

Chapter 448 She Gave In To Him

As Mark hung up the phone, Charlie leaned over and patted his shoulder. "I'm really sorry. What if I ask Cecilia out some other day? Then perhaps you can explain things to her?"

Mark craned his neck upwards and stared at the night sky.

It was a picturesque scene, with stars dotting the heavens.

But even so, Mark thought that Cecilia was much more beautiful than this.

He returned to the room to get his jacket and car keys. As he was about to leave, Charlie and the others anxiously asked him to stay. "Play a little longer!" they pleaded.

Mark flashed them a faint smile.

"Cecilia is still mad at me," he explained. "I can't leave her alone."

Charlie burst into laughter and slapped the back of Mark's shoulder. "Make sure to take care of her, okay? After all, she did give birth to two children for you."

Upon hearing this, Mark's smile faded a little.

When he left, he didn't even glance at Flora.

Although Flora no longer had a personal relationship with Mark for a long time, he still occupied a special place in her heart. To her, Mark was the man she longed for the most. So, for him to leave without even acknowledging her made her heart sink.

Charlie returned to the table and put down the cards, causing a soft clatter.

With a smile, he said, "People's feelings are wonderful, aren't

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they? You're not worse than Cecilia. It's just that you and Mark weren't meant for each other. Besides, Mark is a complicated man. A woman like Cecilia suits him perfectly."

At the mention of this, Flora's eyes turned red.

Of course she knew that, but knowing it didn't make her any less sadder.

As expected by Mark, Cecilia had gone to Waylen and Rena's house.

Since Rena seldom worked now, she had lots of time to take good care of the villa.

At night, the scent of freshly bloomed flowers filled the air in the yard.

However, Cecilia wasn't in the mood to appreciate them. She even almost broke down in front of the children.

At that time, Alexis didn't want to play the piano.

She claimed that her head had been hurting from playing too much.

As soon as Alexis saw Cecilia, she ran to her and held her arm. "Did Great-uncle Mark make you angry?" she asked in a soothing tone.

For a child to expose her like that was more than embarrassing for Cecilia.

Noticing this, Rena spanked Alexis lightly.

Meanwhile, Waylen had just gone downstairs from the second floor.

Even when he was just at home, he always made sure to dress well and look elegant.

He stood in the middle of the stairs and stared at his sister from above with a scrutinizing gaze.

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Rena couldn't bear the serious look on Waylen's face. "I'll talk to Cecilia," she said softly to him. "You take care of the children."

"Let me talk to her," Waylen insisted as he shot Cecilia a look.

Cecilia had always been afraid of Waylen ever since she was a child. The serious look on his face made her purse her lips and turn to Rena for help.

Unfortunately, Rena was just as powerless as her.

Ever since Waylen had developed a mental illness, he had always been very bossy at home. Even the slightest inconvenience or offense was enough to make him snap, which was why Rena had been walking on eggshells around him.

With no other choice, Cecilia followed Waylen upstairs, dragging her feet along the way.

"Daddy is so awesome!" Alexis cried.

The sudden noise made Waylen turn his head. However, instead of looking at Alexis, his eyes landed on Rena.

The moment he saw her, a faint smile formed on his face, which made Rena blush.

"That's enough!" Rena scolded Alexis.

But Alexis didn't listen to her.

She thought that what she had said was true.

The two siblings went to the study on the second floor. Then, Waylen asked Cecilia to sit on the sofa while he went to get some water.

Waylen had long known about Cecilia and Mark.

He also heard what had happened tonight from Rena after Mark called.

When he found out about it, he felt both angry and amused.

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He poured a glass of water and slid it towards Cecilia. Then, he sat down and leaned back, asking casually, "Are you feeling jealous and angry?"

Cecilia pursed her lips and looked away. "I'm not," she denied.

Waylen squinted his eyes and took a good look at her. "If you're not, then why are your nose and eyes red? I don't remember having a rabbit in this house."

The more Waylen talked like this, the redder Cecilia's eyes became.

Since they were siblings, they were very comfortable talking honestly with each other.

"I... I'm not jealous," Cecilia answered, her voice almost sounding like a whisper. "I just remember a lot of things from the past." 

These days, Mark had been pursuing her relentlessly.

For a while, it made her forget his unrestrained past.

It seemed that she had overestimated herself.

At the same time, she also knew that she had no reason to lose her temper. Ever since she broke up with Mark, he had the freedom to date anyone he liked. There was no need for him to update her.

And yet, an inexplicable sadness burgeoned in her heart all the same.

Cecilia leaned her back against the sofa as she let out a resigned sigh.

"You still like him, don't you?" he said in a low voice.

"Waylen..."

Waylen flashed her a warm smile. "There's no need to deny it, Cecilia. If you want our honest opinion, your sister-in-law and I

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don't see any reason for the two of you to get back together. That's why for the past few months, we have never put in a good word for Mark. But Cecilia, if you need a reason to get back together with him, then there's no better one than the fact that you like him."

Love needed no reason at all.

She would only lose her mind like this if she truly liked him.

And because she liked him, she had to weigh the pros and cons to avoid doing something that wasn't worthwhile.

Cecilia didn't know what to do.

Waylen patted her head like he was petting a small animal. "When something goes wrong, you always turn to me and Rena. You're not even as good as Alexis. I mean, she brought home with her such a proud boy like Leonel!"

Cecilia sank her head in embarrassment.

Waylen's expression softened as he placed his arm around Cecilia's shoulder. "Do it if you want to. Don't do it because others tell you to do it. Do it because it is what you want for yourself."

"Waylen." Cecilia stared at him absent-mindedly for a while before adding, "I thought among everyone, you were the most opposed to our relationship."

"And? So what?" Waylen replied with a smile. "You like him, that's all that matters."

As soon as he said that, the door of the study burst open.

Rena came in with a fruit plate and happened to see the intimate moment shared between Waylen and Cecilia.

Rena shot Waylen a look, which he responded with a smile. 

She put down the fruit plate and placed her hand on Cecilia's shoulder. "My uncle is here. He wants to see you."

This took Cecilia by surprise.

Although Waylen had tried to enlighten Cecilia, she had not yet made up her mind.

"Go ahead and meet him," Waylen advised. "If you don't, you'll always feel upset about it."

Cecilia took a deep breath and braced herself before heading downstairs.

Rena was supposed to follow but Waylen grabbed her wrist and shook his head.

Then, he locked the door.

He turned around and placed his hands on the back of the sofa behind Rena. In this position, his face was too close to hers. "Were you jealous just now?" he teased in a hoarse voice.

Rena was about to mention that.

She began fiddling the buttons of his shirt as she said, "Yes, I was jealous. How will you make it up to me?"

Waylen let out a hearty chuckle.

Had there been no guest in the house and had the children been asleep, he would've taken her at the spot and pounded her until she cried.

However, out of consideration for others, Waylen only kissed her, which lasted for a long time. After a while, he pulled away, catching his breath as he said, "Rena, I don't think you're going to get any sleep tonight."

Rena buried her face in Waylen's neck.

She could feel the warmth of his skin against her cheek. Up close, she could also see his artery bulging.

There was something very masculine about it that she couldn't help but caress his neck gently.

Her touch sent electric shocks throughout Waylen's body. This woman really wasn't afraid of anything.

Meanwhile, Mark had just arrived, with Alexis following from behind.

She offered to get him some water and fetched new slippers for him.

As she snuggled up against him, she reminded Mark a lot of his Olivia.

Mark carried Alexis to sit beside him. As he did, he couldn't help but muss Alexis' hair lovingly. When Cecilia went downstairs, this was the first thing she saw.

The way Mark looked now was completely different from how he had looked in the club. Now, he didn't look like someone who would do the things he had done back then.

When Mark heard footsteps nearby, he looked up and saw Cecilia.

Their eyes met.

There was a calmness between them, absent of the tumultuous feelings that had characterized their past encounters.

Since there were several children at home, Cecilia didn't want to talk to him here. "Did you drive here?" she asked him.

Mark nodded.

She cast her eyes downwards and said, "I'll take your car. I'm a little hungry."

Without hesitation, Mark agreed.

When he stood up, Alexis' hands were still wrapped around his legs. "I'll come see you next time," he told her gently.

After that, Mark left with Cecilia.

When he got into the car, he was a bit surprised.

Although Cecilia was a kind simple woman, she also had a temper.

She had been so angry with him tonight. But now, she was so calm and relaxed that she was even willing to eat with him.

Of course, Mark wouldn't pass up such an opportunity.

As he fastened his seat belt, he looked at her and asked, "So, what do you want to eat?"

Cecilia pretended to play with her phone and said casually, "Edwin told me that you took him to some veggie restaurant before. He said that the food tasted good. Take me there."

Mark smiled. "It suits you. You've always wanted to lose weight."

In his mind, he didn't think Cecilia was fat at all!

In fact, she had a rather good figure, with a tall frame and a pair of long, beautiful legs.

After setting the GPS, he set his sight on the road and focused on driving.

The entire time, neither of them mentioned about what had happened with Flora in the club. Cecilia thought it would be best to let that go. After all, bringing it up would just ruin everyone's mood.

However, as soon as Mark parked the car in front of the restaurant, he turned to her and stared at her straight in the eye. "Cecilia, she and I have nothing to do with each other for a long time. We were just having a good time. She was sitting close to me, and I didn't keep a distance. But if it's making you feel uncomfortable and sad, then I promise not to go to such social activities in the future."

Although Cecilia felt aggrieved, she felt like she had no right to feel that way.

After all, the two of them weren't together in the first place. There was no reason for her to ask him to keep his integrity.

"Do whatever you like," she said vaguely.

She was about to leave the car when she felt Mark's palm on his shoulder.

When she turned to look at him, she saw his red eyes.

"I'm serious," he told her. "Cecilia, I'm sorry for making you sad again. My mom always said that no matter what, if you cry, then it's all my fault."

Hearing this, Cecilia bit her lower lip.

She wanted to say something unpleasant in response to him.

However, Mark was acting so gently towards her that she found it difficult to be mean.

Besides, it was rare for them to find themselves at peace with each other. It seemed that what Waylen had said to her earlier also worked.

As she looked at him, Cecilia remembered what Mark had told her last time they had a proper conversation. He said that he wasn't young anymore.

He was afraid that things might be too late.

As this thought crossed her mind, the corner of Cecilia's lips began to quiver. After a long time, she opened her mouth and stuttered, "We... we..."

Her face was starting to turn pink in embarrassment.

Mark, on the other hand, knew women very well.

Although Cecilia had only said a few words, he could already feel that she was about to compromise.

How could he embarrass her?

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A man should be gracious. Besides, all of this was his fault anyway.

So, he didn't make her finish what she was about to say. Instead, he tucked away a lock of her hair behind her ear and said, "Didn't you say that you want to eat something? I've already book us a table. If we don't go in now, it might close soon."

At the mention of this, Cecilia's body relaxed.

She nodded, and just when she was about to get off the car, Mark grabbed her head and kissed her on the lips.

The suddenness of it all caught her off guard.

Her eyes widened as she stared at this handsome man in front of her.

Although it was dark inside the car, Cecilia could see the outline of Mark's flawless face. He was wearing a thin gold-rimmed glasses, which made him appear gentler and more noble.

Mark was way more knowledgeable and experienced than she was. He was definitely a good kisser.

He placed his hand at the back of her neck and stared at her for a long time before giving her a French kiss. His wet and soft tongue explored her mouth, entangling with hers.

In a few seconds, pleasure coursed throughout Cecilia's body and rendered her numb.

She hadn't had sex in a long time.

While they did have sex last time, she was too drunk to remember most of the details.

But now that she was sober, everything felt so real.

Mark's hand landed on her waist, the warmth of his palm seeping through her clothes.

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Suddenly, Cecilia grabbed his black hair and pushed him away. "Mark, no," she said, her voice at the verge of breaking.

Mark, on the other hand, pretended as though he hadn't heard anything.

Their kiss went on for a long time, full of passion and fire.

When it was over, she was snuggled in his arms, her ears pressed against her chest as she listened to his heartbeat through the thin layer of his shirt.

Mark leaned his head on top of hers.

He was also excited.

However, men were different from women. Compared to women, men were usually much more thick-skinned.

Stroking her back, he murmured, "You're almost pulling out your Uncle Mark's hair."

Uncle Mark...

As soon as she heard those words, tears began welling up in Cecilia's eyes.

She kept her mouth shut and didn't say anything. Instead, she just lowered her eyes.

Mark knew how conflicted Cecilia was feeling at this moment.

But at the same time, he missed her so much that he couldn't help but pick her up.

Since they were in a luxury car, the driver's seat was spacious.

He forced her to sit on his lap as he held her as though she was a child. Then, he took out a candy from his coat pocket and fed it to her.

The entire time, Cecilia didn't utter a single word.

Mark pulled her head down and kissed her again.

"I thought you said that the restaurant was about to close?" Cecilia reminded him.

Mark snorted and stared deeply into her eyes. "If it closes, then I'll cook for you," he replied, his voice sounding hoarse. "Cecilia, do you want to go to the apartment in Gamous Road?"

She looked up at him, and as their eyes met once again, Mark caressed her cheek and repeated, "I'll cook for you."

He took her silence as a yes.

However, he didn't start the car right away. Instead, he pulled her in and kissed her lips for long time again.

When they arrived at the apartment, it was already ten o'clock.

Mark was on his best behavior.

He asked her to sit on the sofa while he cut some fruits for her. Then, he handed her a tablet PC so that she could watch a drama series or whatever she liked while he was in the kitchen.

Cecilia didn't know whether she had made the right decision or not. But now that she was here, there was no use thinking it over anymore. She made herself comfortable in the sofa as she watched the TV show on the tablet. From time to time, her eyes would wander and catch a glimpse of Mark.

From the corner of her eyes, she noticed how well-maintained Mark's physique was.

Although he was in his 40s, the shape of his body was just as good when she first met him.

Before she knew it, Cecilia found herself staring at him as though she was in a trance.

Mark took out a glass of milk. When he saw her in a daze, he gently pinched her cheek and told her, "Have a glass of milk first."

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Cecilia shook her head. "I've already had a candy. I'll definitely get fatter if I have milk now as well as midnight snacks later."

She anticipated Mark to say that she wasn't fat.

Instead, he looked at her and smiled. His eyes looked deep, as if staring at them would cause her to drown. "I think you're worried that you might not look as good on camera. If that's what you're worried about, then from now on, I'll cook you nutritious food low on calories."

Hearing this, Cecilia pursed her lips before they slowly curved into a smile.

Mark lowered his head and kissed her again. "I want to do you so badly," he whispered in her ear. "But not today."

What?

As Cecilia watched him walk back to the kitchen, memories of the past flashed in her mind. For a second, she thought she had been transported back in time.

Mark was wearing a white shirt and iron gray suit pants.

The hem of his shirt was neatly tucked in, accentuating his strong waist. Cecilia thought that her arms fitted perfectly around his waist.

Cecilia was not a naive girl anymore.

She thought she being here was already dropping hints to Mark.

But now, she wanted to make it even clearer.

Without making a noise, she walked over and hugged him from behind.

As soon as he felt her arms wrapped around him, Mark's body stiffened. After a while, a gentle smile broke on his face. "This will still take some time. Are you hungry already?"

She buried her face in Mark's back. "Mark," she murmured. "Do

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you want to clarify our relationship this time?"

Mark gulped as he nodded.

"How about you be my girlfriend? That way, I'll be under your scrutiny. If you are not satisfied with me, then you can dump me any time you want."

As Cecilia heard these words, she almost burst into tears.

She pressed her face harder against his back and muttered, "During this period, I won't be going on any blind date, while you are not allowed to be close to any married woman. Got it?"

Mark smiled. "Got it. I have a girlfriend and I'm not available anymore."

For a while, Cecilia remained silent.

At this moment, Mark was starting to feel his back moisten. He turned around and held her hand.

"Shh... Don't cry, Cecilia," he comforted her in a hoarse, soothing tone. "Don't cry."