

Chapter 418 Mark, There Won't Be A Wedding Anymore

Cecilia bit her lip lightly.

Today was her wedding day and the color of her lipstick was dark red.

"Yes. I got a call from Cathy," she said in answer to Mark's question.

When Mark heard this, his face darkened.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked in a tone filled with displeasure.

Cecilia stared at him absently.

Even she couldn't help but ask herself. Why didn't she tell him?

Well, because he was her husband, and today was her wedding day. Was she wrong for not wanting him to go see another woman?

Sadly, Mark himself couldn't see clearly all that was going on.

One issue was that he cared too much about the child.

But would Cecilia have to spend her whole life paying for the results of Mark's romance? Not only herself, but also her parents, her brother and sister-in-law as well as Edwin were all paying for it.

Tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes as she continued to stare at him.

Mark soon noticed it.

But this time, he was more worried that Cathy would really go crazy. If she did do something rash, he would have a lot to regret for the rest of his life.

His lips moved slightly, though he said nothing.

But Zoey knew her son very well.

And she felt very sorry for her future daughter-in-law.

She looked at Paul's parents and said calmly, "We also feel sorry for what happened to your family, but this matter has already turned into a serious matter. How about we call the police? Look, Mark is getting married today, you know."

Zoey felt this was just a stroke of bad luck.

Paul's parents wiped their tears and nodded, "Yes, we've called the police. But Cathy insisted on meeting Mark."

Then they turned to Mark and went on their knees to beg him profusely.

"Mark, please meet Cathy for the sake of Paul. Do it for the sake of Paul's life. Please."

Then the entire room went quiet as everyone waited for Mark's decision.

There was no room for recklessness, for both Fowler family and the Evans family would suffer the consequences.

Korbyn and Waylen had deadpan looks on their faces.

But they didn't say anything.

They stayed silent for Cecilia's sake.

Korbyn knew his daughter best, so he would always do what he knew she would approve of.

At this point, Mark helped Paul's parents to their feet and then he looked at Cecilia and said softly, "I'll go and meet Cathy now. Let's hold the wedding when I come back."

That was all he could say.

Cecilia was shocked to hear this as she stood in the middle of the hall in her white wedding gown while Edwin stood beside her, holding onto her gown in silence.

Her face had turned pale and it was clear to see that she was not happy.

She pulled down her black hair and said in a particularly calm tone, "There will be no wedding."

"Cecilia, don't make a scene," Mark admonished with a frown.

Cecilia broke into a sad smile and began to stroke her son's hair affectionately.

"I mean it, Mark," she said straightforwardly. "You're clearly not the one for me to keep. You can save Laura or reunite with Cathy, or even... In fact, the Evans Garden is well decorated today. Even if you decide to marry Cathy, I would be fine with it. Mark, having three people in a relationship is too much of a crowd. If you can't focus on me and me alone, then I don't want such a marriage."

Tears streamed down Cecilia's cheeks as she said this.

But all through this speech, she kept her gaze on Mark.

It was not three years, four years, or even five years.

Cecilia had loved Mark for a very long time.

She had never for once thought of putting an end to that love even in the most difficult times in her life.

But on their wedding day, just because of this phone call, she had decided to give up completely on her love for him.

Mark felt this was unfair and he was very saddened by it. Nevertheless, he clenched his fists and said, "I'll be back."

Cecilia simply smiled lightly, knowing fully well that he had made up his mind to go, and so had she.

Zoey, on the other hand, was trembling with anger.

She stepped forward and slapped Mark on the face. "Mark, if you dare take a step out of this place, I'll take Cecilia and Edwin away and never come back. You really are something. You want to disappoint Cecilia and Edwin because of that woman? Don't you know that you owe Cecilia so much over the years?"

It was clear to see how disappointed she was in Mark. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she scolded him.

But it still wasn't enough to keep Mark.

He was worried about the life of that little innocent girl.

Before leaving, he glanced at Cecilia and told her again to wait for him.

All of a sudden, he heard Rena cry out, "Uncle Mark!"

Mark paused. Her cry brought tears to his eyes, but it still didn't stop him.

Rena closed her eyes and shook her head sadly as she saw him leave.

Waylen put his arm around Rena's shoulder to prevent her from falling. She looked so weak and frail all of a sudden.

The Evans Garden was in chaos. But strangely enough, Cecilia felt relieved, perhaps because she had foreseen all these.

Nevertheless, she looked around her sadly.

For years, she had looked forward to being Mrs. Evans. Unfortunately, she only became Mrs. Evans for one day.

There were a lot of guests at the venue. The Fowler family was a very prestigious one, so it drew a lot of bigwigs.

Cecilia didn't want to embarrass her father and brother, but there was nothing else she could do.

She bowed to Zoey and said to her, "I'm going back."

When Zoey heard this, she immediately burst into tears.

She cursed Mark for bringing so much pain to everyone and she tried to beg Cecilia to at least wait a little longer.

But with tears in her eyes, Cecilia shook her head and said with a bitter smile, "I can't wait anymore."

Then she carried Edwin in her arms and walked up to Korbyn and Waylen, feeling like a recalcitrant child. "Dad, Waylen... I'm sorry to embarrass you," she apologized.

Korbyn felt very bad.

But he cared more about his daughter's feelings.

He patted Cecilia's head and said, "It's not like we can't take care of you. Look how well we've taking care of Rena. Every child in our family will be well taken care of as always."

Cecilia felt very emotional when she heard this.

She promptly threw herself into Juliette's arms and hid her face in her bosom.

Waylen felt sorry for his little sister and mad at Mark, but he didn't lash out.

Since Mark had proven to be unreasonable, Waylen felt it was up to him to step up for his family and fix the mess as the man that he was.

Unfortunately, poor Rena was one of those caught in the middle of the whole chaos.

So, Waylen said to his parents, "Dad and mom, you both should take Cecilia and the children back to Duefron. I'll stay here with Rena."

Korbyn couldn't help but agree with his plan.

He looked at Rena and said, "Please don't blame yourself for this. It wasn't your fault. Cecilia still regards you as her sister-in-law."

Rena said nothing. She just smiled bitterly.

Though the situation was chaotic, Waylen's presence felt quite reassuring.

Eventually, he took charge of the situation and saw the guests off as they all left in groups.

By the time Waylen was done with this, it was already afternoon.

But he wasn't feeling hungry or tired at all. He stood in the yard and lit a cigarette.

After quietly smoking for a while, he went in search of Zoey.

Rena was with Zoey.

The woman was really devastated. Her only son, over 40 years of age, was finally settling down. Cecilia's family was so good, and she loved Cecilia to pieces.

But all of a sudden, everything had turned upside down.

Zoey lay on the bed, and for a long time, couldn't bring herself to get up.

The doctor had come to see her two times already.

At this point, Waylen pushed the door open and walked in. He could hear Zoey talking about driving Mark out of the Evans family.

Rena, on the other hand, was trying to calm her down.

Waylen went over to meet them.

"Have you and your grandma had lunch yet?" he asked Rena in a soft tone.

Rena shook her head in the negative.

Waylen gently touched her shoulder and said, "You're eating for two now. Go ask the chef to prepare something while I stay with your grandma."

"I'm afraid it will be too difficult to put her in a better mood," Rena whispered doubtfully.

But Waylen smiled and assured her that he was up to the task.

So Rena stood up and left.

As she walked out, she felt the whole house was much quieter than usual and all the decorations for the wedding had been removed.

Nearby, the butler was ordering the house maids to do their parts and all of them were silent, walking with their heads down.

When the butler saw Rena, he forced a smile and asked, "How is Mrs. Evans?"

"Waylen is with her," Rena replied. "We'd like to have our lunch though."

"Okay," the butler nodded.

No matter what, they had to eat.

It was unfortunate that what was supposed to be a happy event had ended badly, but life had to go on.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the town, there was still an ongoing scene. Cathy was standing on the rooftop with Laura, but despite objections from others, Paul's parents approached them.

They were determined to save their son's only descendant.

But in the end, they all perished together.

They fell from the 23rd floor.

Fortunately for Laura, she ended up landing on an awning canvas on the 20th floor. So she was saved.

But after all she had gone through, Laura became so traumatized that she didn't speak anymore.

It was almost as if she had lost her ability to form words.

Cathy and Paul's parents were all dead, lying in a massive pool of blood while a large crowd of people gathered to stare. Mark gently picked Laura up and the little girl hugged him tightly, with her little face against his. He could feel her whole body trembling.

All of a sudden, she had become an orphan.

Before long, reporters had flooded the area and the story immediately made the news.

Mark quickly carried Laura home.

If he didn't take her home, she would end up at the welfare house and her already pitiful life would probably be worse for her.

By the time Mark got back to the Evans Gardon, he still had blood stains on his shirt.

On his wedding day of all days, he was stained with blood.

It was very ominous.

With Laura in his arms, Mark went to the house. It was quiet everywhere. Only some domestic staff were around, taking off the wedding decorations.

This scene was quite unpleasant for him to look at.

"Where is Cecilia?" Mark asked one of the staff in a hoarse voice.

With lowered head, the woman answered, "She went back to Duefron with Mr. and Mrs. Fowler. But Miss Rena and Mr. Waylen are still here. Mrs. Evans is not feeling well. The doctor has come to see her several times already."

Mark's heart tightened when he heard this.

Without another word, he carried Laura inside.

When he pushed Zoey's door open, he saw her lying on the bed. Waylen and Rena were by her bedside comforting her.

Mark walked in quietly.

When Zoey noticed his presence, she immediately sat up and stared at him and the child in his arms.

She couldn't help but feel that her son was hopeless and stupid.

Yes, the child was really pitiful.

But wasn't Edwin also pitiful?

Edwin was old enough to go to school. But Mark hardly spent any time with his own son.

Her finger pointing at him, Zoey snapped, "Why did you come back here? You obviously don't care about your wife and son, or even your family's dignity. So why did you still come back home?"

Mark gently laid Laura down on the sofa, before he went to the head of Zoey's bed and knelt down.

He didn't say anything to defend himself, because he knew he had failed to do right by Cecilia and had let her down.

Zoey didn't even look at him.

Mark had hoped that Zoey would go to Duefron, but...

"You've made such an ugly scene today and embarrassed us all. I'm too ashamed to go to Duefron," Zoey spat angrily.

Meanwhile, Mark was still on his knees.

Rena felt pity for him and wanted to help him up.

But Waylen patted her hand to keep her quiet.

Then he looked at Mark and said, "Mark, you know that all this is useless

Chapter 418 Mark, There Won't Be A Wedding A. 🎁 +120 Points at most and unnecessary right now. Before you left, Cecilia made it clear that she will have nothing to do with you from the moment you walked away from your own wedding."

Mark's face turned pale as he was reminded of Cecilia's promise.

"No one in the Fowler family blames you," Waylen continued. "In fact, we simply believe that you and Cecilia are not meant for each other."

As Waylen said these things, Laura was watching Mark's face and she could see that his beautiful eyes had lost their luster.

With gritted teeth, Mark got up and went outside with Laura in his arms.

He had known that Zoey would not accept this child. And if he wanted to get back together with Cecilia, he could not keep Laura around.

So, he took Laura to Duefron.

He bought a small villa and kept her there. Then he hired two servants to take care of her.

He couldn't help but feel guilty because of what he had done to Cecilia.

It was three days later that he finally met her again.

She was no longer living in the house she shared with him. Instead, she had moved back to the Fowler residence for the meantime so that Korbyn and Juliette could take good care of Edwin.

Mark had to go to the filming location before he could see Cecilia.

It was April and she looked young and beautiful in her light green dress.

She was talking and laughing with a young actor on set.

The young actor, who was probably in his early 20s, looked at Cecilia with admiration. In the past, she would probably have avoided such admirers, but she was single now, so there was no reason for her to turn down the admiration from the opposite sex.

Sitting in his black limo, Mark watched them quietly.

Peter became very anxious for his sake.

After a while, he suggested, "It's time for lunch. You can at least go over and ask her to lunch."

Mark said nothing and simply put out his cigarette. Nowadays, he smoked at least two packs of cigarettes a day. His slender fingers had even turned a little yellow.

Without a word, he opened the car door and got out of the car.

When he appeared in front of Cecilia, she seemed surprised, but she quickly recovered her composure.

Those that were nearby also looked at Mark.

But Mark's eyes were focused purely on Cecilia. "Let's go and have lunch," he said to her.

He thought Cecilia was going to make a scene, but to his astonishment, she agreed without any hesitation. She gently flipped her beautiful black hair and told her colleagues that she was going for lunch. Then she followed Mark into the car without even taking her assistant with her.

As soon as they got in the car, Peter started attempting to liven up the atmosphere.

"Cecilia, you look so beautiful today. Mr. Evans has been staring at you from a distance. I'm sure he was saying to himself that he has never seen such a beautiful girl before," he joked with a wide smile on his face.

Cecilia fastened her seat belt and looked at Mark.

"Oh, really? But I bet Mr. Evans has seen his fair share of the world, hasn't he?" she teased.

Peter was taken aback and wasn't sure how to respond to her witty remark.

Mark's face darkened, but he made no fuss. Instead, without answering her question, he said to Cecilia, "Let's have Chinese food."

"I don't mind," Cecilia shrugged carelessly.

She looked a lot more at ease than she was on the wedding day. It seemed her pain had been healed in just three days, and their relationship didn't matter to her anymore.

This realization made Mark feel very bad.

But he pretended that everything was okay because he wanted to have a good conversation with her.

Perhaps intentionally, he ended up taking her to the same restaurant they ate at in the past and even booked the same private room that they once occupied.

Mark once put an amulet on her arm in this very room.

Cecilia was so emotional that she almost cried. But she quickly held it back and assumed a normal demeanor.

Mark was very gentle and considerate to her.

And Cecilia also enjoyed her meal. Neither of them mentioned the unpleasant past, or perhaps they were both thinking about how to start talking about it.

Mark himself didn't eat much.

Halfway through his meal, he took out a cigarette and lit it.

"My throat has not been feeling well recently. Put out the cigarette please," Cecilia said.

So Mark did just that.

Then he put his arm around her shoulder and asked her in a whisper, "Have you been crying these days?"

Obviously, he wanted to talk about the events that occurred on the wedding day.

Chapter 418 Mark, There Won't Be A Wedding A. 🎁 +120 Points at most

Cecilia gently put down her cutlery and said, "Yes, I admit I cried many times, but no matter how many times I cry, it wouldn't change anything."

"Cathy is dead," Mark suddenly mumbled.

Cecilia knew what he was trying to say.

She shook her head and said, "Mark, whether she died or not, it can't change my decision. It's not about whether I love you or not, it's just that I don't want you anymore."

Mark's fingers trembled slightly as he pulled out another cigarette.

But he didn't light it.

Because he knew that she didn't want to inhale smoke.

With tears and bitterness in her eyes, Cecilia looked at him and asked with a smile, "We have registered our marriage. So when can we go through the legal process?"

Clearly, she meant divorce.

18:47

95,7%

📧 🔋 100%