

Chapter 185 Korbyn Shows That He Valued Rena By...

Korbyn furrowed his brow, his expression filled with concern. "What do you know?"

Waylen gently brushed off the remnants of ice from his clothes, lost in a momentary trance.

After an extended pause, he spoke with a raspy voice, heavy with emotion. "Ever since I ended things with Elvira, I've lost the desire to love anyone else. It seems unlikely that I'll ever fall in love again. So when Rena and I first started dating, I viewed it as a mere... consensual game. I'm aware that Rena has feelings for me but I never intended for our relationship to be permanent."

In a fit of rage, Korbyn hurled an ashtray in Waylen's direction.

Korbyn's anger was so intense that his eyebrows involuntarily twitched. "You're toying with her emotions!"

Waylen made no attempt to dodge...

A dark crimson stream of blood trickled down from his forehead.

Concealed just outside the door, Juliette experienced a

profound ache in her heart.

"Korbyn," she whispered softly with tearful eyes.

Korbyn responded with icy detachment, "Do not plead on behalf of this scoundrel. I never expected him to manipulate women's feelings. I can't fathom where he learned such vile behavior... Today, I will put an end to him!"

Juliette didn't dare to plead any further.

Korbyn lit a cigarette and took a deep drag to calm himself down. "Why are you suddenly silent? Why are you suddenly so hesitant to voice out what you have done? You put on quite a show of strength in public, don't you? Let me remind you, in the past, you would have been labeled a ruffian. It wouldn't be excessive to eliminate you. So, tell me, are you proud of yourself? Do you believe you've upheld the reputation of the Fowler family?"

Waylen locked eyes with his father, unwavering and resolute.

Confusion clouded his features as he confessed to his father. "Dad, I never anticipated falling in love with Rena. It was only after she departed that I realized my love for her. I've fought relentlessly to win her back, doing things I would have never done before but she rejects me every time. Dad... I'm at a loss as to what I should do to win her over."

Korbyn hadn't yet devised a plan, his mind still searching

A sudden determination filled Waylen's expression. "But I refuse to watch her be with someone else. She cannot be with Tyrone. She cannot be with anyone but me."

Having voiced his conviction, Waylen turned on his heels and departed.

Juliette attempted to halt his departure.

In a deep, resonant voice, Korbyn uttered, "Let him go. He's twenty-nine now. He knows what course of action to take."

The beautiful Juliette felt a surge of worry.

Would Waylen veer onto a dark path? His recent words just seemed too amiss.


Yet Korbyn appeared remarkably content.

He smoked leisurely, casting a glance at his wife. "You possess a tender heart. This is how a man should be. He must fight for what he desires, rather than hide away and drown himself in drink every day. Will he wait until Rena marries someone else and bring shame upon me?"

Korbyn's words jolted Waylen into sobriety.

Waylen no longer tried to drown one's sorrows over alcohol. Once again, he assumed the role of a fierce lawyer within legal circles, employing more ruthless methods that sent shivers down people's spines.

Word even reached the Fowlers' residence, with someone

Chapter 185 Korbyn Shows That He Valued Rena  +120 Points at most reporting on Waylen's actions.

Juliette tearfully confided in her husband, "I fear that Waylen is sacrificing his chance at love for the sake of his reputation."

Korbyn emitted a contemptuous snort in response.

"You have no clue. The line of girls eager to be with Waylen stretches from one end of Duefron to the other. It's just that your son has high standards and only has eyes for that specific one."

Juliette gazed at her son in the newspaper.

Waylen possessed striking handsomeness and oozed undeniable sensuality...

His visage exuded an alluring aura.

But what good was that? He remained single!

A month later, the time had arrived for Rena to receive the prestigious award for being among the top ten remarkable young individuals in Duefron.

Rena brought Eloise along as her companion to the awards ceremony.

Eloise had been mired in sadness for a prolonged period since Darren's death, but today she radiated happiness.

Backstage, she meticulously adjusted Rena's collar multiple times, as if sensing the need for perfection in every detail.

Rena offered a gentle smile. "Mom, it's already smoothed

out."

Eloise smiled in return. "I always feel like it can be even more perfect. Today is your grand day. Stay upbeat."

Rena nodded in agreement.

At that moment, a staff member approached in a hushed tone. "Miss Gordon, it's your turn to step onstage."

Rena draped her arm around Eloise's shoulder and remarked, "Capture more photographs of me."

Eloise hurriedly adjusted Rena's attire once again and assured, "Don't let your clothes get disheveled. Go on now. I promise to take stunning snapshots of my daughter."

With a smile, Rena gracefully ascended the stage.

However, when she caught sight of the award presenter, her smile froze in place.

It was Korbyn who would bestow the award upon her.

At this juncture, thousands of individuals occupied both the stage and the surrounding areas, while major media outlets streamed the event live. Korbyn gazed at Rena with a smile and softly beckoned her, "Rena, come here."

This instantly sparked a frenzy among the media.

Many were aware that the Fowler family had nearly gained a daughter-in-law.

And that woman was none other than Rena on the stage right now.

The media hadn't anticipated such an air of tranquility since they all knew things didn't work out between Rena and Waylen.

Rena struggled to muster a genuine smile.

She wasn't foolish. She surmised that Korbyn must have exerted his influence to bestow the award upon her and she had an inkling of his underlying motives.

Yet, she couldn't afford to lose composure amidst the multitude of cameras.

With great effort, Rena plastered on a smile and gracefully accepted the award.

Little did she know that Korbyn was as audacious as his son. Even after the ceremony, he kept her close, his arm draped over Rena's shoulder, beckoning the media to capture more photos, assuming the role of an elder.

"It's a rare occasion to present an award to the younger generation of our family. I am delighted," he announced.

"I shall have these photos developed and displayed in my office. Be sure to capture our Rena's beauty splendidly. Girls have an affinity for such aesthetics."

This sparked yet another media frenzy.

The media eagerly seized upon certain keywords... "younger generation of our family", "displayed in my office", "our Rena."

Rena found it increasingly difficult to maintain a genuine smile.

As Korbyn presided over the entire award ceremony, it would be inappropriate for her to depart prematurely. Remaining in his presence would only further solidify the perception of an intimate connection between her and the Fowler family.

In short, there was many a good tune played on an old fiddle.

After the photography session concluded, Korbyn finally released his grip on Rena. However, he displayed an open smile and remarked, "To celebrate your success, I have prepared the finest tea. You must savor it with me later and feel free to take some home if you so desire."

Rena comprehended the underlying message. Korbyn wished to have a conversation with her.

Refusing a business tycoon of such magnitude was out of the question; he held the power to effortlessly dismantle her music studio.

The conclusion of the award ceremony signaled the end of the festivities.

The CEO of the Fowler Group's secretary personally arrived to escort Rena.

This marked Rena's second visit to the office, a symbol of immense power.

During her previous visit, she had made a promise to Korbyn to go to Flirean to study music. Returning to this place now stirred up a whirlwind of emotions within her.

Korbyn graciously received her once again.

He displayed a newfound warmth.

He took a seat across from her and personally brewed tea for them. After pouring her a cup, he cut straight to the chase.

"I understand that you've been wronged and suffered a lot. However, I will lay it all bare and speak frankly today. Couples quarrel and argue; it's only natural. Waylen made mistakes but he also regrets them. He had been down to the dumps lately. His mother and I worry about him but we are equally infuriated by his incompetence."

Rena remained silent, absorbing his words.

Korbyn pressed on, "It's entirely Waylen's fault."

He reached for a thick document on the tea table and gently pushed it toward Rena.

Rena raised her gaze.

A shrewd smile graced Korbyn's countenance as he uttered, "My secretary informed me that your music studio is thriving. Rena... I hold you in high regard. These documents encompass all the real estate assets of the Fowler family, estimated to be worth billions of dollars. My wife isn't interested in managing these affairs. I want you

to take charge."

The prospect of managing billions of dollars in wealth was undeniably enticing.

The favorable conditions also signified a tremendous amount of trust. For a shrewd businessman like Korbyn to entrust such a significant responsibility to someone was no small matter...

It was impossible for Rena to remain unmoved by the offer. She fixed her gaze upon the document, well aware that affixing her signature would multiply her wealth, potentially making her the wealthiest woman in all of Duefron.

Yet, she declined.

With great effort, she uttered, "Mr. Fowler, your offer is indeed enticing. However, what I desire is not a grandiose family name. What I yearn for is a devoted husband who truly belongs to me. The experiences I've had with your son have shattered my trust for him. Therefore... I'm sorry. I can only admit that the world of the Fowler family is beyond my reach."

Having spoken her piece, Rena rose from her seat.

She bowed respectfully to Korbyn, expressing gratitude toward the man who had always treated her with great kindness.

With that, Rena took her leave.

Korbyn's secretary entered the room quietly, speaking in a soft tone. "Would you like me to stop Miss Gordon?"

Korbyn waved his hand dismissively.

Pointing toward the tea table, he addressed the secretary, "She's truly exceptional. It's no wonder Waylen can't move on from her."

The secretary responded with a knowing smile.

Korbyn, his smile widening, remarked, "A girl of such caliber rightfully belongs to the Fowler family."