

Chapter 303 Mark's Inquiry

The bedroom door creaked open as Mark stepped inside.

He found Cecilia diligently cleaning the room and changing the bed sheets.

It was a shame that she had to take on this task herself, too embarrassed to order the servants to handle the aftermath of their passionate night.

Mark quietly observed her for a moment, realizing that household chores weren't her forte.

Although she tried her best, the sheet wasn't coming clean, and she ended up getting her clothes wet in the process.

"Let me do it," Mark whispered, stepping closer to her.

Cecilia's cheeks turned crimson, and she couldn't meet his gaze since the memories of last night flooded her mind.

Mark gently held her shoulders and guided her to the side.

Cecilia didn't argue with him and washed her hands silently.

He didn't mind taking over, knowing well how to handle household chores from his college days when he lived in a rental apartment and manage everything on his own.

With dexterity, he cleaned the sheet.

It took longer than usual due to the intensity of their lovemaking.

Finally, the pinkish sheet was hung on the balcony to dry.

However, Mark didn't leave.

Instead, he leaned against the balcony, lit a cigarette, and gazed at the delicate hue of the sheet, reminiscent of Cecilia's sweet personality, with his narrow and long eyes.

As he looked back on last night, he knew it was an accident.

After chatting with Korbyn, he had intended to return to his own room to rest.

However, he found Edwin lying on his bed, exhaling warm breath through his nose.

The child was a testament to his and Cecilia's relationship.

As he stared at his son silently while sitting on the edge of the bed, he couldn't help but feel captivated by his exquisite appearance.

At that moment, the sound of high heels echoed from downstairs.

He knew he shouldn't have gone out, considering Cecilia was the only person returning home at that hour.

Unable to resist the longing to see her again, in the end, he had stepped out.

She was tipsy.

When she looked at him with her watery eyes, she exuded a charming femininity mixed with innocence that he found hard to resist.

"Did you drink?" he inquired, gently holding her up.

Too drunk to evade him, she looked straight into his eyes.

It was a gaze that stirred something within him—a mixture of longing and desire due to the pile of work and recent abstinent lifestyle.

Despite these feelings, he remained composed and guided her to her bedroom.

As she lay on the soft bed, he handed her a glass of water and placed it on the bedside table.

"Drink some water and take off your clothes before going to sleep," he advised in a caring manner.

Her crystal-clear eyes remained fixed on him for a while.

Then, she buried her face in the quilt, careful enough not to make a sound

Mark knew that she was crying.

He tenderly patted her shoulder and said, "Didn't you go on a date? What happened?"

She didn't reply audibly, but her trembling shoulders revealed her emotional turmoil.

After he gently pulled her back, her tear-stained face was revealed to him.

Mark discovered that she was indeed crying.

Despite her age, she was much younger than him and had a childlike temperament that always reminded him of the way she once was.

Though he knew it was wrong, he couldn't resist lowering his head.

He felt her soft lips, which had opened slightly as if she was waiting for him to kiss her. Their lips met, and their bodies intertwined, exchanging warmth and passion.

Time seemed to lose its meaning as they lay entangled, their clothes in disarray beneath the bed.

Tears glistened in Cecilia's eyes as she felt a hint of sobriety mixed with a daze. Her slender fingers gently caressed Mark's handsome features, and she whispered hoarsely, "Mark, no one can bully me."

In her heart, he was the only one, from beginning to end!

She cried like a little girl, her heart torn between wanting him close and feeling wronged.

Mark gently brushed his slender fingers against her glamorous face, trying to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Cecilia. Don't cry," he coaxed in a low voice, his own emotions swirling within.

He struggled with his feelings, torn between staying with her and the knowledge that it would be difficult for him to walk away.

However, the moment she called him "Mark," everything changed.

It was a name she seldom used, and when she had referred to him as "Uncle Mark" before, it excited and thrilled him.

But now, hearing her call him by his name, he felt the weight of their history together—a history that involved a woman who bore his child.

Mark claimed her tenderly, their bodies seeking solace in each other.

Her tears were not of physical pain but of sorrow and longing.

Under the cover of night, he indulged himself in this tender moment of passion.

Maybe it was because she couldn't help calling him 'Uncle Mark' later that he couldn't suppress his lust at all. They surrendered to their dormant love and affection, their passion reignited like

gasoline meeting a flame—irresistible and unstoppable.

As dawn broke, Cecilia woke up first.

She found Mark's handsome face magnified before her, lying beside her in her bedroom.

He had stayed with her the entire night.

Still feeling a bit groggy, Mark woke up when he felt her stirring. He placed his hand on her waist and softly asked, "Did you sleep well?"

Then he was kicked out of her room, not even having the time to fasten his belt.

Mark calmly smoked a cigarette, until the footsteps of Cecilia approaching him snapped him out of his reverie.

"Why are you still here?" she asked, her voice slightly hesitant.

Mark turned to face her.

He looked composed in his iron gray suit pants and simple white shirt. Despite his age, he exuded a charm that few men could match.

"Did you feel good last night?" he asked gently, concerned about her well-being.

Her cheeks flushed, but she tried to act nonchalant.

"Just so so," she replied, trying to downplay her emotions.

Just so so...

Mark mused over the words, narrowing his eyes as he asked a question that had been on his mind since they were entwined on the bed last night, "You've been on a lot of blind dates in the past year. Have you had sex with other men?"

His question was direct.

Though she hadn't been with anyone else, she didn't want to tell him. It might look like she was still waiting for him, hoping that their connection was still strong.

Mark took a deep drag of his cigarette, his gaze unwavering as he studied her.

She felt a wave of despondency washing over her, and the urge to leave consumed her.

But Mark wouldn't let her go so easily. With one hand around her waist and the other tossing away the cigarette butt he had just smoked, he pulled her closer to him. Whispering softly in her ear, he asked, "Are they as good as me?"

Cecilia felt both ashamed and angry.

She struggled as Mark's grip tightened around her waist, and his hand ventured inside her clothes.

"Mark!

What are you doing? We're on the balcony!" she protested.

Ignoring her pleas, Mark teased her sensitive areas with his fingers, his determination to make her reveal the truth unwavering, even with sweat forming on his own forehead.

"Tell me, did you have sex with them?"

"No! No one else!"

She then started crying, tears welling up in her eyes.

Gently kissing her tears away, Mark shifted his focus, caressing her gently to satisfy her.

But she turned her face away and urged him to stop. "Enough!"

Mark couldn't fully immerse himself in her tenderness, knowing he had work to attend to, yet he couldn't bear to leave her. In a

whisper, he spoke lascivious words in her ear. "I felt good last night."

Pushing him away, Cecilia hurriedly left.

Mark's eyes darkened.

His jealousy was flaring up as he knew she frequently went on blind dates.

He was powerless to stop her, uncertain if she might fall in love with someone else one day.

After all, in his mind, she remained somewhat childish.

He had taken a considerable risk in setting her free. If she did end up falling for someone else and being with them, Mark knew he would never find peace within himself again.

He couldn't blame her. The hatred would be directed solely at himself.

But she hadn't.

Mark believed every word she said.

Lighting another cigarette, he took a deep drag, feeling an indescribable sense of psychological satisfaction—more thrilling than the physical pleasure of the previous night.

They had been intimate, and it was inevitable that their relationship would change in some way when they met again.

The members of the Fowler family noticed the shift, but they remained silent, understanding that some things were better left unspoken.

Later in the afternoon, Waylen and Mark concluded their discussion.

On the second floor, Waylen found Rena. Although she moved all her things away, the basic furniture remained.

Rena lay asleep on the sofa, tear stains evident on her face.

A diary slipped from her grasp.

Waylen picked it up and gently covered her with a blanket.

He tenderly wiped away the cold tears from her cheeks with his slender fingers. Whispers escaped him, "I'm right here. Why do you miss a man from the past?"

It had been a while since he held her close, and he missed the warmth of her body.

He couldn't resist laying down beside her, gently cradling her in his arms.

Rena was still in a deep slumber.

She had been plagued by insomnia for quite some time, but right now, she was finally sleeping like a baby.

As the twilight descended, she stirred awake.

Sitting up, Rena noticed the blanket draped over her, and she saw Waylen leaning against the door, silently watching her.

Did he cover her with the blanket?

Combing her fingers through her long hair, Rena said in a hoarse voice, "Thank you." She didn't want to stay alone with him, so she stood up and hurriedly made her way downstairs.

"Your uncle has returned to Czanch," Waylen stated matter-of-factly.

It was getting dark.

Marcus received excellent care, and Alexis enjoyed her time with Edwin.

As for Rena, she remained with Waylen in this same house. In

this moment, he had an eerie sense of familiarity, as if they had never divorced, and she was still his wife.

Rena didn't want to lead him on, so she kept her distance, maintaining a cold demeanor. Though she cared deeply for her two children, she avoided any emotional entanglements beyond that.

Korbyn insisted she stay for dinner.

Reluctantly, Rena accepted the invitation, but she made sure to leave after the meal.

Korbyn glared at his son, urging, "Waylen, see them off."

Waylen promptly stood up and grabbed the car keys.

As Rena carried Marcus, Waylen gently reached out to take the boy from her arms, saying softly, "Just take Alexis' hand. Marcus is quite heavy now."

Rena didn't object.

Waylen took Marcus from her.

In that moment, their hands brushed against each other, stirring something inside him. He raised his eyes to gaze at her, but Rena didn't respond, carefully placing Marcus in Waylen's arms.

Once inside the car, Waylen returned Marcus to her.

Glancing at the rearview mirror, he instructed in a hushed tone, "Fasten the seatbelt!"

Buckling up with a baby in her arms was a challenge, so Waylen leaned over to help her. Perhaps it was the warm and harmonious atmosphere, little Alexis looked up and happily announced, "Our kindergarten is having an open house day. All parents need to participate!"

Despite her young age, she understood the concept of divorce.

But she felt that her father still loved her mother, and her mother also showed tenderness towards her father.

Their divorce didn't affect Alexis much.

After Alexis finished speaking, Waylen smiled faintly and promised, "I'll go with your Mommy!"

As he said that, he stole a glance at Rena, his confidence wavering.

Rena consented.

Waylen took it as a sign of hope that they could reconcile, thinking that Rena might have been upset over nothing since he had nothing to do with Mavis and there were no affairs or rumors.

He believed she was no longer mad at him.

They attended the kindergarten's activities together and won first place.

Alexis held her father's hand with her left and her mother's hand with her right, bubbling with joy.

Upon returning, they found that Alexis had already been picked up by Korbyn.

Standing by the car, Waylen couldn't help asking, "Shall we eat out?"

He wanted to reconcile with her.

But Rena replied calmly, "There's a private banquet hosted by the Smith family this evening, and I've agreed to attend. Also, Waylen, don't spend all your time on me. You should have your own life."

Waylen's eyes darkened. "You are my private life."

Rena didn't want to argue, so she got into the black limousine, and Ross drove away swiftly.

Waylen pulled out a box from his pocket, revealing a diamond ring inside.

The customized ring was bigger and more dazzling than the one Rena currently wore. He wouldn't give up just because of her refusal. He was determined to go pick her up after the party.

He believed that women's hearts softened during the late hours of the night.