

Chapter 364 You And Waylen Are An Item (1)

Inside the private room, Darren's astonishment grew with each passing moment as he studied the information before him.

The dire state of the Moore Group was far graver than he had initially conceived. Certain figures sent shivers down his spine, evoking both anxiety and fear.

Raising his gaze, he fixated on Waylen, his disbelief palpable.

In contrast, Waylen exuded an air of calm detachment, as if handling matters of trivial consequence.

"Mr. Gordon."

Waylen's voice remained composed. "With this trajectory, I predict the Moore Group will fall into a financial hole of a billion dollars in less than four years. As for assigning blame... Do you have any potential candidates in mind?"

One billion dollars...

A clammy sweat coated Darren's back.

As the chief financial officer of the Moore Group, the responsibility would inevitably fall on his shoulders. Yet, he struggled to believe the Moore family could be so ruthless. Having worked for the Moore Group for decades, he presumed the family would not ignore their longstanding connection.

Waylen perceived Darren's internal struggle.

A faint smile graced Waylen's lips as he poured two glasses of red wine, handing one to Darren. "Mr. Gordon, take a sip to



steady yourself. In truth, this is a minor hiccup. It's merely the prologue. If we intervene in time, repercussions can be averted. The Moore Group will be fine, and you will have a bright future. It would be like killing two birds with one stone."

Waylen was skilled in the art of persuasion.

Darren felt a certain measure of persuasion.

Though the projections were based on reliable data, they forecasted events years in the future.

Darren hesitated.

Step by step, Waylen approached, eyes shining. "Mr. Gordon, you're a friend of the Moore family. This is your opportunity to assist them, isn't it?"

Prodded by Waylen's taunt, Darren's resolve wavered.

He drained his glass in a single gulp. Setting it down, he studied the young man before him, a mere 25 years old but remarkably seasoned.

At last, Darren drew his line in the sand. "Business remains business. I won't meddle in Rena's romantic life. Her choices are hers to make."

Waylen's smile was faint. "Of course. I don't employ money to manipulate relationships."

Darren scrutinized Waylen from head to toe.

He conceded that Waylen surpassed Harold in many aspects, carrying himself with greater poise. As a father, Darren yearned for his daughter's happiness.

For a woman to chase after a man was hardly a dependable approach.

After contemplation, Darren appended his signature to the



contract, solidifying a billion-dollar deal for the Moore Group.

In turn, he would assume the mantle of chief financial officer at the Fowler Group.

Post-deal, as Darren prepared to depart, Waylen personally ushered him out, an act of courtesy that deeply resonated with Darren. A noble gesture from a high-born man was not to be taken lightly.

After a moment's hesitation, Darren inquired. "Waylen, I have a question. When did you develop feelings for Rena? From what I know, your paths haven't crossed all that frequently."

Love at first sight... Darren was skeptical.

Waylen's smile remained enigmatic.

He gazed at the man before him, whispering, "Mr. Gordon, you might find this hard to believe. I owe you a debt."

Frustration creased Darren's brow, aware that prying further from Waylen would yield little.

With Darren's departure, Waylen stood in silence, his gaze following him.

Regret gnawed at Waylen. He had failed Darren.

In truth, Rena hadn't seen Darren the night he passed away.

The blame rested on Waylen's shoulders.

Upon Darren's return to the company, he attended to his duties.

That evening, upon Rena's arrival, Darren hesitated to address her.

Before he could decide, the doorbell chimed.

Eloise answered, revealing a disheveled Harold on the threshold. Though visibly distressed, he struggled to maintain his

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composure. "I'm here to see Rena."

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
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