

## Chapter 211 Rena, I'm Your Uncle!

Waylen sat across from Mark, fully aware of the caution required when conversing with someone of Mark's caliber.

Nonetheless, he declared directly, "I want to marry Rena!"

Mark responded with an elegant smile.

He took out a cigarette box, extracted a cigarette, and toyed with it.

After a brief moment, he said, "We all know what has transpired between you and Rena. Rena's grandmother especially opposes the idea. In the past, my sister, Reina, had a difficult life due to being involved with the wrong man, which has made the old lady cautious about Rena's marriage."

Korbyn glanced at his son, while Waylen lowered his gaze.

Mark continued to smile. "I believe you can understand my point. In other words, Rena is the sole female of the Evans family in this generation. She is extremely precious to us. Since we have finally found her, there's no reason to subject her to any further suffering."

Korbyn understood.

It seemed Mark was well-informed about everything and had come to complicate matters for them.

Korbyn had nothing to say.

It was challenging for ordinary individuals to bear the ridicule of someone like Mark.

However, Waylen's expression remained unchanged as he respectfully poured tea for Mark.

"I will remember what you've said, Mr. Evans. I will treat Rena well and ensure she is not wronged," he pledged.

Mark was slightly surprised.

He had heard that Waylen possessed great eloquence in court, but he didn't expect him to also be so thick-skinned. He gazed at him before standing up gracefully. "I'll take my leave now."

Korbyn and Waylen personally escorted Mark out.

Several black-clad bodyguards surrounded the man as he approached the car.

Waylen opened the car door and said, "Mr. Evans, I will go to Czanch and pay you a visit another day."

Mark looked at him for a moment, smiled and then got into the car.

Four Audi A8s departed slowly. Korbyn glanced at Waylen and sneered.

"Well, let's stop discussing whether I agree or not. Rena's family doesn't agree at all! Let me tell you, the Evans family is no ordinary family. It won't be easy for you to marry Rena if they oppose the idea. Mark is ruthless and unyielding. He will do anything to prevent you from marrying his niece!"

Waylen gazed into the distance, his hands in his pockets.

Upon hearing Korbyn's words, he even managed a smile. "Dad, don't you think Rena resembles Mark a lot?"

Korbyn gaze sharpened as he glared at his son.

That wasn't the point at all! Besides, they were uncle and niece, of course they would resembled one another.

Meanwhile, in the hall, Cecilia decided to descend the stairs. As she peered outside, she exclaimed, "Rena's uncle is so handsome!"

After leaving the Fowler family's house, Mark headed straight to Eloise's home.

Eloise no longer lived in high-end gated community anymore. Therefore, when four black limousines arrived, accompanied by numerous bodyguards, she and her neighbors were all taken aback.

Unlike earlier at the Fowler's house, the man engaged Eloise in a gentle conversation.

Though experienced, Eloise couldn't help but be drawn to his charisma.

Even Snowball, the dog, barked in approval.

With a smile, Mark said, "You must be Eloise, right? I'm Reina's twin brother, Mark Evans."

Eloise widened her eyes upon hearing what he just said.

She shook her head, confirming it wasn't a dream.

Though she was unfamiliar with Mark, he possessed extensive knowledge about her. He was considerate and showed genuine concern. "Although my sister and her husband have passed away, I know you've been taking care of Rena over the years. I've come here today to visit their graves and I also want to invite you to Czanch to meet my mother."

Eloise was deeply touched.

Reina was long gone when Eloise married Darren, so she didn't really know the woman well. But Mark, Reina's twin brother, proved to be a decent man.

A smile slowly formed on her lips as Eloise instantly felt a bit relieved. She actually felt happy for Rena.

Eloise poured a cup of tea for Mark and smiled. "Mr. Evans, Rena is currently on a business trip in Heron. When she returns, I will ask her to visit you in Czanch. As for myself, I don't want to cause you any trouble."

However, the man insisted.

He gently took her hand and said in an even more gentle tone, "Please don't say that. My mother has requested that I invite you to stay with us for a few days."

Eloise blushed under Mark's gaze.

Being scrutinized by such a handsome and kind-hearted man, she couldn't help but feel a bit nervous, even at her age. She stammered, "I can't make a decision on this matter. I need to discuss it with Rena."

Hearing this, Mark released her hand and continued to sip his tea with a smile.

After a short while, he said, "I didn't expect Rena to be so independent, yet you're like a kid, reporting everything to her!"

Eloise felt embarrassed, but it really wasn't her decision to make.

Her heart raced as she dialed Rena's number, eager to share the incredible news.



After a brief pause, Rena's soft voice filled the line, "Is he still with you now?"

"Yes," Eloise replied, barely containing her excitement. "I'll pass the phone to him."

She handed the phone to Mark, who held it with a mix of anticipation and nerves.

He cleared his throat and began speaking, his voice trembling. "Rena, I'm your uncle."

Rena's mind whirled, struggling to grasp the reality of the situation. A surge of emotions welled up within her as she listened to Mark's heartfelt words.

He divulged everything he knew about her mother and their shared family history.

Rena had never seen her mother's family since she was a child. Now that she knew from her uncle that the Evans family had never given up on her mother, she felt much better.

Mark's voice softened, filled with a mixture of longing and determination. "I will visit your mother's grave, and once you're done with your work, I'll send a private plane to bring you to Czanch."

Feeling a sense of comfort in Mark's words, Rena agreed, her voice filled with gratitude.

She then said, "Thank you, Uncle Mark. And please take good care of... my mother."

Mark knew that she was referring to Eloise, so he agreed with a smile. His heart swelled with affection for Rena. He couldn't help but think of the resemblance she bore to her mother, his beloved sister Reina. With their conversation concluded, he bid Rena farewell, promising to see her soon.

As he hung up the phone, a gentle smile graced his lips. "Eloise, would you please show me the way? I wish to pay a visit to Reina's grave."

Eloise's eyes glistened with tears of joy and sorrow, a bittersweet combination.

She nodded and quickly prepared a few dishes, carefully selecting the ones Darren and Reina had enjoyed.

She also bought a beautiful bunch of daisies along the way to the cemetery, symbolizing purity and new beginnings.

Mark, understanding Reina's love for pink roses, had brought a bouquet of them as well.

Pink, for him, represented the everlasting youth of his dear sister.

Together, they stood before Reina's grave, the weight of their emotions palpable.

Mark's heart swelled with memories of his sister, as he fought to hold back his tears. Although he didn't say anything, she could feel his sadness.

"Reina and I are twins. We were very close. When she dropped out of school in Braseovell, she was pregnant, but she refused to tell us the man's identity. Our mother was so furious so Reina ran away from home. We had been looking for her for many years. I didn't expect that when I finally found her, she had passed away!"

Carefully, he lowered down the roses.

With a trembling voice, he whispered, "Reina, I am here."

Eloise, unable to contain her grief, wept softly by Mark's side.

She marveled at the kindness and gentleness he emanated, his affectionate words resonating deep within her. Reina's tragic fate had left a profound impact on them both.

Reina, born into an esteemed family, had met such a tragic end.

Gradually regaining composure, Eloise managed to speak through her tears. "Mr. Evans, Rena's biological father..."

Mark's voice turned resolute, a firmness underlying his words. "You mean Lyndon Coleman? He is not worthy. Rena is the daughter of Reina and Darren. She is also your daughter, and a cherished member of our Evans family."

After their conversation, Rena remained in a daze for a long while, struggling to comprehend the newfound knowledge of her uncle's existence.

She knew Mark Evans who was famous and powerful.

He was her uncle!

She needed time to process this revelation, and during that period, she received a call from Waylen and a message from him. She reassured him that she was fine.

Determined to focus on her work, Rena poured her energy into her projects.

Ten days later, as she completed her assignment in Heron, she felt a mix of excitement and nervousness.

It was time to embark on the journey to Czanch.

Rather than accepting the offer of a private plane, Rena decided to take a regular flight to Czanch.

Mark understood her desire for a more low-key arrival and

personally picked her up at the airport.

Led by the bodyguard, Rena approached the car where he was waiting inside.

Her heart raced.

She entered the back seat of the black limousine and her eyes met Mark's familiar and comforting gaze.

He looked like her mother!

Silence enveloped them, Rena's lips trembling with unspoken emotions.

In that moment, Mark's touch on her head was tender, assuring her without words. It was as if he carried a piece of Reina within him, a connection she had long yearned for.

Reina had been away from home for 25 years.

When he found her, only her daughter was left.

Mark vowed he would treat Rena very well, for his sister's sake.

Overwhelmed by feelings she struggled to articulate, Rena found solace in Mark's presence. The journey back to home commenced, the car gliding through the scenic surroundings as they embraced the weight of their shared history. Seated beside Rena, Mark gently held her hand, his voice soft and soothing. "Your grandmother only had your mother and me, but you do have many cousins who will be delighted to meet you upon your return—although sadly they're all boys. You're actually the only girl in this generation, you know that?"

Rena listened intently, her heart gradually easing as the warmth of family enveloped her.

Mark's grip tightened slightly as he continued, "Your



grandmother has missed your mother deeply throughout the years, her frequent tears taking a toll on her eyesight. She longs for you to stay in Czanch so she can care for you."

Rena hesitated, contemplating the implications of such a decision.

Mark smiled warmly as he added, "We can also bring Eloise and your dog Snowball with you. With them and all your family here, you won't be alone."

Turning her head slightly, Rena's eyes met Mark's gaze, finding a sense of belonging and acceptance.

She studied his face, finding it exceptionally handsome and a lot like her late mother. She enjoyed looking at him like this.

She liked her uncle.

After a moment of contemplation, she stated, "My career in Duefron is just beginning. I can't give it up entirely. How about this? Once everything stabilizes, I would like to split my time between the two cities."

Mark agreed.

He appreciated her ambition.

With a gentle touch, Mark patted her head, his voice brimming with affection. Rena couldn't help but sense the deep longing he held for her mother.

As the black limousine slowly made its way to the Evans family mansion, Rena's heart raced with anticipation.

The grand estate bustled with activity, filled with numerous members of the Evans family.

Given Mark's high status within the Evans family, his

unmarried status, and the lack of his own children, Rena's presence was a significant event for the family members.

Mark's car pulled into the mansion's premises.

Stepping out of the car, Rena was enveloped in the warm embrace of her grandmother, Zoey, who wept tears of joy.

The passing of Reina had left Zoey yearning for a connection to her daughter's legacy, making Rena's presence all the more cherished.

Zoey became quite emotional upon finally seeing Rena.

Rena blushed, feeling slightly shy under the loving gaze of her grandmother. A sense of gratitude also welled within her for the newfound love and acceptance from the Evans family.

Mark, ever the caring son, gently consoled his mother, his voice filled with warmth. "It's a good thing that Rena came back to us. Why are you crying? When I mentioned in the car that your eyesight became bad because of frequent crying, she felt sorry for you."

Zoey's eyes sparkled with delight as she looked at Rena from head to toe.

Then, she glanced at Eloise and remarked, "Rena resembles my daughter so much but also has a touch of your beauty."

Eloise's heart swelled with gratitude.

She felt blessed to be embraced by the Evans family in such a loving way.

Zoey was overjoyed and requested Mark to set off fireworks at the mansion's entrance.

The evening continued with a celebratory dinner.

The Evans family consisted of numerous members, requiring more than ten tables to accommodate everyone. Just as the dishes were being served, the butler approached and reported, "Mr. Evans, someone from Duefron has sent gifts here!"

Mark's curiosity piqued, his brows furrowing slightly.

Someone from Duefron had sent gifts here?