

Chapter 413 I Can Only Wait For You In Duefron

Mark's day was packed.

Sleep had been scarce for him over the past two nights, yet despite feeling exhausted, he made his way to the hospital without delay.

While on the way to the hospital, Cathy's calls kept interrupting him.

He picked up and suggested she speak with the doctor instead.

After the call, Mark's spirits were low. He knew he hadn't handled the situation with Paul's daughter well, likely causing Cecilia pain, and he felt awful for that.

Cecilia was correct. Why should she try to comprehend him? Why should she linger and wait for him to sort things out?

The thought of Edwin's condition weighed heavily on Mark, stirring up feelings of remorse.

He had the driver pull over so he could purchase a toy for Edwin.

Soon, Mark reached the hospital.

Edwin had awakened.

The doctor mentioned that Edwin was allowed to eat, and now he sat beside Zoey, savoring the porridge Zoey had prepared. The porridge was tasty and made his appetite soar.

Cecilia was engrossed in her work, sitting on the couch with a laptop.

Once collecting himself, Mark entered with a faint smile and said, "Edwin. How are you feeling?"

Seeing Mark brought a smile to Edwin's face.

Children had a remarkable capacity for forgiveness.

Mark placed the new toy on Edwin's bedside table, which Edwin adored instantly. Stroking Edwin's hair, Mark asked softly, "Is the pain still bothering you?"

"Just a bit." Edwin's voice was soft.

Guilt washed over Mark as he looked at his son.

Mark stayed by Edwin's side for a time before turning his attention to Cecilia.

Cecilia seemed to pay him no mind, absorbed in her work, which left Mark perplexed. However, with the constant bustle, he understood it wasn't the moment for personal conversations, so he refrained from bothering her.

It wasn't until the clock struck ten at night that the ward quieted down.

By then, Edwin had drifted off to sleep.

Cecilia chose not to leave. She showered and remained beside the bed.

In hushed tones, Mark queried, "You really don't want to talk to me?"

Cecilia paused, momentarily taken aback.

Releasing Edwin's hand, Cecilia approached the ward window and whispered, "Edwin will recover in three days, and then I'll bring him back to Duefron."

Mark's heart felt a subtle squeeze.

He approached her slowly and gently grasped her slender shoulder from behind.

"What are you implying?"

Cecilia smiled faintly and remarked, "Mark, perhaps I've been overly optimistic. It's become clear to me that Edwin and I are mere extras in the screenplay of your life, taking a backseat to your career."

In a gravelly tone, Mark protested, "That's not true."

His love for her and Edwin was immense.

Edwin was their son, born out of love between Cecilia and Mark.

Cecilia maintained a faint smile as the chilly night caused the window to fog up with water vapor.

Her delicate fingers traced patterns on the glass, and after a long silence, she offered, "Maybe I should leave you alone to handle all these. I'll wait for you in Duefron."

Mark spun her to face him.

Gazing into her eyes, he affirmed, "I will help the Thomas family reclaim the custody of Laura."

Cecilia grinned and asked, "Reclaim custody of Laura? Is that a situation you need to be entangled in? The child belongs to Cathy, and you are not the father. Mark, you know what? The virtuous acts you've undertaken truly worry me. I... I'm utterly insecure."

Perhaps Cecilia was better off not being in a relationship filled with such insecurity.

Mark enveloped her in his embrace.

Cecilia attempted to wriggle free, but in vain.

She buried her face on his shoulder, weeping uncontrollably.

Mark was filled with regret. In a hoarse whisper, he assured her, "Believe me, Cecilia. My heart isn't with Cathy. You've been the only one in my heart all these years."

Cecilia seemed lost in thought.

Her eyes appeared slightly puffy as she gently shook her head.

Finally, she softly nudged him aside and hung her head low, saying, "Let's both take a moment to collect ourselves."

Mark watched her intently.

At that moment, he could only sense that she had matured, becoming a woman with independent thoughts while he was lost in a daze.

Yet he was uncertain if this was a positive development.

The next three days unfolded without incident.

Throughout this time, Mark continued to receive calls from Cathy, but he refrained from visiting Laura. He only occasionally conversed with Laura over the phone, always speaking to her gently.

While Laura's father was Paul, she was undeniably Cathy's child.

Cecilia was disgusted.

On this particular day, Mark quit and delegated all his responsibilities. He decided to become just an ordinary man.

After handing off his duties, Mark lingered in his office.

He found it hard to say goodbye.

Peter decided to step down from his position alongside Mark. Having grown accustomed to working with Mark, he now aspired to embark on a fresh career.

Peter, who had the deepest understanding of Mark, spoke quietly. "Given your abilities, you're bound to achieve success in the business world."

Mark pulled out a cigarette. He lit it, inhaled a few times in silence, then crushed it out. "Let's move on."

They were ready to depart.

At this critical moment, Cathy arrived and surveyed Mark's office. Unable to contain her astonishment, she questioned, "Mark, have you lost your mind? All your life's hard work is here. Your connections and your promising career! You should be willing to let go of all of it for the sake of a little girl!"

Mark responded with indifference, "She's my fiancée."

With that, he exited, choosing not to engage in further conversation with Cathy.

Cathy stood rooted in shock for a moment before she hurried after him, murmuring, "Laura has been missing you. You ought to visit her."

Mark came to a halt. He abruptly queried, "Cathy, what went through your mind when Laura was born? Did you ever love Paul?"

Cathy found herself at a loss for words.

Her lips quivered as she confessed, "I only loved one man in my life."

Mark didn't want to say anything more. He headed straight for the elevator.

He took the wheel and quickly made his way to the hospital.

Upon entering Edwin's ward, he found the nurse tidying up, but Edwin and Cecilia were nowhere in sight.

Mark questioned urgently.

The nurse informed him, "This afternoon, Mr. Folwer assisted your wife with the discharge process. She's likely at the airport by now."

Mr. Folwer? Mark had a hunch that it might be Waylen.

Without delay, Mark dashed downstairs and dialed Cecilia's number once in his car.

Cecilia picked up the call, and after a brief pause, he gently inquired, "Why didn't you wait for me to give you a ride? Are you at the airport now? I'm on my way."

"There's no need." Cecilia's voice came through, "We're about to board the private plane."

As Mark massaged his eyes, fatigue washed over him. "Cecilia, be sensible. If something's bothering you, let's discuss it. Let's talk it through. Please, don't act rashly, alright?"

A soft exhale could be heard from the other side of the call.

Then, after a pause, Cecilia's voice, thick with emotion, carried over, "Mr. Evans, maybe you can't see it, being so close to it all. However, I developed a fear of death a few years ago after my own experience. And Cathy was the cause of all that turmoil. Now, you want me to look after her child and even request that I be mature and forgiving."

Cecilia's voice cracked as she spoke.

Mark whispered an apology in return.

With logic in her tone, Cecilia urged, "Think it over."

And with that, she ended the call.

Mark set his phone down slowly, then settled into his car, lighting a cigarette and taking slow, deliberate puffs... Once the cigarette was finished, he continued his drive to the airport.

Cecilia had already flown away.

Mark purchased a ticket and settled into the departure area.

He sat there silently, observing the airplanes as they took off and landed.

Waylen had brought Cecilia and Edwin to his home.

Inside, Leonel was keeping Edwin amused with play.

Alexis was at the piano, her posture impeccable, the epitome of grace.

Waylen effortlessly cradled Edwin with one arm while skillfully balancing the luggage with the other.

Cecilia sensed that she might be inconveniencing Waylen a bit.

Waylen gently placed Edwin on the ground and regarded Cecilia's teary gaze. "You have your job. Who will look after Edwin? Or do you want our dad to worry about you and nag you every day? I'm telling you, our parents are still unaware of what happened between you and Mark. If they were to find out, who knows what could transpire?"

Cecilia had always been obedient to Waylen, so she kept her complaints to herself.

Rena was expecting a baby.

With Edwin feeling unwell, Rena prepared a pot of soup for him.

Fearing he might become more irate and speak harshly, Waylen headed to the kitchen to offer Rena some company.

He approached quietly and wrapped his arms around Rena from behind.

Rena stopped for a moment.

Then, turning her head, she asked softly, "You're back."

Waylen confirmed with a simple "Yes."

Rena was in the loop about Mark's and Cecilia's conflicts, informed by Zoey. With Mark at odds with Cecilia, Rena felt stuck in the middle, but thankfully, Waylen's affection for her remained unchanged.

Waylen playfully nipped Rena's soft neck.

With a hint of frustration, he remarked, "Mark's not getting any younger. Why's he still making things tough for Cecilia?"

Rena nibbled on her lower lip and inquired, "Are you implying he's too old?"

Moreover, do you intend to rival him in moral wrongdoing?"

With a light laugh, Waylen responded, "I wouldn't dare. Didn't I mention before that I owe a debt of gratitude to you for your forgiveness?"

Rena poured the soup into a bowl.

She whispered gently, "Enough nonsense. Give Cecilia plenty of comfort in the upcoming two days."

Waylen had profound eyes.

He stared at Rena and saw a serene and collected expression. Time might age her, but it only added a refined and graceful allure to her.

He was deeply touched.

Rena sensed his emotions and tenderly brushed his hand with hers.

Waylen's smile softened.

At first, Rena wished to accompany Cecilia to comfort her.

However, Cecilia reassured Rena that she was okay and headed to bed with Edwin. Later that night, the villa echoed with the noise of a car.

Cecilia speculated silently.

She moved to the window for a glimpse.

A black sports car gracefully drove into the villa and came to a halt. A lean figure emerged from the vehicle.

Cecilia watched the man in silence.

Her eyes filled with tears.

She noticed Mark standing next to the car. Instead of going into the house right away, he pulled out a cigarette and lit it. He indulged in a few deep puffs as if he were refreshing himself.

Cecilia's heart ached to see him like this.

She couldn't help but wish that child had never come into their lives.

Suddenly, she felt a hand on her shoulder.

When she turned around, Waylen was there.

Wearing a black pajama, Waylen gave his sister a reassuring pat on the shoulder and urged, "He's come all the way here. Go and meet him. I'll take Edwin to my room."

Cecilia had something on her mind, but not a single word escaped her lips.

Waylen strolled over to the bedside.

He cradled Edwin gently and barely took a couple of strides when Edwin stirred from his sleep. Edwin embraced Waylen's neck and whispered, "Is that you, Waylen?"



Waylen kissed Edwin and said, "Both your aunt and I would like to share a bed with you tonight."

Edwin stayed motionless.

He had always longed to get close to the little one growing inside Rena.

Waylen returned to his bedroom with Edwin in his arms.

A cozy glow filled the room. Rena woke up. She even prepared a warm bottle of milk, especially for Edwin.

Edwin remained lying down, happily sipping his milk.

In a bit, Edwin sneakily reached out and felt Rena's stomach.

Rena tilted slightly and softly told Edwin, "The baby's name will be Elva, a name your uncle chose for her."

Edwin was fond of this name.

In his mind, it was a much better name than Laura.

Edwin quickly drifted off to sleep after finishing the warm milk. As he settled into a steady breathing, Rena whispered, "They've been arguing. As Cecilia's brother, do you feel comfortable letting them share a room? Don't you worry that my uncle might not treat Cecilia well?"

Upon hearing this, Waylen let out a soft chuckle.

He caressed her hand, playfully tracing his fingers, suggesting a hint of flirtation.

"They've got a son. They have been intimate."

Rena blushed.

She maintained a serious demeanor with Waylen, but he had a knack for shifting the conversation elsewhere. Fortunately, the dim lighting concealed her blushing face from his sight.

Waylen desired an intimate connection with Rena.



However, a young boy stood in their way, and he couldn't take any action. It was best to have a conversation about it.

He gently grazed her stomach and murmured, "Rena, it's been quite a while since we've been intimate."

Rena remained silent.

She couldn't grasp why he found a pregnant woman so captivating.

After all, she was six months along, and despite once being in great shape, her body had naturally changed.

Waylen offered no clarification.

He was a man, and Rena found the workings of the male heart and mind a mystery.

Meanwhile, Mark made his way upstairs.

He didn't barge into Cecilia's bedroom. Instead, he knocked softly.

Cecilia was afraid of making any noise, so she went to answer the door.

Exhaustion was evident on Mark as he stood there.

He hadn't changed from the day's attire, his blue shirt and pants layered under a black coat.

He didn't walk in immediately. He positioned himself at the door, gazing quietly at Cecilia.

Cecilia turned to him and said, "Please come in."

Nonetheless, he extended his hand and delicately brushed her cheek. He softly remarked, "You've lost quite a bit of weight in days."

She moved to the side.

Mark entered and glanced around. "Where's Edwin?"

"My brother took him away." Cecilia assumed Mark hadn't had a chance to eat or freshen up. She fetched him slippers, then went downstairs to

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whip up a pack of instant noodles, adding two slices of ham.

"Just make do with it. My brother is probably mad at you. He's not going to feed you."

Her voice was a soft murmur in the night.

Mark removed his trench coat and settled in front of the tea table, taking a seat.

He hardly ever indulged in instant noodles, but Cecilia would have them from time to time.

She lacked cooking skills, so she likely consumed quite a bit when she was away from home in the past few years.

Before digging into his meal, Mark quietly inquired, "You're also upset with me. Why bother feeding me?"

He half expected her to stay quiet, but a slight smile crossed her face.

"Getting mad at you is one thing. You're Edwin's dad, after all."

Mark's brow creased.

He found her response unsatisfactory. After taking a bite, he couldn't resist asking again, "Am I merely Edwin's father? What happened to your future husband?"

Cecilia held her tongue.

It had been ages since she'd used that term of endearment. As time passed and she aged, their relationship evolved into what it had become. She could no longer address him as "honey."

Their bond had grown distant following their disagreements.

They were still romantically involved during the Christmas holiday.

Mark was genuinely hungry, so he devoured all the not-so-tasty instant noodles.

Next, he pulled out a cigarette.

The urge to smoke was there, but not wanting to taint the air around her, he refrained from lighting up.

Mark's voice softened as he looked at her, "Why don't you come over here? I want to hug you."

Cecilia didn't move toward him. Instead, it was Mark who closed the distance between them.

He embraced her, planting soft kisses in her hair, over her eyes, and onto her lips...

His kisses were tender and slow.

As he intensified the kiss, Cecilia pulled back and declared with her red, teary eyes that she didn't want to do it.

Mark sensed she was still mad at him.

He pressed his lips to hers gently and murmured, "Kissing you is all I want. Cecilia, it's not just you who's upset about what transpired between us. I'm struggling too."

Cecilia turned her head aside, a flush of depression on her cheeks.

Until now, he hadn't provided her with a clear response. In reality, she was already aware of his decision.

He would still choose to look after Laura, the child whose parents were Cathy and Paul.

Cecilia lacked the energy to engage in an argument with him.

She calmed down for a brief moment and spoke softly. "I've grown accustomed to not having you by my side during these years. Edwin doesn't spend a lot of time with you. Mark, we don't need to..."

