

Chapter 245 What I Want Is Nothing More Than A...

In the beautiful realm of Czanch, an opulent black limousine glided through the gates of the majestic Evans' mansion.

Gracefully, the car came to a slow halt.

And from its polished interior emerged a slender figure, captivating and refined. The diligent servant, upon sighting him, greeted him with utmost respect, his words laced with deference, "Greetings, Mr. Fowler."

Waylen's brow furrowed as he inquired with a touch of concern, "Pray tell, where might Mr. Evans be found?"

Caught off guard by Waylen's frown, the servant found himself at a loss for words, a momentary hesitation betraying his uncertainty.

Coincidentally, Mark emerged from the estate, and upon catching sight of Waylen, he casually inquired, "Why have you ventured here at this early hour?"

Waylen gritted his teeth with a tinge of bitterness and, with a scornful tone, he retorted, "Surely you realize I have come for you."

Glancing at his wristwatch, Mark remarked, "The timing is rather inconvenient. I have an impending meeting and my driver awaits."

Waylen halted Mark in his tracks, mustering a counterfeit smile, "It won't take much of your time. We can conclude our conversation before you attend your meeting."

Mark's expression soured, his brows knitted together.

As Waylen lowered his head, igniting a cigarette, and with a few puffs, he extinguished it between his fingers, saying nonchalantly, "I wish to discuss Cecilia with you, Mr. Evans."

Mr. Evans?

Mark exchanged a knowing wink with his secretary, prompting the secretary to depart, discreetly dismissing the remaining servants as well.

Left alone in each other's company, Mark too reached for a cigarette. Standing in a gust of wind, he indulged in its smoke, which billowed and dissipated, occasionally revealing his handsome countenance, now crystal clear, then shrouded in a delicate haze.

After a considerable duration, Mark, his voice hoarse, broke the silence, "How is she faring?"

Waylen sneered, his tone dripping with derision, "How is she faring, you ask? She is approaching the age of 31. She no longer returns home, nor does she embark on matrimony. Presently, she occupies a wretched 40-square-meter dwelling on rent, far from these opulent grounds... Mr. Evans, what are your thoughts on her state?"

Mark's slender fingers, gripping the cigarette, trembled ever so slightly. For as a man of high stature, he was accustomed to concealing his emotions beneath a composed facade.

Yet, even after the passage of more than two years, upon receiving news of that individual, he still struggled to regain his composure.

He surmised that Waylen had already gleaned fragments of the truth.

Mark's voice grew raspier, tainted with a hint of anguish. "Why... why hasn't she returned home?"

Waylen locked his gaze fiercely upon Mark, as if he could rend him apart with his eyes.

Indeed, Waylen had come to confront Mark.

But his intention did not involve disclosing Edwin's existence. After all, Cecilia belonged to the illustrious Fowler family, and she was Waylen's beloved sister. She had no reason to employ her child as a means to retain a man...

Waylen bore into Mark's eyes and inquired deliberately, each word meticulously chosen, "How long have you been intimate with her?"

Mark was taken aback, shocked by the sudden exposure of the secret he had harbored for three long years.

Taking a deep drag from his cigarette, he paused, then confessed, "About six months. It began during Rena's hospitalization... and continued sporadically for half a year thereafter."

Waylen recollected this.

During the subsequent six months, while Rena ventured overseas, Mark seemingly embarked on frequent business trips to Duefron.

And so, the tale unfolded in this manner.

Waylen sneered. "Mr. Evans, did you ever think about how old you were and how old Cecilia was before you did such a thing?" Waylen's lips curled into a scornful sneer, his words dripping with contempt. "Mr. Evans, did you ever pause to consider the vast disparity in age between yourself and Cecilia? Moreover, she's your niece's sister-in-law! Ah, but of course, you needn't concern yourself with such trivial matters. It may not be deemed unlawful to engage in relations with her, but... reflect upon this. How many times did you share your bed with her? Did you ever do so with the intention of marrying her? Was there even a single instance when your desire transcended mere physical gratification?"

Mark's eyes bore an unfathomable depth, for he had no counterargument to offer.

Waylen extinguished his cigarette, discarding his coat with disdain, and then proceeded to roll up his sleeves.

A sneer still etched upon his face. "You find yourself unable to answer, don't you?"

With a furrowed brow, Mark inquired, "Are you suggesting a physical altercation?"

Waylen sneered once more. "Mr. Evans, does that displease you? Let me make it clear... I am now standing in front of you as Cecilia's brother. While she may be innocent and timid, I am not so easily deceived. Hence, I pose the question to you, what do you intend to do?"

Mark had always possessed an unwavering decisiveness, knowing all too well that a past entanglement with Cecilia was impossible to revive. Having spent over two years apart, there was no need to entangle her in the complexities of his life.

Silently, he stubbed out his cigarette and uttered, "It is impossible for us to be together."

Without mercy, Waylen unleashed a punch, striking Mark with force.

Mark endured the blow, his profile quickly exhibiting the bruising aftermath.

Waylen's knuckles showed signs of slight swelling, yet he launched another punch, undeterred.

At that moment, Mark's secretary, Peter Garcia, who had been surreptitiously observing nearby, hastened forward, extending a hand to intervene. "Mr. Fowler, please calm yourself down. You and Mr. Evans are family. Take it easy. You don't have to fight each other like this!"

Waylen shoved Peter aside and resumed his clash with Mark.

"You despicable scoundrel! My sister is sixteen years your junior.

How could you stoop so low?"

Mark retorted, his voice tinged with bitterness, "And you, sir, are no paragon of virtue.

Shall I recount the deeds you perpetrated upon Rena?"

Tend to your own affairs first."

They engaged in a fierce battle, each devoid of mercy.

The servants in the vicinity observed from a distance, perplexed by the cause of the confrontation.

Peter, quick-witted, hurried into the mansion to summon Zoey.

Zoey arrived with haste.

She bore witness to her son and grandson-in-law locked in an intense struggle, their efforts marked by visible bruises marring their faces and bodies.

"Cease this at once!"

Zoey's angry voice reverberated.

Mark relented first, taking a step back as he regarded Waylen. "We shall discuss this matter on another occasion. I must attend a meeting now."

Waylen wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, mocking with a bitter edge. "Mr. Evans, how do you intend to present yourself at the meeting in such a state? Are you not afraid of becoming a subject of mockery, jeopardizing your meticulously cultivated image of perfection?"

Mark was rendered speechless, As Zoey positioned herself

between the combatants, reproaching her son. "Consider your age, consider Waylen's age. Ponder your actions more deeply. How can you stoop to fighting with one so junior? And to do so in the presence of the servants... How do you expect to instill discipline in others?"

Zoey's evident bias became apparent.

While inwardly cursing Waylen, Mark skillfully deceived his mother, his words laced with gentleness. "It's about Rena. Mom, just leave this to me."

Zoey dissented. "But aren't they getting along well now?"

Mark gingerly touched his nose.

Waylen assisted Zoey in settling down, knowing her fondness for him, he revealed Mark's transgressions. "He and my sister... they were involved in a relationship for over six months."

Mark was rendered speechless.

Zoey was struck with shock.

Grabbing the walking stick in her hand, she hurled it at her son. "Tell me, is it true? Is it true? I sensed that something was amiss. You always put on airs in front of Waylen, yet today you remained silent. It turns out you've committed something so disgraceful... Today, I shall beat you to death as an apology to her parents."

Zoey struck Mark forcefully.

A sharp pain coursing through his back.

Always filial, Mark dared not provoke Zoey's ire further. Thus, he knelt before her and pleaded, "It is my fault. I failed to control myself. However... I am not the right person for her."

Zoey stood in stunned silence, unprepared for her son's admission.

After a prolonged silence, she said in a hushed voice, "You claim a lack of self-control, yet you were with her for half a year. What does it mean? Mark, you are well aware of your own capabilities and charm. It is effortless for a young innocent girl to develop feelings for you. But how can you simply abandon her after toying her feelings? What is she to do... in the days to come?"

Zoey's disappointment weighed heavily upon her. She rose, intending to depart.

Waylen hurriedly came to her aid.

Zoey gazed at him, her voice filled with tenderness. "Tomorrow, I shall personally travel to Duefron to offer my apologies to your parents and to your sister. This fault lies with Mark. I shall provide your family with an explanation."

Waylen arrived consumed by anger.

Yet, in this moment, he couldn't help but relent. Taking the initiative, he spoke up, his voice tinged with regret. "I acted impulsively."

Zoey shook her head. "What is wrong with you standing up for your sister?"

Waylen's voice grew softer. "I do not wish to force anything. I merely desire for Mark to make his intentions clear. If he does not harbor genuine feelings for Cecilia, I shall arrange blind dates for her in the future."

Mark's heart skipped a beat.

Blind dates...

These two words disrupted his once calm heart.

And what Waylen uttered shattered him.

Waylen composed himself, standing before Mark, delivering his words with conviction. "She may not have spoken but I can

sense her profound affection for you, as well as the deep wounds she bears. If you were to see her now, you might not even recognize her... Cecilia spent her childhood as the cherished princess of the Fowler family. She has never washed a dish or performed any household chores, yet she... Yet she..."

Waylen choked with sobs.

Waylen endeavored to regain his composure, his voice barely above a whisper, as he implored, "If you have no desire for her, refrain from disturbing her any further."

Mark found himself in a tumultuous state of mind.

There was a time... a time when he cherished that unassuming girl.

Yet, he believed he was not the right match for her, leading to their separation.

Now that the past had been laid bare, it wasn't that he had no inclination to see her. However, even if they were to meet again, nothing would alter the fact that they had parted ways two years prior.

Mark uttered in a hushed tone, "I failed to treat her properly. Inform her that I am willing to offer any form of compensation she desires."

Waylen's gaze grew profound.

With a faint smile, he replied, "The Fowler family seeks no compensation. What I want is nothing more than a word from you, Mr. Evans. Now that you acknowledge that you and she were ill-suited, I find solace. Upon my return, I shall advise my foolish sister to let go and obediently embark on a blind date... Perhaps she may never encounter someone like you again, but it is not arduous to find someone who will genuinely cherish her."

Having spoken those words, Waylen turned and departed...

Mark stood there, lost in a trance.

Peter pondered for a moment and said softly, "Mr. Evans, please freshen up. The meeting is scheduled to commence later."

Mark remained in a daze.

And after a lengthy silence, he suddenly erupted in frustration. "Damn it! I care not for the meeting. Am I not entitled to pursue my own affections freely? Why then, must I still attend such a damn meeting?"