

Chapter 71 Lyndon Had A Biological Daughter

Lyndon's smile widened as he greeted Waylen. "Long time no see. It's been a few years since we last met! I've heard great things about your accomplishments in your career."

Waylen modestly brushed off the praise, engaging in a pleasant conversation with the older man.

Just then, Cecilia ascended the stairs, her eyes sparkling with delight at the sight of Lyndon. She playfully clung to his arm, reminiscent of her childhood days. "Mr. Coleman, my father is calling for you downstairs," she said with a mischievous grin.

Lyndon tenderly patted Cecilia's hand and obliged, making his way downstairs with her.

As they descended, Cecilia couldn't contain her curiosity and asked, "Did Elvira come back with you this time?"

Lyndon's expression froze.

His gaze instinctively shifted towards Waylen.

Waylen was leaning against the French window, furrowing his brow and slowly puffing on a cigarette.

Lyndon couldn't help but admire the young man's remarkable demeanor, even amidst his evident distress.

In a low voice, Lyndon replied to Cecilia, "No, she didn't. She won't be returning for the time being."

On the terrace, Waylen savored the final moments of his cigarette. His parents then started urging him to join them downstairs.

Slowly, he made his way to greet Lyndon, a highly esteemed guest in the Fowler household.

The servants were bustling about, making all necessary preparations to welcome the family's cherished friend.

Korbyn, with his arm around Lyndon's shoulder, beamed with joy as he exclaimed, "Lyndon, it's been years, yet you remain as graceful as ever! I, on the other hand, am feeling quite old."

Cecilia chimed in sweetly, "Dad, are you thinking of finding a new wife?"

Laughter erupted around the table, and Juliette joined in, jesting, "Oh, nonsense! Your father will give you a good scolding for such remarks."

Cecilia stuck out her tongue and declared, "Mr. Coleman will protect me."

Juliette smiled affectionately and addressed Lyndon, "Cecilia has always been attached to you since she was a child."

Lyndon's gaze rested on Cecilia, his heart tinged with longing.

Though he and his wife had a daughter, she had been adopted. If only he hadn't prioritized his own ego and disappointed his girlfriend at the time, could he have had a biological daughter as lively and lovely as Cecilia?

He felt a wave of melancholy wash over him and softly uttered, "Cecilia is truly delightful." Then he gently patted her on the head.

Confused, Cecilia blinked her innocent eyes, unaware of the depth of Lyndon's emotions.

Sensing the man's sadness, Korbyn swiftly changed the subject, rekindling a lively atmosphere. However, in the midst of their joyful conversation, Korbyn couldn't help but notice Waylen's somber mood. Sighing inwardly, Korbyn knew that there was something bothering his son.

Korbyn sighed.

The dinner continued well into the late hours of the night.

Juliette had already instructed the servants to prepare the guest room for Lyndon. However, Lyndon insisted on staying in a hotel. With no other choice, she and Korbyn arranged for a driver to accompany their old friend back to the hotel.

As the dinner concluded, the grand dining room now appeared empty.

The only thing heard were the sounds of the servants tidying

up, the clinking of glasses and plates echoing faintly in the air.

Waylen was about to retire to his room when his father halted him.

"Waylen, I need to talk to you about something."

Waylen turned his deep gaze towards his father, awaiting his words.

Korbyn gestured for them to proceed to the study, closing the door behind them.

Once inside, Waylen prepared a cup of tea for the older man.

"Dad, what do you want to talk to me about in the middle of the night?"

Korbyn did not drink the tea and instead put it aside.

With a serious expression, he began. "Waylen, I noticed that you were not in a good mood during dinner."

Waylen took out a cigarette, brought it to his lips and lit it.

With a smirk, he replied, "Really? I must have been too tired recently."

Korbyn frowned. He knew his son very well.

He knew that Waylen was lying.

"I don't care about your past with Elvira, but you can't let it affect my friendship with Lyndon."

Waylen then took a long drag from his cigarette and

extinguished it in the ashtray.

Rising from his seat, he smiled wistfully and said, "Then, I'll take my leave now."

