

## Chapter 213 Mark Kicks Lyndon's Ass

Rena's countenance grew ashen, her complexion drained of color.

She recollected that on one fateful night, Waylen had been seized by an unexpected passion.

During that moment, she was plunged into a profound slumber, completely vulnerable and defenseless.

He appeared to have inadvertently overlooked the employment of a protective sheath.

Vera approached, her hands delicately cradling her burgeoning belly. Observing the astonished visage etched upon Rena's countenance, Vera swiftly intuited the situation at hand. Vera inquired in a raspy voice, "Pray, tell me, what course of action do you intend to pursue?"

Rena scrubbed her face vigorously, exerting all her might.

She uttered, "I'm experiencing some digestive distress. I need to visit the hospital."

In the afternoon, Rena made her way to the hospital, scheduling an appointment and undergoing a blood examination.

The results were revealed within half an hour. As she had surmised, she was carrying a six-week-old embryo within her womb.

Seated within the elongated corridor of the medical facility, Rena extended her hand to tenderly caress her midsection. It was indeed the product of her and Waylen's union.

Despite the unforeseen circumstances, Rena harbored a desire for this new life.

Furthermore, she yearned to apprise Waylen that this child belonged to both of them. Regardless of the state of affairs between the adults, she possessed no justification to deprive the child of a father or mother.

Rena dialed Waylen's number.

When the call connected, Waylen responded after a few rings, his voice dripping with gentleness. He inquired, "What's the matter?"

Rena felt a knot of anxiety tighten within her.

She whispered, "Waylen, I'm pregnant."

There ensued a brief silence on the other end of the line. Perhaps Waylen, too, was taken aback, yet he swiftly regained his composure and replied, "Where are you now? Send me the address and wait for me there. I'll be right over."

Rena assented.

After terminating the call and sending him her address, she stared intently at the test results for a protracted period.

Waylen arrived in under half an hour.

As he approached her, his pace decelerated and he gazed deeply into her eyes. His usual expression had transformed, exuding unadulterated tenderness...

Rena likewise fixated her gaze upon him in tranquil silence.

After an extended interval, he knelt before her, tenderly clasping her hand.

Given the wintry season, Rena's hands carried a chill. He tenderly warmed her hands and hoarsely uttered, "Rena, let's get married."

Without awaiting her response, he led her out of the hospital.

Once inside the vehicle, Rena turned her head and expressed, "I wish to return to my apartment."

Waylen nodded, pressing down on the accelerator.

In the weeks preceding and following Christmas, snowfall enveloped Duefron incessantly, lending a touch of romance to the heavens.

He maneuvered the car at a leisurely pace, taking fifty minutes to complete what should have been a half-hour journey.

Rena experienced discomfort and retired to bed promptly upon their arrival home.

Waylen did not depart.

He beseeched Jazlyn to procure a set of documents so he could work from Rena's apartment. He also requested the Fowlers' house servant to bring some light refreshments here... He waited with unwavering patience and gentleness for her to awaken.

Rena slumbered for an extended duration and only roused from her sleep at nine o'clock in the evening.

Waylen caught wind of the commotion and entered the room. Shedding his coat, he remained clad in a shirt and tailored trousers, exuding an air of striking handsomeness within the

cozy confines of the apartment.

Rena rose from her slumber and partook in a tranquil dinner with him.

As they neared the end of their meal, she whispered softly, "Let us bestow the name Alexis upon our child. It is a unisex name."

Alexis Fowler.

Waylen tenderly caressed her face and uttered, "It possesses a delightful ring. Our child shall bear the name Alexis."

Rena continued to eat.

After she finished her meal, she proposed, "Let us solemnize our wedding after the arrival of our baby. Autumn would be the ideal season for it. Waylen, I hold a fondness for autumn."

Whatever she expressed, he responded affirmatively.

Perhaps due to the falling snow or the presence of her pregnancy, this night brimmed with tenderness.

Clutching a glass of steaming milk, Rena gazed at the snowflakes dancing outside.

Meanwhile, Waylen occupied the sofa, tending to his business matters. He recognized an abundance of tasks awaiting his attention. Once he concluded his ongoing affairs, he intended to take a brief hiatus to accompany Rena during the delivery of their child.

He contemplated that this marked her inaugural experience of motherhood and he desired to be by her side throughout.

Just then, his phone rang. The caller was Lyndon.



Given the late hour, the ringtone grated harshly upon his ears.

Waylen did not evade Rena's presence. He answered the call, saying, "Mr. Coleman, what can I do for you?"

Due to past events, the relationship between the Fowler and Coleman families had become somewhat delicate, lacking the previous intimacy. Nevertheless, Waylen maintained a close bond with Lyndon, owing to his rescue of Waylen's younger sister.

Lyndon appeared somewhat awkward as he revealed, "Waylen, the second trial is scheduled in two weeks' time. I hope you can coordinate with the attorney there three days prior."

Waylen smiled. "Speaking to the lawyer over the phone achieves the same purpose. Moreover, we can engage in a video call as well."

Lyndon's discontent became evident. "Waylen, it will only require three days of your presence."

Waylen confessed, "Rena is pregnant. Apart from caring for her, I also need to visit the Evans household in Czanch. Mr. Coleman, can you comprehend my predicament?"

Lyndon was taken aback...

Rena was with child?

He had always believed that Rena and Waylen would not end up together, yet they had found a blissful resolution.

In a tremulous voice, Lyndon inquired, "Has she reconciled with the Evans family?"

Waylen confirmed with a single word: yes.

A lump formed in Lyndon's throat. He couldn't come to terms

with the fact that his own child, Rena, had acknowledged the Evans family...

He was Rena's biological father, yet she refused to recognize him as her own.

In a daze, Lyndon disconnected the call...

The following day, Waylen returned to the Fowlers' residence.

Korbyn happened to be sipping tea in the living room. Upon seeing his son's return, he sneered, "Well, well, well. Look who's here. My prodigal son has returned. You've been busy, haven't you? I haven't laid eyes on you in two weeks."

Waylen took a seat and Korbyn flippantly tossed a cigarette toward him.

"No thanks, I've quit smoking."

"You've quit smoking? That'll be the day!"

Korbyn remained skeptical.

Waylen cast a slow gaze upstairs and stated, "Where are Mom and Cecilia? I have something important to share."

Just then, Juliette and Cecilia descended the stairs.

Juliette appeared downtrodden, her sole concern being the prospect of Waylen and Rena getting together and having children of their own.

Waylen declared calmly, "Rena is pregnant."

No sooner had the words left his lips than Korbyn hurled the cigarette box he held in his hand at Waylen. Unfortunately, it failed to cause any significant damage. Meanwhile, Juliette was overcome with joy, repeatedly thanking the heavens.

Korbyn feigned displeasure.

He snorted, "Now that she's with child, you ought to propose to her and pay a visit to her family."

Waylen mentioned the gifts he had in mind to visit the Evans and ask for Rena's hand.

Hearing his words, Korbyn grew indignant. "Is that all you're going to give her? Shame on you. This isn't a mere business transaction! You're going to marry this woman! Let your mother handle it. You only marry once in your life. How can you demonstrate sincerity if you don't showcase all your wealth?"

Korbyn had a keen eye for such matters.

Apart from his admiration for Rena, another aspect played into it—Rena was now part of the Evans family. Following the union with the Evans family, there would be numerous opportunities for collaboration between the two families.

This marriage not only involved the emotions of the younger generation but also held implications for both parties' interests.

Upon hearing Korbyn's words, Juliette cheerfully set about preparing the dowry.

Waylen harbored no reservations about spending money. If he married Rena, all his possessions would become hers anyway.

Waylen sat there, savoring his tea. After a while, he couldn't resist engaging in conversation with his mother. Observing this, Korbyn let out a faint sigh, realizing that it finally felt like everything was back on track again.

As for the wedding, Korbyn also agreed to hold it after Rena gave birth.



To plan and hold the wedding while Rena was still pregnant would be hasty, and Rena would likely endure excessive fatigue. How much hardship would their precious grandchild have to endure?

No, they had to wait until after the baby's arrival to proceed with the wedding.

The Fowler family journeyed to Czanch to propose the marriage.

Mark posed challenges for the Fowler family, yet the impending marriage destined them to become relatives, so Mark displayed mercy towards them.

Korbyn maintained an outward smile but within, he chastised Mark.

It had been said that Mark was a ruthless man despite always appearing kind and amiable. Today, Korbyn finally comprehended the truth of that statement.

Korbyn glared at his son.

Waylen possessed a thick skin. With his strikingly handsome visage and eloquent manner, he brought immense joy to the women of the Evans family before seeking out Rena...

Korbyn and Mark reached an agreement regarding Rena and Waylen's marriage. However, they were then inevitably obliged to discuss other matters.

As their conversation delved deeper, the butler approached with a grave expression. "Sir, there is a Mr. Coleman here to visit. He claims... to be Miss Rena's father."

Upon hearing this, Mark set down his teacup.

He smiled. "Isn't my brother-in-law laid to rest in the earth?"



Has he heard about the wedding and miraculously risen from the dead?"

Mark indeed possessed a sharp tongue. Korbyn coughed discreetly, silently praying for Lyndon.

Mark then granted entry to Lyndon.

After a brief interval, Lyndon arrived accompanied by Ann, bearing gifts.

Mark smiled. "One does not visit without a purpose. Mr. Coleman, why have you found the time to visit my home today?"

Lyndon always felt a sense of shame in Mark's presence.

Typically, Lyndon didn't dare to set foot in the Evans' residence. However, today Lyndon had to assert himself. After careful contemplation, he proposed, "Waylen and Rena's marriage has been decided. My mother and I have a single request. Let Rena marry from the Coleman family, and we shall arrange the dowry. Furthermore, if she bears a second child in the future, I hope... I wish for the child to bear the Coleman surname."

Korbyn found it difficult to endure these ridiculous words.

However, he remained silent, allowing Mark to speak.

Mark had always maintained an air of gentility and elegance, but it was all a facade. He didn't even bother pretending before someone unworthy like Lyndon. Instantly, he lost his temper and shouted, "Oh, shut the fuck up! What do the Evans family's descendants have to do with you?"

Lyndon produced a DNA test report.

In a hoarse voice, he uttered, "Rena is my child with Reina. No one can alter this fact."

Mark sneered.

Pointing at Lyndon, Mark rasped, "How much is DNA worth? Let me ask you, Lyndon... Did you spend any money on Rena? Did you cradle her in your arms as a child? Allow me to enlighten you—it was Darren and Eloise who raised Rena. At the wedding, Rena will only address Eloise as her mother, and you, Lyndon, won't even bear witness to this because you won't even be invited to the event!"

Mark pressed on, saying, "What kind of father are you? Rena's real father and my dear sister Reina now lie side by side in the cemetery, while you, Lyndon, sleep beside another woman. You hastily married someone else right after leaving my sister. And now you seek to gain an advantage. Where in the world does such good fortune exist?"

Lyndon found himself unable to refute.

During that time, Reina had misunderstood him. He had merely been in the company of Dahlia but nothing untoward had occurred.

Subsequently, Reina had left of her own accord.

Lyndon remained oblivious to Reina's pregnancy until after he married Dahlia.

He knew nothing of it.

With a cigarette held between his fingers, Mark pointed at Lyndon and proclaimed, "God intended for you to have no offspring."

Mark's sister, Reina, hailed from a wealthy family and willingly chose to be with a man of modest means. However, as if that wasn't shocking enough, reality proved more intriguing than fiction. Reina had been let down by this

destitute man.

The callous individual had been enamored with that wretched woman for over two decades.

Huh!

Mark considered Lyndon to be deranged for desiring Rena as his daughter.

Mark held nothing back, nor did he need to exercise restraint. What had Lyndon lost?

Lyndon had lost nothing but Reina succumbed to depression and passed away. Mark lost his cherished sister.

Korbyn stood by, observing.

Lyndon turned to Korbyn seeking assistance, yet Korbyn remained impartial, leaving Lyndon feeling a sense of pity.

It was true that Lyndon had rendered aid to the Fowler family, but the Fowler family had repaid Lyndon's kindness over the years. Additionally, Cecilia had once spoken in her sleep, alleging that Elvira had pushed her into the water.

Korbyn dismissed it as childish play. Furthermore, Lyndon had lost his ability to conceive after that incident.

It proved challenging for Korbyn and his wife to voice their suspicions aloud.

At present, Rena and her baby held paramount importance. Waylen's willingness to address Elvira's case was already commendable...

Lyndon departed, filled with disappointment.

As he walked away from the Evans' residence, he gazed up at

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 +120 Points at most

the sky and murmured, "Reina, you still refuse to forgive me and you continue to punish me."



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