

## Chapter 375 My Ex-wife

Shane had been part of the Fowler household since Horace's youth, ingrained in the family tapestry like an old oak witness to their stories.

Shane knew about the buried secrets of Horace, Kira, and the existence of Tyrone, the result of the formers' affair.

The familial discord among the three families was no secret.

It wasn't eyebrow-raising for an offspring of privilege to sneak into the house. Some spouses would hobnob with the mistresses without much ado.

However, the demise of Analia changed the game.

Back then, Analia met her end after giving birth to Blayze amid her marriage with Horace. To protect the interests of Blayze whose parents were Analia and Horace, Analia's parents barred Kira's illegitimate child, Tyrone, from residing with the Fowlers. Tyrone, the poor soul, didn't know his biological father was Horace until recent days.

It was a fair request from the Evans family. After all, if Tyrone got into the Fowler family, it was a sure bet that Kira and Horace would meet and continue to have an affair under the guise of visiting the child.

In those days, Horace's old man still drew breath. He handpicked Analia for his son to sustain the ties between the families and took pity on Blayze who lost his mother at a tender age. He greenlit this reasonable request swiftly, even giving Horace a tongue-lashing, showing scant regard for Tyrone, the shameless illegitimate child.

Disheartened by the loss of Analia, the Evans family barged into the Blakely residence to voice their discontent with Kira being the other woman. Cesar, seething with humiliation, prostrated himself, bemoaning

his failure in teaching Kira to be a decent girl. He desired no further association between Kira and Horace. He made Tyrone stay in the Blakely family before sending Kira overseas.

That settled the dust. The Evans and Fowler families maintained communication courtesy because of the marriage between the late Analia and Horace and, more importantly, for Blayze.

However, any cooperation between the Blakelys and Fowlers had ceased. Their corporate offshoots engaged sporadically, without necessitating the involvement of both lineages.

Suddenly, a member of the Blakely family proposed a visit to Horace. Moreover, it was Tyrone who graced their doorstep, prompting wild conjecture.

Was it that Tyrone found out about his true identity?

Perched in the corridor, Shane mulled over myriad thoughts while gazing at the blossoms in the courtyard.

Then, a car pulled up at the gate.

Recognizing the license plate, Shane promptly rose and sauntered toward it.

Horace emerged from the car and hastened inside. "Is he here?"

Shane shook his head. "Not yet. I reckon he'll be along shortly."

Horace rushed into the room and asked, "Did he say why he came to visit me?"

Shane paused and replied, "No, the servant who answered the phone forgot to ask."

"I'm going to change my clothes. If he arrives, usher him into the study, will you?"

"Sure thing."

Horace headed straight for the second floor.

Shane waited in the parlor.

Moments later, the distant hum of an engine reached his ears.

Shane sprang up, affecting a pretense of tidying the table with a cloth.

Under the servant's guidance, a strapping young man entered. Towering at over six feet, he sported broad shoulders and a slender waist. His tailored suit and handcrafted shoes exuded sophistication.

Casting a fleeting glance at Tyrone, Shane inwardly marveled at his uncanny resemblance to both Horace and Blayze.

The servant addressed Shane, "Tyrone has arrived."

That said, he moved aside and obeyed the commands.

With feigned nonchalance, Shane turned around, feigning surprise. "Ah, Mr. Blakely! Your reputation precedes you, a true prodigy indeed!"

Tyrone, composed, asked, "Is Mr. Fowler present?"

"Indeed." Shane grinned and said, "He's taking a breather. Follow me to the study, please. I'll fetch him."

Silent, Tyrone followed Shane upstairs.

Curious, Shane probed, "Our families have drifted apart. May I know what prompts this visit?"

"I have pressing matters to discuss with Mr. Fowler."

"Care to elaborate?"

Tyrone looked up at Shane.

Momentarily caught off guard, Shane found himself at the study door. He chuckled lightly. "Mr. Blakely, do take a seat."

Tyrone strolled into the study, his gaze fixed straight ahead, settling himself on the sofa in the reception area without casting a single glance sideways.

Meanwhile, Shane ventured out in search of Horace, while a servant swiftly entered, bearing a tray laden with tea.

Gesturing wordlessly, Tyrone signaled the servant to place the tray on the table. He scanned the study's layout briefly, then withdrew his scrutiny.

Shane rapped lightly on Horace's bedroom door, securing permission before gently pushing it open. "Sir, Tyrone's arrived."

Horace, now garbed in a pristine suit, meticulously adjusting his collar, asked, "Did he say something?"

A furrow appeared on Shane's brow as he replied, "I asked him, but all he mentioned was an impending discussion with you. He didn't mention the subject at hand."

Seasoned and weathered, Shane, having served Horace through myriad triumphs and tribulations, had mastered the art of maintaining composure through any storm.

Yet, the look Tyrone had just cast in his direction sent an unexpected ripple of nerves through Shane.

Little wonder Tyrone bore the mark of Horace's lineage, a figure of unmistakable distinction.

"Proceed with your work. I'll come shortly," Horace directed.

"Understood."

Coming to a halt at the study's door, Horace drew a deep breath, willing himself to an even keel, before pushing the door open.

"Mr. Fowler." In deference, Tyrone stood and extended his hand in a composed manner.

"Very well, Mr. Blakely, do take a seat."

Horace shook hands with Tyrone and gave him a sidelong glance to

check whether Tyrone had known about his true identity.

Looking at Tyrone's composed countenance, Horace surmised the latent power within him, who had unexpectedly assumed control of the Blakely Group upon Cesar's passing.

Sporting a genial smile, Horace positioned himself opposite Tyrone, adopting a familiar tone. "Given your temperament, you truly merit the accolade of Mathias' most illustrious entrepreneur. I've seen your interviews and desired this meeting, though your unexpected presence catches me off guard. Please, indulge in some tea."

Tyrone offered a polite smile. "Your praise is generous, Mr. Fowler."

"I'm telling the truth. Should it not trouble you, let us dispense with formalities. You may call me Horace, and I, in turn, shall address you as Tyrone. How does that strike you?"

"That won't be necessary."

Horace's smile faltered, replaced by a bemused expression on hearing Tyrone's refusal.

Traditionally, such a statement would elicit immediate compliance. Even the scions of Harborand's esteemed families would bow in reverence.

Tyrone's response left Horace momentarily speechless.

Tyrone's faint smile persisted as he stated, "The Blakelys and the Fowlers have no bonds. Were it not for the Fowler family transgressing my limits, I wouldn't have graced this place with my presence."

At that moment, Horace comprehended Tyrone's purpose. Tyrone came to settle accounts. Tyrone might remain oblivious to his true identity.

"Mr. Blakely, how has the Fowler family crossed your line?" Horace's smile faded into seriousness. "Should our family be at fault, I shall seek an explanation for you. If not, Mr. Blakely, your visit may have been in

vain."

"Mr. Fowler, do you comprehend the events regarding Brady, the Garrett family's second son?"

Horace nodded thoughtfully. "What? Does this concern the Blakelys?"

Tyrone tapped the table lightly with his index finger. "One of the affected, Sabrina, is the adopted daughter of the Blakely family. She happens to be my ex-wife."

