

## Chapter 414 I Want To Sleep Here Tonight

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Mark's complexion lost its color.

He grasped Cecilia's intent. She was ready to give up their relationship.

He gazed at Cecilia and whispered, "Cecilia, I understand how you feel. Just grant me a little time, will you? It was I who suggested Paul for that project. And Laura, she's the sole heir to the Thomas family."

Cecilia averted her gaze, choosing to stare outside the window instead.

In a gentle murmur, she expressed, "Mark, all I desire is a peaceful existence. It doesn't matter to me whether you're a man of high position. The most important thing is that you can live with me and Edwin without being disturbed by others."

The air crackled with tension.

Cecilia's heart was heavy with disillusionment, yet abandoning their relationship built over the years wasn't as easy as pie.

Exhaustion was evident in Cecilia as she slumped into the couch.

She whispered, "It's getting late. Let me show you to the guest room."

Mark, however, picked her up and strode toward the bed.

Cecilia's surprise was palpable.

She thumped him on the shoulder and asked, "Mark, what are you doing?"

He settled her beneath the blankets and ran his hands along her body to her cold feet. He sought to warm them with his palms... Her eyes remained red as she continued to gaze at him intently.

Bowling his head, Mark announced, "I'm staying here tonight."

Cecilia turned away, retorting, "You ought to rest in the guest room."

Without a word, Mark turned around and headed for the bathroom.

He found one of his bathrobes and slipped into it as soon as he stepped out of the shower.

He rested on the bed while Cecilia turned away from him. He tenderly embraced her from behind.

Cecilia's body tensed up a bit.

She breathed out a soft plea, "Don't touch me."

Mark gently pressed his lips against behind her ear, remaining silent.

He wished she'd grasp his unspoken words, though he realized his expectations might be unfair.

Years had passed with him offering her too little.

He remained quiet.

Tears fell from Cecilia's eyes silently.

She blamed him because they could be happy in the first place, but he insisted on getting involved in Cathy's matter.

A smart man like him knew what was on Cathy's mind, but he still walked into the trap.

In the deep darkness of the night.

His voice, barely above a whisper, carried his apology, "I'm sorry."

Cecilia gave no reply, yet her shaking shoulders spoke volumes.

The next morning.

When Mark woke up, the clock had already shown eight in the morning.

He extended his arm and reached to the side, finding no one with him.

He jumped out of bed, threw on new clothes, and sprinted straight to the ground level.

Waylen was there in the dining room, engrossed in the newspaper.

He sported a black shirt paired with dark grey suit pants, and his short hair was impeccably groomed.

He was brimming with energy and life.

Around him were Leonel, Alexis, Marcus, and Edwin.

Even though they were all children, Waylen had a knack for encouraging them to feed themselves and look out for one another.

Especially Marcus, who seemed to be Alexis' entertainer.

As Mark descended the stairs, Alexis greeted him with a cheerful "Uncle."

Mark scooped up Alexis, taking a seat next to Edwin.

Edwin appeared rather gloomy. He, too, called Mark "Uncle." Mark didn't show irritation. Instead, he tenderly patted Edwin's head, inquiring, "Did your mom tell you to call me that?"

Edwin lowered his head.

Mark caressed Edwin's head and questioned, "Is your injury still bothering you?"

Edwin gave his head a little shake. He expressed his disappointment, saying, "I won't be able to attend school for another two weeks."

Mark offered Edwin a few reassuring words.

Just then, Waylen put away the newspaper, asking in a laid-back tone, "Mark, did you have a good sleep last night?"

Mark wasn't in the mood for small talk with Waylen.

But Waylen seemed quite keen on the subject. He took a casual sip of his black coffee and jokingly prodded, "Mark, you seem worn out. A splash of water might perk you up. Oh, and I forgot to mention that Cecilia values a polished appearance. If you don't dress well, I fear you won't win her heart, let alone marry her."

Mark couldn't stand Waylen's way with words.

Still, Waylen kept sipping his coffee, an amused smile on his lips.

At that moment, Rena made her way downstairs.

Due to her pregnancy, she slept in every day, and Waylen was the one mostly looking after the children.

Upon spotting her coming down, Waylen promptly rose to lend her a hand.

He didn't come off as arrogant now.

Mark observed them, a twinge of jealousy in his gaze.

Rena settled herself and addressed Mark softly.

Mark valued her and replied warmly, "Thank you, to you and Waylen."

Rena offered a smile. She revealed, "I heard about the upcoming lawsuit. Waylen's planning to handle the case."

This caught Mark by surprise.

Waylen, flicking through the newspaper, commented nonchalantly, "I'm doing it for Cecilia."

It was then that Mark came to terms with accepting Waylen's assistance.

After breakfast, Mark joined Waylen into the study to talk over the lawsuit.

In the solitude of the study, it was just the two men, each with a cigarette in hand.

After their discussion on the lawsuit, Waylen's slender fingers tapped the ashes from his cigarette. Narrowing his eyes, he asked, "Cecilia is still upset with you, right? Mark, I can understand her, but I can also understand you."

He knew Mark had no desire to get entangled with Cathy, and Mark's concerns lay with Paul's daughter.

It seemed that men often shared a common thread of thought.

Yet, Waylen shifted the conversation, declaring, "I have just one little sister, so you get just one shot. I'll assist you to the best of my ability. Your future, however, lies in your own hands."

Waylen had considered the possibility of looking after Cecilia indefinitely as the worst-case scenario.

Mark also narrowed his eyes as he regarded Waylen. He hadn't forgotten that Waylen was the first to jump into the fray in Czanch on Cecilia's behalf upon learning about what happened between Cecilia and him.

Over time, Waylen had grown more mature and elegant.

Mark, however, felt the weight of his years, not as resilient to the ravages of time.

Waylen chose not to add more because he worried that an ongoing conversation about it might trigger his anger. More importantly, that would make Rena sad.

Mark devoted his morning to Edwin. Later, he visited the scene where Cecilia was shooting.

Cecilia noticed Mark's presence.

She approached him during her break.

Mark was donned in yesterday's attire and appeared mature, handsome, and tall. Cecilia stood around 5.5 feet in height, yet she still had to look up at him.

They looked at each other.

In a soft tone, Mark began, "Zoey isn't feeling well. I'll head back to Czanch first."

He was somewhat irritated. With his hands buried in his pockets, he forced a rueful smile. "There are a few more deals I need to discuss."

Cecilia got the message he was trying to convey.

He couldn't remain in Duefron indefinitely. He had already quit his previous job, and now, at his age, he needed to put in a lot of effort to make a fresh start.

This realization made her soften her attitude.

"Take care on your way home. And perhaps next time, you might consider bringing Peter along."

Mark offered a smile. "Is it me or Peter that you're missing?"

Cecilia's eyes appeared slightly misty.

Just then, the photographer summoned her.

She wasn't in a good condition. She had been trying to get herself right for a while, especially when she applied eye drops to her eyes.

Mark was disheartened to see her in such a state.

He stood there quietly for a while before turning around and walking away.

He believed that if they were apart, they could each attain their desires. Being the oldest daughter of the Fowler family, she did not need to demonstrate anything to him. He remained to be of a high position and felt no obligation to secure a girl's heart.

Yet, they had forsaken all to choose each other.

Mark felt a swell of emotion. A man at his age shouldn't have been so visibly emotional, especially surrounded by many people, including her colleagues, partners, and business sponsors.

But Mark still walked over.

He positioned himself right before Cecilia.

She was taken aback.

A hush fell over the bystanders as they recognized Mark.

In a gentle tone, Mark assured, "I'll be back in a few days."

Cecilia remained silent, gazing up at him. He tenderly brushed her hair and softly uttered, "Even though I'm older than you and don't have much at the moment, I still want to make you my wife."

Then, Mark departed.

Cecilia remained in place, delicately nibbling her crimson lips.

She endeavored to steer clear of Mark that evening.

However, Waylen made her return with just one phone call. "Don't you care about your child? Listen, Cecilia, Rena is pregnant. It's not fair to pass the kid off to her."

Cecilia was always obedient to Waylen. She made her way to the villa.

Rena, as ever, treated Cecilia with kindness, which made Cecilia feel guilty.

Waylen was reclining on the sofa. With a subtle look, he asked Cecilia, "Did you run into him? How did your conversation go?"

Cecilia stumbled over her words.

"Daddy, who are you talking about?" Alexis questioned, climbing into

Waylen's embrace.

This was beyond what a child needed to understand.

Alexis had a habit of spilling secrets.

Waylen playfully tapped Alexis on her chubby bottom and remarked, "Go and have some fun with Leonel."

Alexis felt downcast. Leonel was occupied with paperwork.

Cecilia asked awkwardly, "Should Leonel be burdened with paperwork at such a young age?"

Waylen stated confidently, "You and Mark should take Edwin away promptly, or else I'll raise Edwin in the same manner."

Cecilia was speechless.

Waylen's gaze softened as he looked at Cecilia. He gently touched his little sister's head and whispered, "I'll assist him in handling this legal case. We'll ensure the Thomas family regains that child, but Miss Wilson's good name will suffer.

Cecilia, you have the option to end your relationship with Mark. It's okay if this issue bothers you. Your feelings are valid. Yet, Mark has sacrificed much on your behalf. Had he not stepped down, he might have risen even higher. Nevertheless, he forfeits his position to start anew as an ordinary businessman."

Cecilia was aware of that.

Sensing Cecilia's hesitation, Waylen drew her head to rest against his shoulder.

"Offer him an opportunity. Should he disappoint you again later on, there will still be time for you to deal with him strictly."

In a soft and heartfelt tone, Waylen added, "If you give up your relationship with him at this point, even I will feel sorry for you two."



Waylen always showed his softer side to Cecilia.

Their bond was strong, and although she felt hurt, she had found a dependable pillar of support. She buried her face in his shoulder and wept with sorrow.

Waylen gently patted her back. Deep down, he had always seen Cecilia as a bit naive. He had a gut feeling that Elva might be just like her...

Rena descended the stairs, catching sight of their moment.

Cecilia felt a tad bashful. Cecilia had concerns that Rena might feel awkward. Even though she had grown up, her bond with Waylen remained very close.

Rena, however, kept her thoughts to herself. She cast only a glance in Waylen's direction.

At the end of the day, after concluding his business, Waylen stood up, stretching out his fatigue.

He loosened his shirt buttons and retired to his bedroom.

Following her shower, Rena donned her silky pajamas and settled in front of the dressing table to brush her flowing brown hair.

She had invested considerable effort in caring for her skin. When viewed from behind, she appeared remarkably slender.

Waylen approached and enveloped her in a warm hug from behind.

He gently pressed the tip of his nose to her soft neck and murmured, "You have such a lovely fragrance. Did you pick a different body wash?"

Rena nodded in agreement. She tilted her head to receive his kiss and inquired between tender moments, "Are you truly committed to assisting my uncle with this lawsuit?"

Waylen slipped his hand into her pajamas and gently started to caress her.

He had a knack for playful teasing and never failed to arouse her.

Rena clutched his hand firmly. She wished to keep his hands away from her...

They had been in a relationship for quite a while. How could Waylen not be attuned to her feelings? He purposely nibbled on her ear and inquired, "Are you feeling a twinge of jealousy?"

Rena blushed and gently pushed him aside. "Why would I be envious?"

Waylen let out a soft laugh.

He guided her to the edge of the bed, inviting her to grasp it, and then he carefully unbuttoned her.

Her tender belly swelled upward.

Their third little one was on the way.

With one hand on her waist and the other gently caressing her belly, Waylen spoke in a raspy voice. "Cecilia holds a special place in my heart, just like Alexis and Elva. She's a delicate young lady."

He traced his fingers softly across her belly.

Rena found his touch unbearable. He was being deliberately provocative.

Waylen's touch was light and not nearly enough.

He tenderly laid her down, brushed his lips against hers, and soothingly said, "Cecilia is my sister, but you, my wife, you're special."

Rena felt her passion ignited by Waylen's advances.

And with his striking good looks, it was hard to resist.

She couldn't resist extending her hand, softly caressing his cheek, and whispered, "What sets the wife apart?"

With a sly grin, Waylen whispered, "My wife is the one I'll share my bed

Rena's anger flared up, leading her to deliver a swift kick.

However, he seized hold of her leg.

Waylen caressed it softly, his gaze deep and unreadable, "Your belly is so big, yet your legs have stayed so slim."

The more he spoke, the more he spiraled into audacity.

Rena was familiar with him and understood his powerful desire for it.

Cradling his handsome face, she gently murmured, "Let's focus on the baby."

Waylen had been playfully charming Rena for a while, and with her consent, he wasn't about to miss this chance.

He gave her a deep, passionate kiss.

Rena shut her eyes, surrendering to his affectionate advances...

A couple of days passed, and Mark paid a visit.

The connection between Cecilia and Mark hadn't warmed up much, causing Waylen a bit of frustration.

Waylen nudged the two out the door, suggesting they returned to their own home.

Waylen watched their car drive away, a sense of relief washing over him.

Rena teased him, "You can be pretty rude, Waylen."

There was no one nearby. Waylen delicately grasped her chin and playfully jiggled it. "Once the baby arrives, I'll show you what rudeness means."

Rena playfully accused him of being a flirt.

Waylen strolled behind her leisurely. After some time, he declared, "After



this baby arrives, we're done having kids.'

Rena believed she couldn't have a serious conversation with a rascal like him.

She headed upstairs and enjoyed some peaceful reading for a bit.

Her thoughts then drifted to the situation with Albert's family.

Everything was arranged, but unexpectedly, Albert's mother, Helen, became ill.

The plan had to be delayed.

Rena gently placed her hand on her belly, contemplating that she needed to wait until the baby arrived before putting her plan into motion.

She wasn't in any rush, but Albert was getting impatient.

Cecilia and Edwin were picked up in a sleek black limousine.

Peter occupied the seat in front of them. He spun around with a cheerful expression and exclaimed, "Mr. Evans will have more time to be with you from now on, Edwin. Does that make you happy?"

Edwin gave a little nod.

In the backseat, Mark appeared more at ease, his smile bright. "Peter, there's no need to call me Mr. Evans anymore. Just call me Mark."

Despite the vast business dealings of the Evans family, Mark had embarked on a new venture, starting his own company.

This was just the beginning, and he felt confident about doing it right.

They arrived at the villa Mark had purchased.

Mark carried Edwin out of the car, planted a kiss on him, and whispered to him, "Do you think your mom is still upset with me?"