

Chapter 442 Are You Jealous

Mark looked at Cecilia with a quiet gaze.

His eyes were calm and tender, like a loving elder. At the same time, his look was informed by the tumultuous history between him and Cecilia. They had been a couple for many years and even had two children. When Cecilia reciprocated his gaze, she couldn't bring herself to be as cool and collected as him.

Meanwhile, Thomas looked at the two of them and felt like a third-wheel.

To make his presence felt, Thomas held Cecilia's hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

For a second, it made Cecilia shudder.

She wasn't used to being intimate with Thomas.

Mark's eyes fell at their clasped hands, and the sight of Cecilia's soft hand holding another person's hand made his heart twitch.

Despite what he felt, Mark kept silent. He knew that he had no right to prod.

Mark relaxed his body and loosened his tie so he could breathe more freely.

"Don't worry, Mr. Evans. I will take good care of her," Thomas said with a smile.

When Mark heard this, he almost lost his cool.

Stuck between these two masculine energies, Cecilia felt like crying. At last she said, "Please excuse us." She grabbed Thomas by the wrist and left with him.

Mark was left alone with a glass of champagne. He watched with deep eyes as the two of them walked away.

It was at this point that Rena and Flora stepped in.

After watching the fun for a long time, Flora snickered and teased, "Wow, I've never seen you so troubled! What? Are you having trouble getting along with Cecilia?"

Mark didn't say anything. He only flashed a faint smile.

Flora then turned her eyes to where Cecilia was standing and sighed.

"What a cute couple!" she said. "Don't you think so?"

Upon hearing this, Mark's eyes darkened.

While this was happening, a waiter passed by Mark and he put his glass on the tray. Then, Mark straightened his suit and said, "I haven't seen you for a long time. You don't seem to be as emotionally intelligent as before."

His words made Flora a bit uneasy.

She forced herself to smile as she placed her hand on the back of her neck.

Before, she used to dream of marrying him and becoming Mrs. Evans. As such, she fawned over Mark and accommodated him every chance she got.

That was probably the reason why he thought she had a high EQ.

But now that Mark had fallen head over heels for Cecilia,

and she herself had found a good husband, how could she still be the same person as before?

Mark wasn't a heartless man and he did remember the good memories they shared in the past.

"I slipped up," he apologized.

Flora's eyes started to water. She looked at Thomas and Cecilia, who were dancing on the dance floor. "Mark, if you don't get her back, you'll regret it for the rest of your life!"

Before Cecilia, Mark had a lot of female friends.

Despite that, he didn't fall for any of them.

The only time he fell in love was when he met Cecilia. But then, he failed to do right by her.

"Thank you," he said in a low voice.

Suddenly, Flora's eyes turned red. The air inside had grown too suffocating for her.

So, she walked to the terrace to get some fresh air.

Mark had left a deep impression in her life. No matter how happy her marriage was right now, she couldn't help but feel pain at the fact that she could never have Mark.

When Flora left, Mark did not follow to comfort her.

This was for the best. He knew that entangling himself with her any further would only result into complications that no one would want.

Mark continued socializing with others. From time to time, his eyes would fall on Cecilia. Based on her expression, it seemed that she hadn't expected him to come.

She looked more withdrawn than usual, which only made her appear even cuter.

Mark didn't know how long he could bear the fact that she didn't belong to him.

Seeing her in the arms of someone else, he swallowed hard and forced himself to remain composed.

Without meaning to, he took a glass of wine from the table near him.

Only when Rena came over and took the glass off his hand did Mark come to his senses.

"Uncle Mark," she rebuked him gently.

After a while, a bitter smile formed on his lips. "I'm pathetic, aren't I?"

Rena's face softened with worry. "Uncle Mark, you should be taking good care of yourself," she reminded.

Back when Mark was still in Rouem getting his treatment, he wasn't the only one suffering. The entire Evans family was devastated. Although Zoey was in poor health, she still insisted on staying there for her son. On top of that, Rena had to split her time between home and abroad.

Thankfully, things were much better now.

The one who knew the most about Mark and Cecilia's relationship was Rena.

She held Mark's arm and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Right now, Edwin and Olivia needs your presence even more," she reminded him again. "Especially Edwin."

At the mention of his children, Mark sobered up and came

to his senses.

He turned to Rena and mussed her long brown hair, his gesture filled with affection.

When Cecilia turned around, she happened to witness this scene.

She saw the love in Mark's eyes as he looked at Rena, which was only natural, considering that Mark was Rena's uncle.

But at the same time, she couldn't help but think that Mark also used to look at her just like that.

Cecilia knew that she shouldn't be jealous, but the unease in her heart came just the same.

As a woman, Rena was sensitive to even the slightest change in the environment. As such, she was able to capture the subtle thoughts running through Cecilia's mind.

Rena smiled and left.

She thought that if Mark and Cecilia truly loved each other, they would end up together in the end.

The premiere was about to begin.

Rena sat down. After a while, Flora came over and sat beside her.

Flora kept batting her eyes, as if trying her best to hold back her tears.

Once the lights dimmed, she leaned closer to Rena and whispered, "You know, Rena, I wasn't convinced that I would lose to a little girl until today. Whenever I look at Mark tonight, I just know that I'll never be better than Cecilia. That's because I have never seen Mark like this."

For her sake, he put down his own pride and self-esteem."

Rena patted the back of Flora's hand and replied thoughtfully, "But Flora, you're also living a good life now."

Hearing someone else say that made Flora feel relieved.

Rena was right and she was indeed happy with her own little family.

Although her husband used to be a playboy, he was now fully committed to her and was very considerate. On top of that, the children that were born out of their love were both lively and lovely.

There was no reason for her to feel dissatisfied.

This film was a small budget art film. Since Flora was the leading female character, she was invited onstage quite a few times throughout the event.

Everyone's attention was on her.

The host that the Smith family had invited was naturally impolite. She kept mentioning the history between Flora and Mark. "Today is Miss Holt's premier. Mr. Evans has even come to support it! How does that make you feel?" she teased.

Flora had been in this circle for a long time and knew how to deal with these kinds of remarks.

She took the microphone and, with confident eyes, she said, "If you keep asking me that, I'm afraid my husband might get angry. Besides, Mr. Evans has a love of his own. It won't be good to cause any unnecessary misunderstandings."

Hearing this, the host profusely apologized.

However, Rena knew that the host did this on purpose to hype up the film.

In fact, she knew who this host was.

She was a newcomer to the hosting industry. Although she was determined to climb a higher position, she shouldn't use others' privacy as her ladder to do that.

Rena was a very protective person. She always had her friends' back.

As such, she couldn't bear to see either Cecilia or Flora feeling sad or embarrassed. With this in mind, she took out her phone and sent a message to Wendy, ordering something.

When Wendy saw the message, she immediately understood.

In the future, this young host could no longer attend decent occasions.

Once she had sent that message, Rena felt satisfied.

However, when she turned around, she saw that Cecilia had just left with her phone. Judging from her face, Cecilia seemed unhappy, perhaps because of what had just happened onstage. Rena didn't pay much attention to this, choosing to focus on Mark instead.

After a while, Mark also went out.

In the long corridor of the hotel, Cecilia answered the call and pressed her phone against her ear.

It was from the Fowler's house.

Olivia had a fever and felt very uncomfortable, clamoring

for her mother.

"I'll be back soon," she whispered to her phone's receiver.
"Has the doctor examined her?"

When the servant told her that the doctor had already come, Cecilia let out a relieved sigh and hung up the phone.

She was about to find Thomas and tell him that her child was sick and she was no longer in the mood to stay for the event. But as she turned around, she found herself face to face with Mark instead. From the looks of it, he had been standing behind her the whole time.

"Olivia is sick?" Mark asked, his voice tinged with worry.

Cecilia nodded.

"I'd like to check on her as well. Is that okay?" Mark asked softly.

For a second, Cecilia hesitated.

If she were to ask Thomas to send her back, it might make the atmosphere awkward and, in turn, make her feel uneasy.

After a while, she decided.

With a resigned sigh, she said, "You drive."

Mark's eyes steeled as he nodded. If the child hadn't been sick, his heart would've been stirred.

They went downstairs and got on the car.

As Mark started the car, Cecilia called Thomas. "Olivia has a fever. I'll have to go back first. No need... Yes, he'll go too."

Mark listened to the conversation while driving.

Thought it wasn't mentioned, he was sure that they were referring to him.

In the end, Thomas didn't follow them. Perhaps it was because the Smith family was the host of the party. Or maybe because he thought that the relationship between Mark and Cecilia wasn't that deep.

Once Cecilia hung up the phone, Mark asked her casually, "Does my presence trouble you?"

Cecilia was sitting beside Mark.

She was still wearing her evening dress, which made her look extremely beautiful and elegant. Her eyes were directed outside the window as the view of the city blurred past her.

"If I say that it does, would you just stopped showing up?" she asked softly.

There was a tinge of anger in her voice.

Mark swallowed the lump in his throat. He slowly pressed the brake pedal as the lights at the intersection turned red. Once the car had stopped, he turned to look at her.

Cecilia's arms were crossed, her gaze refusing to meet his as she simmered in her seat.

"Why are you mad at me again?" he asked in a soft tone.

Cecilia sank her head and pretended to play with her nails. "I am not."

Mark stared at her with a quiet, unbelievable tenderness that he himself didn't know he had. After a brief silence, he asked, "Is it because of Flora? If you're unhappy, I won't see her anymore. In fact, she and I are now just old friend. We

were done a long time ago."

At the mention of this, Cecilia's eyes turned red.

She took a deep breath and said in a low, almost inaudible voice, "Mark, don't say such ambiguous words. What you have with other women is none of my business. That's your business and yours alone. How many times do you want me to tell you that I just want a new life?"

"I know. I won't say it again." Despite the rejection, Mark's tone remained gentle.

Cecilia, on the other hand, was already exhausted of the whole thing.

Whenever she had to deal with Mark, she felt like she was always at the brink of losing her temper. Even though he would only say a few words, that was already enough for her to get agitated.

It shouldn't be like this. At least, she and Mark shouldn't be like this now.

She pursed her lips and remained quiet. She didn't want to say anything more.

Fortunately, the traffic lights had already turned green, so she didn't have to remain frozen in embarrassment any longer.

Meanwhile, Mark was still worried about his daughter. He didn't have the mental space right now to worry about his relationship with Cecilia.

The two of them arrived at the Fowler residence in a hurry.

In the luxurious hall, Korbyn, who was still in his pajamas, held his beloved granddaughter and gently comforted her.

Just like Mark, he was also very worried about Olivia.

Juliette, on the other hand, was holding the feeding bottle. Her arms were shaking, and the anxious look on her face was clear as day.

As soon as Mark and Cecilia had come back, Korbyn immediately gave the child to Mark. Then, he put on a stern look as he proceeded to scold both of them. "While the two of you are out there having fun, your child has a fever at home! She's been looking for her parents! It seems like the only one who knows how to take care of Olivia in your family is Edwin!"

Mark carefully secured Olivia in his arms as he pressed his forehead against Olivia's and kissed her, not paying any heed to what Korbyn had just said.

Korbyn then went upstairs with his wife.

Once they were gone, Mark continued to soothe Olivia with his voice. The little girl still had a fever, and she was rubbing against her father's chest while letting out a childish groan.

Meanwhile, Edwin kept pacing back and forth, unable to stay still.

Mark continued coaxing Olivia.

He looked up at Cecilia and said softly, "Go and change your dress first. You can coax her to sleep later."

Cecilia placed her hand on Olivia's forehead.

Thankfully, Olivia's fever wasn't as bad as she had initially thought.

Cecilia went upstairs to change her clothes, while Mark

held Olivia in his arms under the crystal chandelier.

Slowly, Olivia's eyes started to open.

She immediately recognized her father and let out a melodious cackle.

Seeing the look on her face, Mark couldn't help but kiss her, which made Edwin sour a little.

Mark sat down on the sofa and motioned for Edwin to sit next to him, to which the young boy reluctantly complied. "You have to go to school tomorrow. Why aren't you asleep yet?" he asked in a low voice.

Edwin rested his chin on his hand and replied, "Tomorrow is Sunday."

Mark wanted to tell Edwin that he should still go to bed early even though tomorrow was Sunday. But at the same time, he hadn't seen Edwin for two days, which was why Mark didn't insist on making him sleep. Instead, he let him stay with him for a little while longer.

Handing the bottle to Edwin, Mark instructed, "Make some milk for your sister again. Use two spoons of milk formula and 60 milliliters of water."

Edwin took it and quickly did as he was told.

But before he could enter the kitchen, he stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Mark.

In the middle of the night, the lights were on, casting a faint light on Mark's black and white suit. He was just as handsome as Edwin remembered him. As he watched Mark coax Olivia, Edwin couldn't shake off the fear that Mark would leave again anytime soon.

The thought made Edwin's brows furrow.

After a long pause, he finally asked, "You're not leaving, right?"

In an instant, Mark looked up.

Taken aback by his son's question, he looked at Edwin and felt conflicted. "If you don't leave, I'll call you dad," Edwin told him.

"I'm not leaving," Mark said in a soft voice.

As soon as he said that, Edwin's face lit up. He wiped his nose with the back of his hand and went on to make milk.

When Edwin came back with the milk, Mark noticed how red his eyes and nose were. It was such a pitiful sight that made Mark's heart tremble.

The entire time Mark was feeding Olivia, Edwin sat right next to him.

While this was happening, Cecilia had just arrived downstairs and watched this intimate scene from afar.

Safely cradled in Mark's arms, Olivia held the feeding bottle on her own and slowly drank the milk.

Her eyes were starting to grow heavy.

Cecilia came over and said softly, "She likes you very much."

Her words made Mark smile.

He then patted Edwin's head and requested, "I want to sleep with Edwin tonight. Is that okay?"

Cecilia hesitated.

Logically speaking, Mark was related to the Fowler family because of Rena and Waylen's marriage. It wasn't really

inappropriate for him to stay overnight. However, the problem here was that he and Cecilia had a history and she was now in a relationship with someone else.

Cecilia was in a pickle.

As the silence between his parents grew longer, Edwin's eyes dimmed and he slowly stood up.

"I'm going to bed," he declared and placed his hand on Olivia.

With a hunched back, Edwin left, dragging his feet across the floor.

Mark couldn't bear the dejected look on Edwin's face. Before he could say something, Cecilia beat him to the punch. "You stay with him."

At that moment, Mark's heart skipped a beat. His mouth was agape, unable to utter any word.

In the middle of the night, Cecilia took a deep breath and calmed the emotions brewing inside her. "Mark, who should be blamed for this?"

"Me," Mark answered, his voice almost cracking.

Throughout Edwin's growth, he had been an absentee father. The only time he could show his son some affection was during their monthly meeting.

As such, Mark only saw Edwin a handful of times.

Mark brushed Olivia's hair with his fingers and stayed with her until she fell asleep.

Since it wasn't appropriate for him to enter Cecilia's bedroom, he let her take over Olivia once her fever had gone down before turning to Edwin's bedroom.

Right now, Edwin was at odds with his father. Mark positioned himself beside Edwin and gently stroked his head. "I won't leave anymore," he whispered to him.

Edwin turned around.

His body felt warm under the quilt. He put his arms around Mark's neck and rested his head on his chest.

"I don't want to call someone else dad," he murmured.

He didn't care whether that person was handsome, or if he was considerate to him, his mother, and his sister. He could see that his mother was unhappy. There were times that he could even hear her cry at night.

His mind then was transported back to the wedding at Evans Gardon in Czanch.

Edwin would never forget that day.

He hated himself for being too young to do anything.

Feeling his frustration, Mark held the little boy in his arms and gently stroked his back.

"In the future, I will come here more often to see you and your sister."

Edwin didn't say anything. He just snuggled closer to Mark's arms.

He hadn't slept with Mark for a long time.

Mark knew this too, a realization that caused a pang in his heart.

With this in mind, he took off his coat, unbuttoned his belt, and put the little boy on his belly.

"You're so cold!" Edwin complained. "My body's warmer than yours!"

Mark wanted to push Edwin away, but his son kept pestering him. "I will make you feel warm," Edwin murmured.

Mark lowered his head and buried it in the little boy's hair.

He took a sharp inhale, and after a long while, he said, "You silly boy."

The next day, he got up early in the morning.

He kissed his son before he got dressed and knocked on Cecilia's door.

