

Chapter 329 She Refused To Accept Anything Fro...

After Cecilia's departure, Mark lingered in the apartment for a night, resting on the bed amidst her possessions, which he had mostly acquired for her.

Cecilia was not adept at household chores and the bedroom was always left in disarray. Mark, however, took it upon himself to frequently tidy up, even going the extra mile by washing her soiled undergarments during her menstruation.

The pillow carried a lingering trace of her fragrance, making it perplexing for Mark to find sleep. He opted to rise and settle on the sofa, accompanied by a cigarette.

With the phone clutched in his hand, Mark mused that if Cecilia were to call, he would undoubtedly answer, content just to hear her voice, even if he couldn't find the words to say.

Yet, as the night wore on, the ashtray filled up and her call never came.

Inevitably, Mark accepted that their relationship had reached its end.

Considering Cecilia's privileged background, being the daughter of a wealthy family, why would she persist in pursuing him?

At the break of dawn, Peter's concern for Mark grew, and he entered the apartment by pushing the door open.

The pervasive smoke inside the house instantly overwhelmed Peter, leading him to reproach, "Mr. Evans, you should take care of yourself. Smoking so excessively isn't good for your health."

Gazing at Peter, Mark extinguished the cigarette and slowly sank into the sofa.

After a prolonged silence, Mark spoke up in a measured tone. "I need you to handle something for me."

Mark knew that Cecilia lacked nothing, having been together for several months. Nevertheless, he desired to bestow her with a gift. He never envisioned getting another girlfriend after their breakup and material possessions held little meaning to him.

Mark placed his order deliberately.

Peter was taken aback by the gravity of Mark's love affair. The gift Mark intended for Cecilia surpassed the value of what most husbands would offer their wives in a divorce settlement.

Mark was practically giving away his entire personal fortune to Cecilia.

Without any objections, Peter promptly set out to fulfill Mark's request.

The following day, Peter arranged to meet Cecilia at a charming coffee shop.

Peter arrived promptly wearing a dark brown suit. He played with his cigarette lighter as he sat waiting for Cecilia with a thick stack of documents laid out in front of him.

After fifteen minutes had elapsed, Cecilia appeared and stopped in front of him.

"Do you have any messages he wishes for you to deliver to me?" she inquired.

Upon hearing her voice, Peter glanced up and was taken aback.

Though it had only been slightly over a month, Cecilia's appearance had significantly altered; she had lost a considerable amount of weight and looked weary.

Reacting swiftly, Peter rose from his seat and courteously pulled out a chair for Cecilia, attempting to speak in a composed and soothing manner. However, when she noticed the stack of documents, she directly inquired, "Is this his compensation for me?"

A sense of unease washed over Peter and he nodded after a moment's hesitation.

Gracefully turning a few pages of one document, Cecilia delicately toyed with the paper using her slender fingers. In a soft voice, she said, "Since this is merely a game between him and me, why must he shower me with such affection? I have no desire for these things. Let him know that I won't pester him any longer."

Having spoken her piece, it seemed as though Cecilia had expended all her strength.

For a considerable duration, she found herself in a trance...

Uncle Mark...

She had called him Uncle Mark for so long. His gifts and promises had once convinced her that they would be together forever, that he would protect her always.

However, reality had not unfolded as she had hoped.

Instead, she discovered that she was nothing more than another one of his girlfriends...

Despite Peter's persistent efforts to persuade her, Cecilia remained reluctant to accept anything from Mark.

Returning to give his report, Peter found Mark standing before the French window in the hotel, his back turned to Peter. After a prolonged silence, Mark uttered, "I know."

Once Peter departed, Mark gazed down at the diamond ring in his hand.

Indeed, she was such an innocent girl.

How could she accept whatever he was trying to compensate her with?

Mark had never realized the extent of his love for someone. He managed fine at work, but in his free moments, Cecilia consumed his every dream. In crowded places, he would unconsciously look around, and even amidst socializing with Charlie and others, he would cast a glance at the bronze gate, as though expecting his little girl to appear any second.

He envisioned her tear-streaked face calling him Uncle Mark.

After much time had passed, Mark came to the painful realization that moving on from Cecilia was an immensely challenging task...

About a week later, fate brought them together once again. It happened at a dinner party in Duefron.

Cecilia arrived with Waylen.

Donned in an elegant, long pink strapless dress, she adorned herself with a diamond chain, her black hair cascading loosely down her waist.

She exuded delicacy and allure.

Beside Mark stood Flora. The moment he caught sight of Cecilia, he stiffened.

Flora was no fool.

She understood well that her relationship with Mark was purely consensual, devoid of any serious commitment. She was well aware that she was not the only woman in his company.

However, since Cecilia came to the picture, he had ceased all communication with Flora.

Even a fool could decipher the situation.

Shortly after Cecilia bumped into her and Mark backstage, Peter sent Flora a check.

Flora knew that Mark would sever all contact with her and probably never attend her performances in the future.

As expected, she later learned from others that Mark no longer indulged in his previous amusements.

She surmised that Mark had found himself a girlfriend.

Flora possessed full knowledge of Mark's girlfriend's identity, but she refrained from uttering a word, fearing to offend someone as influential as Mark. Her heart leaped with joy when Mark graced Laurel Garden with his presence once more.

Believing Mark had come to see her out of nostalgia, Flora hoped they could rekindle their former relationship.

However, she soon discovered her misconception.

Mark would only engage in conversations or accompany her to social events but they no longer shared intimate moments.

In private, Mark was more steadfast than a devoted soul.

Although Flora knew she could no longer be Mrs. Evans, she cherished the idea of maintaining a friendship with Mark. On one hand, he treated her well and, on the other, she valued his reputation and connections.

Now, Mark and Cecilia gazed at each other and tears welled up in Cecilia's eyes.

Unaware of the dynamics between Mark and Cecilia, Flora offered a gentle smile and inquired in hushed tones, "Mr. Evans, why does Miss Fowler look at you as if she's on the verge of tears?"

Mark paid no attention to Flora, his focus solely fixed on Cecilia.

Cecilia alternated her gaze between Mark and Flora, who locked arms. She then averted her eyes.

Seeking solace, she sought her brother's company.

Feeling aggrieved, her lips trembled as she rested her head on her brother's shoulder.

Looking down at Cecilia, Waylen asked softly, "Are you tired?"

Cecilia nodded and then she held onto her brother's waist.

The bond between the siblings appeared so intimate that it caused Mark's eyelids to twitch. Never had he imagined feeling jealous of Waylen one day.

Flora, observing Mark's reaction, experienced a sense of contentment.

Seizing an opportunity to approach Waylen, she greeted him with a coquettish air, "Mr. Fowler, you and your sister share such a close bond that it makes others envious."

Waylen made no attempt to hide his true feelings when interacting with women.

Flora, undeterred by Waylen's cold demeanor, instead grew increasingly enthusiastic.

She observed the pained expression on Cecilia's face and suggested, "I know a few talented young men. After pondering for a moment, I believe they would be suitable for Miss Fowler. How about we arrange a meeting over coffee sometime?"

Coincidentally, Mark approached the group at this moment.

Flora clasped Mark's hand and asked affectionately, "Mark, what do you think?"

Mark's gaze remained fixed on Cecilia.

With tears glistening in her eyes, Cecilia cast her gaze upon him...

After a prolonged moment, Mark's lips curved into a gentle smile as he spoke up in a soft tone. "It's time to find a suitable man for Cecilia to marry. Waylen, you should ask your parents to help select some promising candidates for her."

At this particular moment, Waylen still held a certain apprehension towards Mark, whose influence wielded great weight over Waylen and Rena's future.

Consequently, Waylen nodded, tenderly caressed Cecilia's head, and said, "It's indeed about time for her to explore romantic relationships."

Cecilia's countenance turned pallid.

As she stared at Mark, anger surged within her, causing her teeth to tremble. Nevertheless, she restrained her emotions in public and replied with a bright smile, "I will heed Uncle Mark's advice."

With that, Cecilia excused herself and departed.

Observing her retreating figure, Mark felt his fingers clench tightly.

Flora playfully remarked, "She must be furious. You ought to soothe her if she's upset. Don't drag me into your mess, really. I'm concerned about you both... If you and she end up together, remember to give me a grand gift. It's not every day I'm so magnanimous."

Mark brushed off Flora's remarks and quietly left...

Cecilia proceeded to a secluded terrace, where she gazed quietly at the river in the distance, her eyes brimming with tears.

Why had she come here?

All she yearned for now was to return home.

Footsteps approached from behind and then someone locked the door.

Without a doubt, she knew who it was. Turning her head, she caught sight of Mark standing there...

Her frail form seemed pitiable, tears continuing to moisten her eyes.

Whispering her name, Mark implored, "Cecilia."

Her back pressed against the railing, Cecilia looked at him dazedly and uttered, "Don't come any closer. Mark... Stay back."