

Chapter 330 You Need To Leave

Mark strolled over gracefully, like a figure straight out of a dream.

Under the mesmerizing glow of the city's neon lights, the surroundings took on an otherworldly quality.

The entire scene seemed like a beautiful reverie.

As though time had rewound, erasing any trace of the hurtful words Mark had spoken before.

He was still Cecilia's beloved Uncle Mark, the one who used to embrace her tenderly, call her sweet names and bid her goodbye in the morning.

Cecilia's heart fluttered as she witnessed Mark's approach.

In her heart, she secretly wished this moment could last forever, but her pride held her back from fully surrendering to the dream.

"Cecilia," Mark said, extending his hand towards her, eager to caress her face.

Swiftly, she evaded his touch and delivered a resounding slap across his cheek.

Though not forceful, the sound echoed like thunder, drawing a definitive line between them.

In the aftermath of the slap, Cecilia found herself in a daze.

Her lips quivered, and she said, "Mr. Evans, you are quite magnanimous. Preparing a backup plan for the woman you've been with. However, whether I am single or not is none of your

Cecilia forced the words out, and then walked toward the door.

No matter how hard she tried, the door remained shut, refusing to yield.

Stunned, she sniffled and asked, "What are you doing? Aren't you worried about tarnishing your reputation if someone sees us?"

Mark advanced slowly and grasped her hand.

He was so close that he could almost kiss the back of her ears, something he enjoyed doing during their intimate moments.

But now, he merely held her hand and spoke up softly. "Listen to me, please. Marry someone and lead a stable life."

Once again, Cecilia found herself in a trance.

Stable?

How could she possibly find stability after all that had happened?

She wasn't vengeful by nature, even when hurt. All she wanted was to escape from him and never lay eyes on him again.

Finally, Mark released his grip on her...

As his receding footsteps faded away, he gazed upon the scenery she had witnessed alone.

Peter emerged silently and whispered, "She's heading back."

Mark nodded, taking a slow drag on his cigarette. Then, he said thoughtfully, "Encounters like today will be rare in the future. She'll come around once she cools down... Peter, do you think she'll find a good man, get married, and have a child in a couple of years? A daughter who'll resemble her."

Tears welled up in Peter's eyes. "Please, don't say that."

Perhaps, there was a turning point.

Mark stood there silently, his handsome face emotionless.

There was so much on Mark's mind...

If he were a decade younger and had met Cecilia, he would have married her instantly, wanting nothing more than to fill her days with boundless happiness, shielding her from any worries.

After a considerable period, Mark let out a soft sigh. "Arrange for the plane. We're heading back to Czanch."

With a heavy heart, Cecilia departed from the party.

Instead of going home, she sought solace in a shop, where she exchanged her million-dollar couture dress for a modest casual outfit. Then, she roamed the streets aimlessly, lost in her thoughts.

The night had grown late.

A sleek black limo glided past her slowly.

The car belonged to Flora, who was accompanied by her new boyfriend for the night. They intended to spend it together.

Noticing Cecilia from a distance, Flora instructed the driver to stop the car.

The car came to a halt, and Flora gracefully stepped out, her slim waist swaying. She said kindly, "Why are you wandering around outside in the middle of the night? Let me take you home. Otherwise, if your Uncle Mark finds out tomorrow, he might blame me for being incompetent."

Disgust welled up within Cecilia upon hearing these words.

She continued walking forward.

At that moment, a handsome young man alighted from the car

and wrapped his arms around Flora's waist, inquiring, "Who is this?"

Cecilia turned around.

Flora cozied up to the man, her smile taking on a coquettish charm. "What? Are you really that naive? Isn't it normal for men and women to mingle? Am I supposed to be loyal to Mark? Besides, since you came into the picture, he hasn't laid a finger on me. I believe I can have some fun with other men."

Cecilia's breath grew unsteady.

What did Flora just say? Mark... Mark wasn't with Flora?

Cecilia couldn't fathom why Mark had lied to her.

Sensing Cecilia's doubts, Flora decided to be somewhat helpful.

Approaching Cecilia, Flora straightened her clothes and said with indifference, "It's been a while since Mark and I were together. I'm well aware that he has no feelings for me, despite my dream of becoming his wife. This time, he came back to me but there was no intimacy, so I know he won't marry me. He won't even touch me, so it's clear where I stand."

They were no strangers to intimacy.

Mark's lack of interest in Flora indicated his lack of affection for her.

Cecilia stood still, looking at Flora as she murmured, "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I feel sorry for you."

Flora smiled, her gaze full of pity. "Look at you. He must have shattered your heart. Alright... I painfully revealed the truth. If you want to know everything, ask Mark directly. Only he knows what he's thinking."

After uttering those words, Flora wrapped her arms around her young companion and shared a passionate kiss.

Then, the two got back into the car.

As the driver started the car, Cecilia rushed over and stopped it. Flora and her companion were lost in their embrace in the backseat, and the sudden braking really startled them. The driver said apologetically, "Miss Fowler stopped the car."

Ignoring the awkward situation, Cecilia opened the car door and squeezed into the vehicle, making her way to Flora's side.

The ambiance grew exceedingly awkward.

Flora's clothing lay in tatters, baring a substantial expanse of her skin.

The man's attire appeared disheveled and unkempt.

"Take me to the airport," Cecilia uttered in a rigid tone.

Flora's face turned pale with anger. "Do I owe you anything?"

Cecilia remained resolute, refusing to budge from her seat.

The man smiled and placated Flora, "Just give her a ride."

He held great affection for Flora and secretly hoped that Cecilia's presence might prompt Mark to reconsider, granting him a chance with Flora. Each had their own motivations in mind. The driver directed the car towards the airport.

Throughout the journey, Cecilia wept, consumed by the thought that Mark might be facing undisclosed troubles.

As Flora busied herself with reattaching her clothes, her desire for any intimacy vanished, dampened by Cecilia's constant tears.

Late into the night, with no flights available, Cecilia sat alone in the lounge, clutching a ticket for the earliest departure to Czanch

on the following day.

She could have gone home first.

But impatience gripped her and she chose to sit and wait here.

The idea of calling Mark crossed her mind, but she hesitated, fearing that he might not answer.

In the distance, a group of people passed by.

Seven individuals surrounded a handsome man, making their way toward the VIP passage. The man glanced around and noticed a young woman sitting alone in the empty departure lounge, her sorrow evident from her posture.

From behind, she bore a striking resemblance to Cecilia.

But why was Cecilia here? Would she cry once again tonight?

Mark stood there silently for a long while until Peter's reminder broke his reverie, "Mr. Evans, the private plane is about to depart."

With a deep sigh, Mark averted his gaze and hastened into the VIP passage.

Back in Czanch, Mark found himself caught up in an emergency meeting, which kept him occupied throughout the morning.

Only by noon did he manage to return home.

Lunchtime approached and the servants bustled about preparing the meal. Mark inquired from the staff and learned that a guest from Duefron was coming to visit. Zoey was elated and even brought out vegetables she had grown herself.

A guest from Duefron...

Mark speculated that it might be Eloise. He lit a cigarette and made his way towards the kitchen to greet the visitor.

However, as he made his way there, he froze.

There, on the stone bench, sat his little girl, engaging in lively conversation with her mother while they prepared vegetables for cooking.

The scene triggered a poignant sense of nostalgia, evoking memories of beautiful times from the past.

Mark's eyes welled up with emotion.

Momentarily lost for words, he locked his gaze on Cecilia. He realized she was wearing the same clothes he saw her in at the airport last night. It dawned on him that she was the very person he encountered there, waiting throughout the entire night.

What a fool she had been! Cecilia had patiently waited at the airport throughout the night just to catch the earliest flight to see him.

Mark bore an immense sadness within, though he concealed it behind a calm facade. With a cigarette held delicately in his hand, he approached Cecilia with a warm smile. "Hello, Cecilia. Are you here to keep my mom company?"

Cecilia gazed up at Mark with tender eyes.

In turn, Mark looked at her quietly for a prolonged moment before taking a seat.

Zoey affectionately patted Mark and explained, "I ran into her on the street, so I brought her back. It's freezing outside. She was wandering alone early in the morning with nothing on her, so I couldn't leave her out there. Do you think I'm as cold-hearted as you?"

Zoey's words didn't provoke Mark to anger.

His attention remained fixed on Cecilia. After a while, he spoke slowly, "Let her stay in the previous room. I'll take her there."

Thus, Mark guided Cecilia away to the designated room.

Once they left, Zoey gazed in the direction of their departure and sighed softly.

The servants didn't dare to enter the east corridor without Mark's permission.

Mark pushed open the bedroom door and gently ushered Cecilia inside.

As the door closed, he pressed her against it, his voice now harsh and laden with melancholy. "Why are you following me? Go back to Duefron after lunch. I'll have Peter book a ticket for you."

"I won't go," Cecilia asserted, her back pressed against the door, tears brimming in her eyes.

Mark reached for his phone to call Peter. "Book a ticket for Cecilia this afternoon. The sooner..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Cecilia took hold of his hand, preventing him from continuing.

Mark's eyes grew stern. "You must leave."

Unaccustomed to seeing him like this, Cecilia felt scared, but she gathered her courage to say, "I won't leave. Miss Holt told me that you never had any intimate relations with her."

Mark fixed his gaze on Cecilia.

After a prolonged silence, he smiled gently. "Do you believe the words of an actress?"

Cecilia trembled, her body wrought with emotion. Rarely engaged in conflicts, she knew she had to find out the truth today. She refused to be deceived.

Mark pressed her shoulder forcefully.

"You want to hear the truth?"

Cecilia's lips quivered, tears on the brink of spilling.

With his hair cascading over his forehead, Mark appeared forlorn and mysterious, a side of him Cecilia had never witnessed before. He gazed intently at her and spoke softly, "You can't handle the truth. But if you insist, I'll tell you. Before you, there was Miss Holt, Miss Green, Miss Smith... They were all pragmatic. You know what's different about you? Unlike them, a young and inexperienced woman like you isn't after my status or wealth. You love me with all your heart and that's something I find refreshing. By the way, have you forgotten the first time we were intimate? It was in the hospital when Rena's fate weighed heavily on my mind. I didn't know if Alexis would survive and the stress was overwhelming. Yet, you came to me that night, of your own accord. How could I resist? Six months have passed and I've grown weary of you. I don't wish to entertain you any longer, alright? You mentioned I never had sex with Miss Holt. You're correct. I've grown tired of her as well..."

With a firm resolve, Mark started unbuttoning Cecilia's shirt as he continued speaking.

"You've come all this way. Do you want me to have you? Do you crave a man's touch so desperately? Fine, I'll indulge you once. Then you better dress yourself and leave. Return to Duefron. I no longer wish to play with a young girl like you. Do you comprehend?"

Mark undid Cecilia's buttons and subjected her to degrading touches.

In response, she slapped him across the face.

Through her tears, Cecilia pleaded, "Mark, you have feelings for me, don't you?"

With a sneer, Mark pushed her onto the bed and began to kiss her. "When a man desires a woman, he'll surely profess his fondness. If I hadn't claimed to like you, would you have willingly thrown yourself into my arms? And how could you

address me so affectionately as Uncle Mark? What a naive fool! I merely wanted to have sex with you. Only you took it seriously."

As Mark pinned Cecilia to the bed, she wept uncontrollably.

Tears welled up in Mark's eyes as well but he continued to speak mercilessly. "I've encountered many women like you. I'm merely enamored by novelty. Do you truly believe I would assume responsibility for you after sleeping together a few times?"

Cecilia broke down in tears...

She wished for him to stop speaking...

Pushing him away, she prevented him from continuing his advances. Yet, Mark retrieved a box of condoms from the bedside drawer, as if determined to take things to the end.

Unable to bear it any longer, she slapped him across the face.

After the stinging slap, she buried her face in the quilt and sobbed bitterly.

Mark's face flushed with embarrassment. He lay there despondently, covering his eyes with his palm...