

Chapter 239 Just A One-Night Stand

Under the cover of a late night sky, Mark concluded his social gatherings in Czanch. Slightly intoxicated, he found support against the sofa's embrace.

A servant graciously presented him with a remedy tea.

Yet with a gesture, Mark declined its aid, prompting the servant to depart discreetly.

With a tender inquiry, Mark softly asked, "What troubles you? Did that bastard mistreat you?"

Rena firmly shook her head, denying, "No, I simply require your assistance, concerning... Cecilia. Waylen informed me that she vanished without a trace for two years. Therefore, I implore you to help us locate her."

Upon hearing her plea, Mark attentively sat upright.

Delicately unbuttoning his shirt, he questioned in a hushed tone, amidst the depth of night, "She has been away for two years?"

Rena confirmed his statement with a nod.

Mark fell into a thoughtful silence, his heavy breaths echoing through the phone's receiver. After a prolonged pause, he responded softly, "Coincidentally, I have a business trip to Duefron tomorrow. I shall make a visit to you and little Alexis."

Confusion filled Rena's voice, "Really? That's nice."

However, before she could utter more, Mark abruptly ended the

call, for fear of losing his control.

As the evening grew darker, memories he had struggled to abandon seeped into his consciousness.

He closed his eyes, almost hearing her melodious voice.

"Mr. Evans, please do not be mad at my brother."

"Mr. Evans, will little Alexis be alright?"

"Mr. Evans, you are intoxicated! Cease your drinking... Hm... Mr. Evans, please don't..."

Following his drinking session, Mark's flushed cheeks revealed the unleashed and disrupted rationality of that night.

In the depths of darkness, he coerced Cecilia who was sixteen years his junior and engaged in an entire night of passionate lovemaking.

She writhed in his embrace, crying out, "Mr. Evans, please, don't do this!"

Yet her pleas failed to reclaim his composure.

That night, he hurt her thoroughly.

The darkness outside grew denser.

Mark quietly ignited a cigarette.

He knew that given his circumstances, it was best not to be entangled with Cecilia. He could not offer her a promising future. And he was way too old for her!

But their affair had left her heartbroken upon departure.

He had to ensure her safety.

Mark believed his mind to be as resilient as iron, yet after spending six months with Cecilia, her presence had softened him.

When she left, he realized he was unwilling to let her go.

But what could he do?

The following day, Rena chose not to go to Waylen's company, as Mark was expected.

In the morning, she took Alexis to the hospital before returning to the villa in the afternoon.

At two o'clock, Mark arrived.

He made no mention of Cecilia; instead, Rena shared with him some details she knew.

He engaged in playful activities with little Alexis, while casually listening to Rena's words.

At about five o'clock, he said his farewell, "I have to hurry back to Czanch. Gotta go now!"

Surprised, Rena questioned, "You don't even have time for dinner with us?"

Holding Alexis in his arms, Mark smiled faintly. "I still have work to attend to! Perhaps next time!"

Rena sensed his melancholy.

However, he was unwilling to confide in her, someone who was his junior and she couldn't bring herself to ask proactively.

Mark kissed Alexis once more and walked away with determined steps.

He entered the car and sat in silence. The chauffeur softly inquired, "Mr. Evans, where shall we go now?"

Mark gently extended his palm, revealing a faint pink scar.

In a low voice, he instructed, "Sky Road No.19."

The chauffeur had worked for him for a long time, and though Mark had never explicitly mentioned it, a few years ago he used to come to Duefron for one or two nights every week.

That apartment was Mark's discreet retreat for his romantic liaisons.

An hour later, the car arrived at the apartment. Mark ascended the stairs on his own.

The apartment spanned approximately 120 square meters and boasted opulent decorations.

It had been a while since he last set foot in this place. Dust had settled on the furniture, indicating that the mistress of the house hadn't been here in a long time either.

Mark brushed off a spot on the sofa and took a seat.

He smoked in tranquil silence.

In truth, he had considered marrying her.

However, their age difference was a significant hurdle. Moreover, their relationship resembled more of a fleeting encounter than a lasting connection. After a considerable amount of time, Mark called his secretary, his voice hoarse.

"Peter, help me locate Cecilia!"

Peter was taken aback by his request.

He didn't anticipate his boss mentioning that name again.

"Just look into it," Mark said nonchalantly.

Peter regained his composure and promptly responded, "Yes, sir."

Mark hung up the phone, closed the door and departed.

Once he descended the stairs, his trace of melancholy seemed to

vanish completely.

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At twilight.

As soon as Waylen stepped out of the car, a servant informed him of Mark's visit.

Waylen expressed that he already knew.

He scanned the surroundings and spotted Rena in the kitchen.

Rena was busy cooking dinner, the ingredients clearly prepared with Mark in mind. Waylen couldn't help but feel a tinge of jealousy. Since they reconnected, Rena seldom cooked, but today she had gone to great lengths to prepare a variety of dishes for Mark.

She focused on her culinary tasks, her silhouette exuding a graceful elegance.

Waylen found her beautiful whenever he laid his eyes on her.

He entrusted his coat to the servant and approached Rena, his voice filled with curiosity. "Uncle Mark has been here? What did he say?"

Rena stood at the stove, frying fish.

She cast a brief glance at him and playfully corrected, "It's my uncle, not yours!"

Waylen couldn't help but be moved by the laughter dancing in her eyes. He didn't fuss over the distinction she made, saying, "I'll lend you a hand!"

Rena declined his offer, stating, "Just go and stay with Lexi!"

Lowering his voice, Waylen confessed, "Right now, I'd rather be with you!"

Sensing the atmosphere, the kitchen servants discreetly made their exit.

Waylen boldly enveloped Rena's waist with his arms, planting a gentle kiss on the back of her neck, and murmured vaguely, "Mrs. Fowler, your skin is radiant and enticing!"

"I am not Mrs. Fowler!"

"But you are! We have shared countless moments of intimacy, we were married and have a child together!"

He was being unreasonable!

Rena had endured his advances several times. With genuine concern, she suggested, "You should visit the andrology department! I worry about your well-being!"

Waylen chuckled and didn't take it further.

He pecked her cheek and declared, "I'm going to take a shower!"

Yet as soon as he departed from the kitchen, a servant discreetly whispered to him, "Mr. Coleman is here! He wishes to see Mrs. Fowler."

Waylen furrowed his brow.

Rolling up his sleeves, he commanded the servant, "I will go and meet him. Don't inform Rena that he has arrived."

The servant nodded in understanding.

Waylen ignited a cigarette and strolled leisurely towards the villa's gate.

He had heard from his father that Lyndon was unwell. His father hadn't disclosed this information to Rena, so Waylen decided to keep it from her as well.

He approached the door.

Upon catching sight of him, Lyndon rushed forward and exclaimed, "Waylen!"

Waylen leisurely exhaled a puff of smoke and grinned. "Mr. Coleman! Please don't come here again and don't approach Rena!"

Lyndon appeared disappointed.

He raised his gaze and explained earnestly, "I'm not pressuring Rena to undergo a bone marrow matching with me. I simply wish to see her!"

He held gifts in his hands.

Some were intended for Rena, while others were for Alexis.

Waylen glanced at him and scorned, "If you don't want her to be your donor, then why have you come to see her now?"

Lyndon's expression froze. He stumbled over his words, "That was thoughtless of me."

Waylen didn't hold much respect for him.

He disdained Lyndon partly due to his treatment of Rena. Additionally, the Fowler family was certain that it was Elvira who pushed Cecilia into the water, information that the Coleman family was already aware of. Yet, they continued to exploit this knowledge and recklessly threaten the Fowler family for years!

Waylen then said sternly, "You have overstayed your welcome! Don't come back again. I don't want Rena to be hurt again!"

Lyndon persisted, still imploring him.

However, Waylen departed with an air of nonchalance, leaving Lyndon behind.

The closed gate now stood as a barrier between Lyndon and the villa. In addition to the gift, he held a diary in his hand, which chronicled the memories shared between him and Reina.

Waylen attempted to keep it hidden from Rena.

Yet, as soon as he reentered the kitchen, Rena softly inquired, "Did Lyndon come?"

Waylen hadn't expected her to be aware of this.

A faint smile graced Rena's lips as she revealed, "My mother is in the same hospital as him. She informed me earlier. Waylen, you don't have to worry about me. I had already decided long ago that I would donate my blood and bone marrow to someone in need, and I actually signed up for it in my early 20s. My sample has been stored in the bone marrow bank, and our bone marrow types don't match at all!"

So Rena had not been entangled in these troubles.

Upon concluding her words, Waylen suddenly embraced her. Startled, Rena questioned, "Waylen?"

Whispering into her ear, Waylen expressed, "Rena, can you promise me that you'll share these things with me in the future? You can confide in me completely. I want us to be just like any ordinary couple, sharing and supporting each other through everything!"

Rena gently pushed him away and continued cooking, displaying indifference.

She replied, "Oh, is that so? Then why didn't you tell me about your affair with that female star?"

Her question trailed off as Waylen abruptly pressed her against the kitchen counter, his hands cupping the back of her head as he engaged in a passionate and impulsive kiss.