photograph bore a message that tugged at Zoey's heartstrings. "I miss my beloved Zoey."

Tears glistened in Zoey's eyes as she recognized the familiar handwriting. "Waylen, I recognize this handwriting."

Her voice quivered, but the tears remained in check.

Waylen's voice was hushed yet filled with a gentle solemnity. "Jarrod entrusted this to me. He said... His life's greatest regret was not having the chance to apologize to you."

Zoey's fingers caressed the photograph, and a sigh escaped her lips. "He didn't need to do that. Waylen, how is he?"

For a fleeting moment, silence hung in the air, an unspoken truth.

Zoey knew something bad might have happened to Jarrod.

Placing his hand atop Zoey's, Waylen gently broke the silence. "Jarrod has passed away. You were the last person in his thoughts."

The words lingered, a poignant reminder of life's fragility.

Zoey's shock was palpable, yet instead of tears, she gently traced the handwritten words on the photograph.

My beloved Zoey.

When Zoey was young, she and Jarrod had been an incredible match. Their connection was undeniable. However, fate had other plans. A bitter feud divided their families. Jarrod's family vehemently opposed his relationship with Zoey, uttering hurtful words. Zoey, known for her fierce spirit, couldn't tolerate such discord. She made the bold decision to marry into the Evans family just half a year later.

Jarrold, unable to bear the constraints of his family's disapproval, chose a different path.

He ran away from home and eventually found himself drawn into the world of psychics.

The ambiance in the room was heavy with silence. Zoey sat, her emotions hidden behind a stoic facade.

No tears, no cries - but Waylen understood the storm brewing within her.

In a hushed voice, Waylen began to share snippets of Jarrod's history and his connection to the Fowler family. Zoey responded with a nonchalant tone, "I thought he had given up on everything. Yet, in the end, he helped my granddaughter."

For hours, Zoey remained in solitude, lost in her thoughts.

Waylen stood by her side, offering silent support.

As evening descended, Mark returned home. He was taken aback

to learn that Waylen was in the house.

Upon hearing from a servant that Zoey was in low spirits and that Waylen was with her, Mark decided to head straight to Zoey's bedroom.

He approached the bedroom door, giving it a gentle knock.

Concern laced his voice as he inquired. "Mom, why have you locked the door?"

The door creaked open, revealing Waylen.

He quietly closed the door behind him and explained, "Mark, your mother needs some time alone."

Mark felt a sense of unease wash over him.

He took a few steps away from the door but couldn't contain his curiosity. "What's wrong with my mom?"

Waylen paused for a moment, choosing his words carefully. "An old friend of your mother's has passed away."

Mark's confusion was palpable.

He racked his brain, but the identity of this old friend remained elusive. After all, the families had once been prominent in their own right, but the past was a distant memory now.

Waylen had originally intended to return to Duefron overnight.

He missed Rena and the kids.

However, Mark's insistence kept him back. "Zoey isn't feeling well. Having an extra person in the house might help, and she's very fond of you."

Waylen consented.

Mark took it upon himself to prepare a few dishes.

The night air was chilly, and Waylen stood alone in the courtyard, dialing Rena's number to let her know where he was.

Rena's gentle voice greeted him when she picked up.

"Dinner is ready. Will you be back for it?"

Waylen, undoing a button on his coat, whispered, "You and the kids should eat first. I'm away on business, and it might be difficult for me to make it back. If you have trouble sleeping, let Alexis sleep with you. She always likes to snuggle up to you the most."

Waylen claimed he was on a business trip, and Rena had no reason to doubt him.

She simply wished him well and implored him to take care of himself.

When he listened to her soft-spoken words, Waylen's heart swelled with longing. He couldn't resist saying something cheesy. "Rena, it's only been a day, but I already miss you."

"Me too."

Waylen's heart did a little dance.

He was about to say more when Mark interrupted, "You're with her every day, and now you can't stand one day without her?"

Waylen hung up the phone, grinning.

He joined Mark for a drink and some conversation.

As he removed his coat, revealing a black turtleneck, Waylen's face flushed a faint red from the wine.

He looked incredibly handsome.

The wine had loosened Waylen's tongue, and he asked casually, "When do you plan to give Cecilia and Edwin a home?"

Mark held his glass, a bittersweet smile playing on his lips.

He felt guilty for repeatedly postponing his promise to Cecilia. Thankfully, danger no longer lurked nearby.

Perhaps due to women's innate reserve, Cecilia wasn't as forward as she used to be.

As for Mark, his busy schedule had always made him unable to address his personal matters.

"Maybe next year," Mark whispered, gazing into his glass.

Waylen was delighted to hear Mark's resolute answer.

He poured a glass of wine for Mark.

The two of them continued to chat merrily.

Late into the night, Waylen found himself in Rena's room. Meanwhile, Mark ventured into Zoey's room. Zoey had been overcome with grief and barely ate, so Mark took it upon himself to whip up a simple noodle dish for her.

"Mom, at least have a few bites," Mark urged gently.

"If you want to visit his grave, I'll go with you," he offered.

Zoey shook her head and gazed out of the window at the brilliant moon.

In a hushed voice, she murmured, "He predicted this ending, yet he chose to go through with it. It must have brought him some peace. Mark, I won't be visiting his grave."

Mark nodded. "Very well."

Being a dutiful son, Mark spent the night on the sofa in Zoey's bedroom.

In the early hours of the morning, Waylen prepared to depart.

Mark asked him to take along some gifts he'd purchased for Cecilia and Edwin.

It was nearly noon by the time Waylen returned home.

Upon his arrival, he found an unexpected guest in the house. It was none other than Tyrone's sister, Danna, who happened to be Zack's wife.

Tyrone had been Waylen's most formidable rival in matters of the heart.

Waylen couldn't help but steal a few extra glances at Danna. She had an unassuming air about her and seemed somewhat apprehensive in his presence.

Before long, Danna hastily took her leave.

Observing her white sports car drive away, Waylen unbuttoned his coat and pretended to be perplexed. "She appeared rather frightened of me."

Rena shot Waylen an amused look.

He had been gazing at Danna in such a way. It was no wonder she felt a little uneasy.

Waylen showed no rush to get to the office.

Instead, he settled Rena onto his lap and inquired softly. "Did Danna come by to speak with you?"

Rena nodded in confirmation.

"She gave tickets to a car race to us. Zack is set to participate in an F1 car race next weekend."

Waylen grinned. "He's nearly 30 and still into racing. I reckon Danna's been spoiling him."

Rena gently stroked Waylen's handsome face and asked, "Are

you jealous? I spoil you too. When you lost your memory, I didn't stop you from being a lawyer."

Speaking of this, Rena continued seriously, "Waylen, I know you prefer to be a lawyer. After I give birth to this baby..."

Waylen halted Rena's words with a tender gesture.

He spoke softly. "More than anything, I want to be your husband."

For a man, providing his wife and children with the best life possible was of paramount importance.

Before he had met Rena, Waylen's dream had been to become a lawyer, but now, his entire dream centered around Rena and their children.

Moreover, he had grown content with his work in the business world.