

Chapter 378 I Owe Cecilia And Edwin Too Much (1)

Waylen withheld nothing from Mark.

A faint smile graced his lips.

Mark, for a fleeting moment, felt a hint of envy. He took a sip of tea to mask his emotions.

Waylen casually perused a magazine, remarking with nonchalance, "Mark, if you're considering relinquishing everything for Cecilia, the project is nearly done, and there shouldn't be any further mishaps."

Mark discerned the underlying message in Waylen's words.

Coincidentally, Edwin bounded down the stairs, a playful demeanor about him. His cheeks held a rosy hue as he approached Mark's side, softly summoning his father.

Mark's touch tenderly graced his son's head.

Edwin, his gaze brimming with anticipation, queried, "When the snow gets heavier, can you build a snowman with me?"

Mark's response remained unspoken, shrouded in silence.

He placed Edwin on his lap, retrieved a candy from his pocket, and presented it to him.

Edwin placed the candy in his mouth but continued to gaze at Mark expectantly.

Mark too yearned for staying, to bask in the joy of making his son happy. But he needed to depart, a multitude of matters requiring

your father."

A momentary pout of disappointment graced Edwin's tender features.

Nevertheless, he obediently ascended the stairs.

Mark's heart ached profoundly.

At five years old, Edwin already yearned for his father's companionship. Yet, as his father, Mark had failed to spend more than a few days with him.

He couldn't even promise him a snowball fight.

Waylen, attuned to Mark's mood, could sense the turmoil within him.

However, he refrained from intervening in the intricacies between Mark and Cecilia. Their attachment was complex, after all.

With the aspiration that Cecilia might reconcile with Mark still lingering in his heart, Waylen personally poured a cup of tea for Mark. After a contemplative pause, he asked, "What are your plans after wrapping up this project?"

Clutching the teacup, Mark gazed pensively at the drifting snowflakes outside.

He comprehended Waylen's unspoken inquiry.

His reply, hushed and thoughtful, emerged. "My family has some projects. The younger generation is struggling to manage them effectively. I'm considering revitalizing these ventures, giving them a fresh lease on life."

Waylen chose not to push Mark further.

Mark's departure was scheduled for four in the afternoon.

However, he set out earlier, around two. Waylen understood his reasons all too well.

After embracing Edwin, Mark departed into the heavy snow. As he stepped into the waiting car, Peter couldn't resist asking, "It's not yet time. Why the early departure?"

Mark, slipping off his leather gloves, fixed his gaze forward with his mesmerizing, narrowed eyes.

"To the studio. And make a pit stop halfway. I want to buy cups of milk tea."

Peter pulled away with an understanding smile.

He was well aware that Mr. Evans intended to visit Cecilia. Lightly teasing, he added, "She'll surely be overjoyed to see you."

Mark's heart carried a weight.

A pause ensued before he softly murmured, "I owe them too much."

Peter contemplated offering comfort, but in the end, he simply sighed softly, realizing the depth of Mark's emotions.

The winter landscape was adorned with a blanket of snow.

Chilling gusts swept through, the frigid air piercing to the bone.

Within the studio, the heating was absent. Cecilia, engaged in shooting a shampoo advertisement, stood in a thin summer dress. The moment one segment of the advertisement concluded, her assistant promptly enveloped her in a blanket.

Despite the biting cold, she remained resolutely focused on checking on the video.

By the doorway, Mark stood, his gaze unwavering.

Though Cecilia had asserted that even though her work might appear insignificant, it was essential for her livelihood. Mark chose not to disturb her although he felt sad to see her suffer.

But her eyes caught sight of him.

The onlookers, too, turned their attention to this gentleman of dignified elegance.

The director recognized Mark and, speaking in hushed tones, queried Cecilia, "Is he here for you?"

Cecilia looked at Mark intently.

Sensibly, Peter distributed cups of milk tea, addressing the assembly with a warm smile and explained, "Mr. Evans has come to check on Miss Fowler. Given the cold weather, please enjoy some hot milk tea."

A cup of steaming milk tea was handed to Cecilia.

Clasping the warm cup, Cecilia approached Mark.

In his eyes, an affectionate light gleamed.

Mark shrugged off his coat and draped it over her shoulders, his touch tender as he secured it in place. Gently, he chided, "Sometimes I wonder how old you are. Can't you add another layer of clothing?"

Though his words carried a hint of reproach, his tone remained soothing.

Cecilia stood momentarily stupefied, her voice a hush. "Did you come here just for me?"

Mark surveyed his surroundings, then quipped, "Do you think I am here to deliver milk tea to these burly men?"

Cecilia fell into a contemplative silence.

Sipping the milk tea, she savored its warmth, its comfort diffusing through her heart.

"Are you not upset when I speak to you that way?"

Mark's gaze lingered on her for a prolonged moment before a smile graced his lips. "You're much younger than I am. What's there to be upset about?"

At last, he reached out and tenderly ruffled her hair.

The gesture bore a gentleness akin to that of a departing husband.

A touch so tender, Cecilia harbored no desire to disrupt the serene ambiance that enveloped them.

Mark's voice dipped to a hush as he continued, "Wrap up the shooting soon. Edwin is eagerly awaiting a snowman-building session. Ensure you take care of and him. He's prone to fever. As for you, remember to have ginger tea. Zoey has been insistent

Chapter 378 | Owe Cecilia And Edwin Too Much (🎁 +120 Points at most about taking you to Czanch and cooking nutritious food for you.)

Cecilia was momentarily perplexed by his heartfelt advice.

Just then, the cameras were poised to resume shooting.

Pearl retrieved the coat and extended it toward Mark.

Yet, Mark declined the offer.

In a soft murmur, he relayed, "Keep it for your breaks. As the new year approaches, let's go to Czanch, you, Edwin, and I. What do you say?"

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Mark's proposition was enticing.

Cecilia also wanted to agree.

However, her hesitations persisted. While she could place all her hopes on Mark, she also had her child with her.

What if Mark broke his promise once again?

Mark was cognizant of Cecilia's internal debate.

He tenderly smoothed her hair and murmured, "We can discuss this later. For now, focus on wrapping up your shoot."

Having said that, Mark should have departed.

Yet, he lingered a bit longer. Opportunities to see her were so rare.

Eventually, the filming resumed.

As Mark exited the studio, a snowstorm had commenced.

Peter, poised to remove his coat and offer it to Mark, had his offer declined. "No need. I'm not in my seventies."

Unfazed, Peter quipped with a grin, "At your age, it's best to take good care of your health."

Mark was left speechless.

Recognizing his gaffe, Peter opened the car door for his boss.

As Mark settled in, he brushed away the snowflakes that had settled on his sweater, chiding himself, "True, I may be getting old, but I can't provide my wife and child with a complete family."

Peter sighed, his emotions deep.

At the same time, Cecilia's mood had worsened after Mark's departure.

She exerted herself to make the best of the situation, eventually completing the commercial shoot.

Though she declined the crew's invitation for dinner, her assistant, ever adept with people, personally paid for the staff to dine together.

Cecilia yearned for Edwin.

Returning home earlier, she intended to take Edwin back to her apartment. However, upon reaching the villa where Waylen resided, the hour had grown late and snow was falling.

Seated on the couch, Waylen was engrossed in his laptop, managing official affairs.

Without raising his gaze, he said, "Stay here tonight. Edwin's been eagerly anticipating playing in the snow all day."

Cecilia turned her gaze to her son.

Edwin approached, gripping her hand, and in a subdued tone, he pleaded, "I want to play with Alexis and Leonel in the snow."

Sensing her debt to Edwin, Cecilia couldn't bring herself to decline.

She tenderly ruffled his hair and nodded. "Alright, go ahead. Put on your down jacket."

Edwin complied, heading out to join Alexis and Leonel in their snowball fight. Laughter and merriment wafted in through the

Chapter 379 | Owe Cecilia And Edwin Too Much (🎁 +120 Points at most open door. Tears welled in Cecilia's eyes.

At some point, Waylen had ceased his work.

Gazing at his sister in silence, he recognized how much Cecilia had changed over the years, all for the sake of her relationship with Mark.

She had matured and become astute, yet Waylen longed for her to retain her innocence, shielded from sorrow's touch... His gaze then fell to her hand.

The milk tea cup sat half-drunk.

Waylen's tone took on an air of indifference. "Did Mark buy you the milk tea? You seem quite attached to it."

Cecilia pursed her lips, choosing silence.

She feared her brother's possible displeasure.

Waylen cast her a sidelong glance and remarked, "Weren't you quite stubborn this afternoon? Now you're moved just because he bought you a cup of milk tea?"

"Waylen."

He cared for Cecilia deeply, preferring not to scold her. With gentleness, he advised, "If you're patient, just wait for him to give you a complete family. I won't stop you."

With that, Waylen ascended the stairs to be with Rena.

Cecilia was left alone in the living room.

Cradling the milk tea, she approached the French window. Outside, the snowfall had intensified...

Had Mark's flight taken off?

Was he safe now?

In hindsight, Cecilia regretted their conflict earlier in the day. Mark had taken the time to visit her and Edwin when he was free. If she hadn't lost her temper with him, she would have spent more time with him.

After much contemplation, she dialed a number.

The call connected...

Cecilia sniffed back her emotions. "Did you return to Czanch by car?"

Mark confirmed.

On the other end of the line, Peter was in conversation with the driver, indicating that they were on their way.

Cecilia felt a pang of guilt and said casually, "Take care."

After a brief silence, Mark said, "Take good care of our son. I'll come to see you when I have the chance."

Cecilia wished to object, but the words eluded her...

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Rena, now pregnant, often found herself drowsy.

Only when Waylen entered and gently nudged the door open did she awaken. Her demeanor exuded softness. Illuminated by the warm, golden light, the delicate fuzz on her face became visible.

Seating himself at the bedside, Waylen found Rena undisturbed.

One arm extended, she enveloped his waist.

Waylen, with his attractive features and well-built physique, was a man Rena relished embracing.

In a hushed tone, she inquired. "Are the children playing outside?"

Waylen casually confirmed her assumption.

"Cecilia is supervising them."

He tenderly brushed her arm with slender fingers, his voice hoarse as he queried, "Why did you sleep naked?"

Blushing, Rena was reticent to admit her oversight.

Undeterred, Waylen slipped a hand beneath the covers, assessing the situation. "Let me have a check."

Though Rena hastened to stop him, her efforts were in vain. His hand had already made contact with her... Waylen's gaze took on a discerning clarity before he transitioned into a gentle caress. After a while, his touches evolved into tender kisses.

The room was filled with warmth, and he gently guided her from under the covers.

His eyes ablaze, Waylen was cautious not to overstep as Rena implored softly, "Please, don't influence the baby."

Waylen's touch grazed her belly, where their third child resided.

Rena's health was good, her skin still taut and flawless despite having borne two children. Her pregnancy was scarcely evident at almost four months, her belly subtly rounded.

While some young men might not fancy pregnant women, a mature individual like Waylen found them even more alluring.

Particularly when she had exerted herself to the point of near tears.

Her long eyelashes were adorned with tears, and the corners of her eyes had turned pink. She looked incredibly endearing.

Waylen handled Rena with care, regularly inquiring about her well-being. Her lips parted slightly, but no words emerged... His lips moved to her ear. "Do you like it that much?"

Blushing, Rena couldn't help turning her face away.

Considering her condition, he had been gentle, making love to her just once.

Once their passionate encounter had ended, he held her tenderly, whispering sweet words in her ear.

The ambiance was just right...

Waylen's phone rang, displaying an unfamiliar number.

He answered and exited the bedroom to converse in the living room... After approximately two minutes, Waylen returned and started dressing. "I need to step out."

As he spoke, he swiftly pulled up his zipper.

Rena voiced her discontent. "It's snowing outside. Why are you heading out?"

Waylen leaned over and kissed her lips, whispering, "It's business. And don't worry, it has nothing to do with other women, Miss Gordon."

Rena reclined against the headboard, emanating a gentle aura.

Looping her arms around his neck, she gazed up at him. After a moment, she said, "Waylen, I won't doubt you."

A simple sentence, yet it carried weight.

Waylen, despite everything they had been through, felt a touch of sadness. Hearing her speak these words without reservation was meaningful. He kissed her affectionately and promised, "I'll definitely be back before ten o'clock. I have to lull you to sleep."

Rena reciprocated his kiss.

With reluctance, Waylen turned away with a smile. "If I don't leave now, I might end up making love to you again."

He donned his coat and descended into the snowy outdoors.

Waylen drove himself.

An hour later, a black Land Rover came to a halt in front of a dimly lit rental building.

Exiting the vehicle, he closed the door behind him.

A man in his early thirties approached Waylen. The man had the air of a detective about him. He reported in a hushed tone, "Mr. Fowler, when I arrived, the man was already dead. He was strangled with a rope. The scene... You will know when you see it."

Waylen extracted a cigarette from his case, offering one to the detective as well.

Both men smoked as they entered the old building one after the other.

They stood before Room 302.

The door creaked open, revealing a young man sprawled lifeless on a worn-out bed.

The young man was partially undressed.

Strangulation marks marred his neck, indicating his demise.

Speaking in hushed tones, the detective shared. "He's been dead for less than two hours. He engaged in vigorous sexual activity before his death."

Waylen donned gloves, retrieving a work ID from the old desk.

The deceased was 24 years old and an electrician by profession.

Surveying the room, Waylen formed a conjecture about the assailant's identity.

He also surmised that the evidence of bodily fluids would have been meticulously cleaned... Aline had killed the young man to safeguard a secret.

Next to the bed lay \$100,000.

"Take these for investigation by Mr. Winston. Also, look into the deceased's background and provide his family with \$500,000 for relocation. Keep the source of the money anonymous."

The detective was perplexed.

Understanding wasn't required from him...

Waylen exited the stifling room quietly, the young man's lifeless visage etched into his mind.

Standing amidst the falling snow, he smoked half a pack of cigarettes.

The scent of death lingered, unshakeable.

It wasn't until he returned home, the villa's warm lights aglow, that he began to feel a sense of relief...