Chapter 443 You Still Like Mark, Don't You

Since Olivia still had a fever, Cecilia had to wake up early.

When she opened the door, he saw her with disheveled hair and tired eyes. She must not have had a good sleep last night.

Although she didn't look as glamorous as last night, there was a homey quality in her current appearance that stirred something within Mark.

He peeked his head through the door and asked, "How's Olivia?"

Cecilia stared at him for a while before she stepped aside and fully opened the door.

"Her fever is almost gone," she said. "Go in and have a look."

Unsure whether what he had heard was real, Mark looked at Cecilia for a while before he entered.

Looking at Olivia and how peacefully she slept, it was hard to believe that this same girl was making such a big fuss last night.

She had a light pink pajama on, with her body positioned sideways on the bed, while a wisp of her curly brown hair rested on the pillow.

She was an adorable sight to behold.

Mark slowly reached out his hand and brushed Olivia's cheek with his finger. Then, he bent down to kiss her.

Just like what Cecilia had said, her fever had gone down.

Mark exhaled a sigh of relief. Then, he realized that it was no longer appropriate for him to stay in Cecilia's bedroom.

While Mark badly wanted Cecilia for himself, he also didn't want others

to gossip about her. After all, she was already in a relationship with Thomas. If ever they broke up in the future, the reason must be because they weren't right for each other, not because she had an unusual relationship with her ex-husband.

As Mark gazed lovingly at Olivia's sleeping face, he couldn't help but feel the softness of her skin before turning around to leave.

This surprised Cecilia.

Before he could cross the threshold, he turned around and said, "Thomas may come later. It won't be convenient for you if I stay here, which is why I'm leaving."

Upon hearing this, Cecilia's hands balled into fists.

She looked up at him, wanting to say something, but the words never came. In the end, she decided to give up and keep quiet instead.

Mark, on the other hand, stretched out his arm, wanting to touch her head as gently as he did before—both as an elder and as a lover.

But after a while, he thought twice about it and put his hand down.

As he made his way downstairs, the soft light of the morning sun passed through the glass window and fell on his back. From afar, Cecilia just stood and watched him leave.

She knew what he was thinking.

He also understood her intentions.

They were under the same roof, and yet, they couldn't get close to each other.

They had shared so many memories, but they had to cut them off and force themselves to forget them and move on.

"Mark," Cecilia called. She sank her head as though she was unable to face him. "Take... Take good care of yourself."

Upon hearing this, Mark's body froze.

After a while, a gentle smile broke on his lips. "It's cold here in the corridor. Get inside the room quickly."

Despite his urging, Cecilia didn't move.

The smile on Mark's face lingered. He gave her one final wave before he finally disappeared in the staircase.

At this moment, Edwin had just woken up.

Barefoot, he ran downstairs and called, "Dad!"

His voice made Mark turn around and crouch to meet his son speeding towards him.

Edwin had nothing on except his pajamas. He could feel the coldness of the floor with his bare feet, but he didn't care.

Mark carried Edwin to the sofa and covered him with a wool blanket. After that, he found him a pair of indoor slippers.

Edwin panted as he looked at Mark, to which Mark responded by touching his head. "You silly boy," he said.

"Dad," Edwin called out to him again.

Mark slowed down his pace and smiled. "I'll see you next time."

"Dad!"

Mark crouched and gave Edwin a hug. Then, he kissed him in the cheek and whispered to his ear, "I won't let you call anyone else dad."

After saying that, Mark stood up and mussed Edwin's hair before he left.

With Mark gone, Edwin pulled the blanket closer to his body and securely wrapped himself with it. He could still feel his father's lingering warmth on the blanket.

As Mark got in the car, he was about to turn on the ignition when a

Cayenne suddenly stopped beside his car.

Both the cars' windows were facing each other. Even though the glass was slightly tinted, Mark knew that Thomas was the one inside the other car.

While Thomas was also divorced, he had no children of his own.

Since Thomas was in a relationship with Cecilia, it was only natural for him to visit Olivia especially when she was sick.

Thomas, on the other hand, didn't expect to see Mark.

Mark nodded at Thomas through the window and slowly drove away.

Seeing Mark, Thomas gnashed his teeth and clenched his fists.

He then turned off the engine of his car and lit a cigarette.

He liked Cecilia. He liked her very much.

He had liked her ever since they were young, but back then, they weren't destined yet.

Later in life, when they both got partners, he thought that their paths would never cross again. But, in a twist of fate, they met each other again. And this time, both of them were single.

Thomas knew what Mark and Cecilia shared back at that time was unforgettable.

Thomas could live with that since he believed that Cecilia was a decent woman of principle.

But when he saw Mark pass by just now, an inexplicable sense of crisis rose within him.

Mark was still related to the Fowler family. No matter what happened, he would always be the father of Cecilia's two children.

That fact could never be changed. Just like today, Mark could come to visit their children whenever they were sick or attend the Fowler family's

important events as family.

Thomas had to accept this reality.

He sank his head and tightened his fists even further, his nail digging unto his palm. He thought that he would never be a match for Mark.

Men were always more rational than women.

Although Thomas already knew the truth, he still faced reality with grace. Since he was already here, he decided to visit Cecilia and the children.

In the morning, the villa was quiet.

The servant entertained Thomas and then went upstairs to tell Cecilia about his presence.

While waiting, Thomas couldn't help but wonder if Mark could come here and stay overnight without the servant informing the Fowlers beforehand; or maybe he could just enter Cecilia's room?

He was so deep in thought that he didn't hear Cecilia's footsteps as she headed downstairs.

She looked much fresher now than she did a while ago. Her long hair was tied into a neat ponytail, and her dress looked comfortable and stylish at the same time.

She even wore heels to accomplish her look.

When Thomas saw Cecilia and how well-kempt she looked, he thought that perhaps Mark had seen her haggard face, a vulnerable side she refused to show to him now. Then he thought about when Olivia had a fever, Cecilia chose Mark to accompany her without hesitation. ⓘ

Perhaps Cecilia herself wasn't aware of these subtle behaviors.

Thomas took out a doll, which was the girls' favorite.

Cecilia received the gift and smiled. "Thank you."

"Can I go to the bedroom to see Olivia?" Thomas asked, his eyes

softening as he looked at her.

The request caught Cecilia off-guard.

When she came to her senses, she nodded and said, "Okay."

The two of them went to the second floor and entered Cecilia's bedroom. When they got in, Olivia was still asleep.

Thomas peeked at Olivia's sleeping face and found her to be so cute!

What a lovely, pretty girl!

She looked a lot like her dad.

Thomas reached out his hand and brushed Olivia's soft curly brown hair with his finger. "There was actually something I wanted to tell you last night," he said, his eyes still fixed on Olivia.

Inside his pocket was a ring.

He wanted to propose to Cecilia last night, but she left before he could even pop the question.

Cecilia looked at him in surprise, but then when she realized what he was likely to say, she pursed her lips and said nothing. She just looked at him, unsure how to proceed.

"Let's find a time to talk," Thomas said to her, his gentle nature still intact.

Cecilia held Olivia's hand before calling the nanny in and asking her to take care of Olivia.

"Let me walk you out," Cecilia said to Thomas.

Cecilia wanted to make things clear as early as now.

So, the two of them went downstairs, with neither speaking a word to each other. When they passed by the hall, they saw Edwin with his schoolbag in hand and was about to go to school. The driver took Edwin's hand and was leading him to the car.

When Edwin saw Thomas, he nodded slightly.

Thomas, on the other hand, thought that Edwin looked a lot like Mark.

Once Edwin had left for school, Cecilia accompanied Thomas to the parking pad. The soft morning light fell on them, bathing them in a warm, yellow glow.

Both of them looked dazzling under the light.

Thomas didn't take out the diamond ring as he planned last night. Instead, he said, "Cecilia, we may not be right for each other."

Cecilia already had a clue that this was what he was going to say.

After all, she was no longer a naive girl.

She guessed that it was Mark who had made Thomas make this decision.

Cecilia couldn't make a promise because it was unfair to her two children.

It was impossible for her to prevent the children from seeing Mark just so she could pursue her own happiness.

Cecilia didn't complain. She just kicked the pebble under her foot and nodded slightly. "I understand. I'll tell my parents later."

As Thomas stared at Cecilia, a look of hurt welled in his eyes.

While he was the one who had initiated the breakup, he was disappointed that Cecilia agreed so easily without objection.

Perhaps he could still try and fight for Cecilia.

But at the same time, he also knew that he would never be able to surpass Mark. While the pain he felt right now was torturous, it was better to get it over with as soon as possible rather than drag it out for longer.

Dejected, Thomas got in his car.

Cecilia took a step back as he watched his car disappear into the distance.

After a while, a black Maybach stopped in front of her.

Waylen opened the door, got out of the car, and lit a cigarette.

He leaned against the door and stared at the gate wistfully.

"Just broke up, huh?" he said.

Cecilia was taken by surprise. "How did you know?"

Waylen let out an evil laugh as he puffed out a smoke ring. Then, with a sly smile, he said, "I happened to see Thomas just now. I saw him wipe his tears while he was driving."

At the mention of this, Cecilia's heart sank. She wanted to open her mouth and say something, but the words never came to her.

"Come here," Waylen beckoned her.

Under the sun, his beige sweater made him look handsome and easy-going.

Cecilia moved closer.

Waylen then put his arm around her shoulder. Then, in a gentle tone, he asked her, "You still like Mark, don't you?"

Suddenly, Cecilia's heart skipped a beat. Her eyes began to moisten.

Seeing this, Waylen patted her head gently. "Your sister-in-law asked me to come here. She's worried about you."

At this point, it took everything within Cecilia to stop herself from crying.

Waylen studied her face and remarked, "I don't remember having a big whining baby for my sister.

"Oh, you're no better than me," Cecilia retorted.

Waylen scowled and sneered at her.

Cecilia giggled before chickening out of their banter. After a while, she

gently leaned her head against her brother's broad shoulder and muttered, "Waylen, I can't keep fooling myself. I want to move on, but I also can't let go of the past."

Waylen mussed her hair, comforting her without needing to say anything.

These past few days, he had been watching Thomas and Cecilia from afar. From that alone, he could already tell that the two of them weren't a good match.

Instead of torturing each other in the future, it would be better for them to break up now.

Thomas might be rational, but he didn't love Cecilia enough.

After the two of them broke up, Cecilia was slightly saddened by it.

After all, they did get along with each other, even just for a short while. Now that they were split up, their respective families must have been given instructions. News spread quickly in the upper class, and by noon, it had already reached Mark.

This was beyond Mark's expectation.

Thomas and Cecilia's breakup happened too fast!

Peter closed the door and said in hushed tones, "It was Thomas who took the initiative."

At the mention of this, Mark remembered how he had met Thomas by chance this morning.

Mark was good at reading people's mind. He guessed that that was the reason why they broke up. Although Mark wanted this to happen, the end result didn't make him happy.

The reason for Cecilia's failed relationship all led back to him.

If it weren't for their failed marriage, if she hadn't given birth to two children with him, no sane man would ever refuse her, and no one would

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dare to criticize her.

At this moment, Mark wanted to smoke a cigarette so badly to ease himself.

However, he had no stick in hand. All he could do to relax himself was close his eyes. "I failed to do right by her so much," he uttered.

Sensing Mark's discomfort, Peter poured him a cup of tea.

Peter was indeed excellent at comforting people. In a soft voice, he advised, "Why not try making it up to her? Bring the kids here tonight and let Cecilia have a night off. After all, taking care of two children must be exhausting."

However, Mark knew that Olivia needed her mother.

While he wanted to pick up Edwin, he wasn't sure if Edwin would like that.

Mark got off work on time tonight.

Then, he went straight to the Fowlers.

There weren't many people present in the hall. Alongside Edwin, there was a servant who was helping him with his homework. Upstairs, there was a child's voice that sounded a lot like Olivia's.

Mark looked upstairs first before he approached Edwin and sat beside him.

He patted Edwin's head and commented, "You got the third question wrong."