

Chapter 321 What Could He Offer Her

On the night preceding New Year's Eve, fate reunited Mark and Cecilia once again.

Having endured a grueling 12-hour meeting, Mark felt utterly exhausted as he made his way back to the hotel. Yearning for a moment's respite, he closed his eyes during the journey.

On the car seat beside him sat two adorable purple rabbit dolls, which seemed to clash amusingly with Mark's identity.

With a cheerful grin, Peter turned to Mark and suggested, "You can meet her tomorrow. It's about time she moved on after all this time."

Stubbornly, Mark touched the rabbit doll's ear and retorted, "She's just a little girl. I don't have that strong a desire to see her anyway."

Laughter filled the air, shared between Mark and Peter.

Feeling uplifted, Mark rolled down the car window to admire the luminous city lights outside, sighing, "Another year has gone by. I'm another year older."

In a soothing tone, Peter reassured him, "You're still in your prime."

Indeed, Peter's assessment was accurate; Mark was relatively young for the significant position he held.

With Peter's comforting words, Mark patted his trousers and smiled, saying, "Prime? Rena will become a mother next year and I'll be a great-uncle..."

Secluded within the confines of the car, the conversation between the two men took a more candid turn.

Playfully, Peter teased, "With your abilities, having a child shouldn't be too difficult."

The driver couldn't help but be amused by Peter's playful banter.

Mark lit a cigarette, smiling as he scolded, "You rascal, you're becoming more audacious by the day."

Peter continued to jest and the atmosphere inside the car brimmed with mirth. As they drove leisurely, they approached Fortune Square, where the driver noticed an energetic New Year's Eve event unfolding. The driver commented with a smile, "Mr. Evans, it appears they're celebrating the New Year at the square. It's quite lively."

Curiosity got the better of Mark, prompting him to look over.

Indeed, it was a lively scene.

Fireworks lit up the night sky, painting the city with a mesmerizing array of colors.

On the square, a group of young people joyously embraced the coming year.

Luxurious cars were parked nearby, a testament to their wealthy owners.

And amidst it all, Mark caught a glimpse of Cecilia.

Dressed in a white down jacket and a woolen hat, holding a sparkler in her hand, she looked like a carefree young girl.

Her flushed cheeks and laughter seemed even more enchanting than the fireworks themselves.

Observing Cecilia's happiness from afar, Mark realized how much he missed her.

He had expected her to be despondent for a long time after their parting.

Peter, sensing Mark's emotions, pretended to be taken aback and said, "Isn't that Miss Fowler? It's not safe for a girl to stay out so late. Why don't we invite her to join us in the car and drive her home?"

Seizing the opportunity, Mark readily agreed.

He patted his trousers, opened the car door and stepped out with a newfound determination.

Standing not far from Cecilia, Mark believed that if she only looked up, she could spot her Uncle Mark amidst the crowd.

Suddenly, an uproar erupted in the square.

"Propose!"

"Propose!"

Propose... Propose... Propose!"

A young man, clutching a bouquet of roses, knelt down beneath the mesmerizing fireworks that illuminated the sky.

He was professing his love for Cecilia.

Witnessing Cecilia's reaction, Mark noticed her hand covering her mouth, seemingly taken aback and fearful.

As Mark observed the earnest expression on the young man's face, he couldn't help but feel that this man genuinely adored Cecilia...

Despite having stepped out of the car and even prepared an opening line, Mark remained rooted in place, silently watching her being confessed to.

Eventually, a smile graced his lips as he touched his forehead,

contemplating his own self-importance.

In that moment, Mark realized that maybe Cecilia did have some feelings for him, but he had forgotten that she also had numerous suitors to choose from. Being part of the affluent Fowler family, the most prominent family in the north, and blessed with her captivating looks, she could have any man she desired.

Moreover, the Fowler family had only two children.

Cecilia's sister-in-law, Rena, was such a gentle and loving woman that Waylen could take care of his little sister for the rest of her life if she wished.

She could lead a carefree life, forever a cherished girl.

In contrast, what could Mark offer her?

A doll he sweated to procure, or a fondness for her that he couldn't bring himself to express?

It seemed utterly absurd.

Mark had never felt such disdain for himself before.

As Cecilia glanced upward, her eyes fell upon Mark, elegantly clad in a light-colored wool suit. His presence was striking, exuding nobility and charm.

In that moment, he seemed more radiant than the entire night sky.

Before her was a man who had declared his love for her...

Unknowingly, Cecilia whispered, "Uncle Mark."

Mark gazed at her in quiet contemplation.

After some time, a faint ache tinged his eyes. He mustered a feeble smile and nodded in her direction before stepping into the waiting black vehicle.

Four sleek black Audi cars slowly departed from the scene.

Seated in the car, Mark found himself accompanied by the two adorable rabbit dolls.

Leaning back against the plush seat, he softly spoke to Peter, "Arrange the plane for tomorrow morning."

Peter hesitated to respond initially but then gathered his courage and said, "You put in so much effort to line up and buy those dolls. You should at least personally give them to her."

Mark covered his eyes with his arm and replied, "Have the dolls delivered to Rena. Tell her they're for her and Cecilia. Don't mention that I purchased them."

Somewhat prideful and desiring to keep his affection for a little girl a secret, Mark chose to step back discreetly.

Silent resignation settled upon Mark in the car. He had never experienced feelings of inferiority since childhood, but witnessing Cecilia being confessed had stirred such emotions within him.

Compared to that ardent young man, Mark believed what he could offer was exceedingly insignificant...

He didn't believe he was good enough for Cecilia.

As the sky continued to dazzle with fireworks, the vibrant crowd around him unaware, little did he know that the girl he held dear was standing alone behind him...

Cecilia's eyes were moist, and as the bell chimed announcing the coming new year, she silently called out his name.

"Uncle Mark..."