

## Chapter 263 Cecilia, Wait For Me For Two Years

In an elegant display, Mark alighted gracefully from the car, taking the lead.

Meandering around, he skillfully opened the car door, his eyes locking onto Cecilia in the obscurity of the night.

Cecilia's slender neck was taut, revealing faint blue veins, a striking sight.

With an abundance of patience, Mark stood there.

The passage of time seemed to stretch endlessly until, at last, Cecilia emerged from the vehicle and advanced ahead, disregarding his presence.

Beneath the soft glow of a dim street lamp, her graceful silhouette concealed itself in the shadow of a sycamore tree. Early autumn had stripped the leaves away, creating an air of desolation.

With a gentle click, Mark shut the car door behind him.

Swiftly, he reached out and captured her wrist, pulling her into his embrace before she could react.

Perhaps the allure of the night was too potent, or it was the nostalgic familiarity that prompted him to recall past memories.

His customary sense of restraint abandoned him.

He pressed his lips against hers, his grip at the back of her head, not heeding any semblance of gentleness, even stifling her

breath with the intensity of his fervor.

"Mark! Let go of me,"

Cecilia implored, her desperate struggle proving futile as his hold remained unyielding.

Soon, the smell of tobacco permeated her nostrils.

His scent enveloped her entirely.

Mark appeared well-groomed but only she knew that the lingering aroma of his masculinity would cling to her skin for a considerable duration after this encounter.

The passionate kiss endured, seemingly interminable.

Eventually, he released his grip on her.

In a surprising turn, his fine and handsome countenance received a resounding slap, the sound resonating through the night air.

Mark was suave by nature.

However, it was no secret that he possessed a volatile temper, with women often bending to accommodate him. None dared to act spoiled in his presence, let alone raise a hand against him.

Except for Cecilia.

After the slap, she averted her gaze, her eyes reddened. "Who gave you the right to kiss me, Mark? What do you think I am to you? Are we here because you want to continue our shameless affair?"

Mark's tongue grazed his lip, a hint of pain surfacing.

Her strength had surprised him.

His eyes reflected depth as he murmured, "I apologize. I lost control for a moment."

It had been a while since he had been with her, and he was no saint. He knew his body craved her presence; the passionate encounters of the past years remained vivid in his memory.

Not a single moment had he forgotten.

Nonetheless, Mark was aware of what he should do. He acknowledged that the recent kiss had crossed boundaries.

Extending an olive branch, he asked her, "Go upstairs. There are some documents that require your signature."

After contemplating for a moment, Cecilia reluctantly agreed. After all, they shared a child, and she feared his influence might grant him custody.

In due time, they entered the apartment.

Everything appeared unchanged, the opulent furnishings well-maintained, as though time had scarcely touched the luxurious abode.

Adorning the table even a platter of fruits, all of which happened to be her favorites.

The succulence of the fruit flesh was undeniable.

As Mark shut the door, he followed her gaze and gently said, "This is what I asked Peter to prepare. Even after all these years, he still remembers your culinary preferences."

Cecilia's throat tightened, a hint of sweetness lingering.

She tightly pinched her hand, reminding herself not to be swayed by his gentle demeanor any longer.

Mark had a gift for captivating hearts effortlessly.

His words held the power to ensnare even the most guarded souls with a mere few utterances.

Had she not been hurt so deeply, she pondered whether she might have fallen under his spell again, or perhaps indulged in a passionate encounter with him in this opulent apartment tonight...

However, naivety no longer resided within her.

In a composed manner, she stated, "I believe you want to talk about Edwin. Say what you need to, and then you can drop me home. I am different from you, Mr. Evans. I am currently involved with someone else, and it would be disrespectful to him if I continued any entanglement with you."

Mark smirked with irritation. "Do you care for him so much? Are you determined to marry no one but him?"

She remained silent.

His eyes dimmed slightly. He proceeded to the sofa and took a seat, gesturing for her to do the same. "Sit down and review these documents."

Cecilia pursed her lips but obliged, facing a stack of papers before her. As she flipped through the pages, she realized they were related to Edwin's alimony.

Cecilia did not decline.

After all, Edwin was their shared child and she saw no reason to reject his offer to financially support their son.

At least, that was Rena's advice.

Rena reasoned that if a woman couldn't have the man she wanted, she should at least secure his financial contributions.

For instance, when Rena broke up with Waylen, the value of the checks he wrote her grew exponentially.

Yet, Mark had complicated matters.



Despite Cecilia's aptitude as a top student in business school, the intricacies of the documents left her feeling somewhat overwhelmed.

Observing her countenance, Mark noticed that she looked better than before; her face no longer as gaunt.

Curiously, he mused that despite her not being particularly young, she had always retained a plump visage, likely due to her carefree and less contemplative nature.

However, at present, her forehead creased with concern.

Mark faintly smiled, realizing that solving these matters might not come easily to her sharp yet inexperienced mind.

He found pleasure in witnessing her like this.

With grace, he proceeded to cut the fruit.

In the past, during their secret rendezvous in this very place, he had always looked after her, for she could barely manage anything but please him. Though he couldn't do much now, if she were to stay, even just to read the documents... he couldn't resist the desire to care for her again.

With utmost care, Mark meticulously handpicked a selection of fruits, cutting them into bite-size pieces and arranging them on a plate, which he then extended towards her.

Cecilia stole a fleeting glance at him.

In turn, he gazed back at her quietly and reassured, "I haven't added anything untoward in there."

In truth, he had witnessed her dining with someone at an upscale restaurant in the evening, but through the glass, he noticed her eating very little. It appeared that the food failed to suit her palate.

Cecilia indulged in a few pieces of fruit.



As she nibbled, her cheek swelled adorably, charming Mark's heart.

He then said gently, "There are ingredients in the fridge. Allow me to prepare a meal for you."

Cecilia's surprise was evident.

Setting aside the document in her hand, she uttered softly, "Mr. Evans, we are over. Apart from Edwin, there's nothing left between us. Let's not pretend to be what we once were. It's unnecessary."

Mark donned an apron.

Upon hearing her words, he glanced at her, questioning, "Cecilia, what if I still believe that we can rekindle what we had?"

The atmosphere turned tense, silence enveloping them.

This apartment housed an abundance of memories shared between them. Though once filled with sweetness, now their gazes locked in helplessness and indifference.

Mark took off the apron and returned to his seat.

He resolved to speak his mind.

"Cecilia, what I am about to offer you constitutes the majority of my personal assets, and what remains is an integral part of the Evans family's wealth. You must understand that this is not solely intended for raising a child. Cecilia, please don't address me as Mr. Evans anymore. Call me Uncle Mark or simply Mark..."

Cecilia's voice quivered slightly. "Are you suggesting we get back together?"

Mark looked somewhat embarrassed.

Never in his life had he pleaded or exhibited humility. But that day, in the Fowler residence, he had knelt down.

He was impelled by a sudden desire to marry her.

However, an incident occurred in Czanch. Two technicians working on that certain project tragically lost their lives in a car accident.

The circumstances surrounding their demise were shrouded in secrecy and they couldn't testify to what happened.

Mark couldn't jeopardize the lives of Cecilia and Edwin, nor could he disclose the truth.

The project in question was a highly confidential plan, three years in the making.

Except for Peter, no one knew about his child.

Thus, he offered her this sum of money with a singular request, "Cecilia, wait for me for two years."

Cecilia was taken aback.

Her lips trembled and, for a long while, she couldn't collect her thoughts.

After an extensive silence, her voice quivered as she inquired softly, "Why should I wait for you? Three years ago, you kept asking me to wait. In Duefron, in this very apartment, and now, three years later, you expect me to continue waiting for you? Mr. Evans, do you think a woman has an infinite supply of "two years" to spare?"

Cecilia had already crossed the threshold of 30.

She bore his child, yet he wanted her to wait for two more years.

She fully grasped his intentions. He wished to keep her as his clandestine lover and rendezvous with her whenever he visited Duefron. It was no different from three years ago.

How dare he make such a presumptuous request?

Cecilia pushed the documents away.

Her countenance turned even colder than when she first arrived.  
"Mr. Evans, I want nothing to do with any of this."

Mark remained seated.

As Cecilia departed, he didn't chase after her. Instead, he dialed Peter's number, his tone weary as he requested, "She's left. Please arrange for her to be taken home."

Mark then hung up the phone.

He picked up the documents silently, glancing at the figures. Those were the things he had intended to offer her.

Yet she rejected them.

True, the Fowler family lacked nothing in terms of wealth.

As a successful man, he couldn't offer her love and a stable life. In essence, he couldn't provide her with the things she truly desired...

She was right not to wait.

Why should she wait for him anyway?

It wasn't fair for him to keep their relationship a secret from the public eye to begin with.

Mark suddenly leaned against the sofa, closing his eyes. Try as he might, tears still welled at the corners of his eyes.

Cecilia declined Peter's offer of a ride.

Instead, she hailed a taxi.

Throughout the journey, tears streamed down her face relentlessly. The driver couldn't bear witnessing her distress and handed her a generous pack of tissues.



Amidst her tears, Cecilia called Rena.

Despite in the middle of the night, Rena answered promptly, her voice gentle as she inquired, "Cecilia, what's wrong?"

Tears streamed down Cecilia's cheeks.

Clutching a tissue to her nose, she wept, her words punctuated by sobs. "Rena, he's such a despicable man. How... How could he treat me this way? I thought he had some feelings for me but he... I despise him so much."

Rena listened to these emotionally charged words.

Her heart softened, both amused and sympathetic towards Cecilia. After offering a few comforting words, she suggested gently, "Are you still in the car? Come over to my place then."

Cecilia's voice choked as she replied with a tearful yes.

Rena ended the call and dialed Mark's number.

In a delicate position, she approached the conversation with tact, saying, "Uncle Mark, Cecilia called me. I've invited her to stay over tonight."

Mark's voice sounded hoarse as he responded, "She didn't eat much for dinner. Make sure she has something to eat."

Rena agreed.

Hanging up, she proceeded to the kitchen to prepare something for Cecilia.

Waylen followed her into the kitchen.

He busied himself warming up milk for their daughter, and inquired casually, "Did they have a disagreement?"

Rena confirmed and gently lifted the pot cover.

Her heart softened, both amused and sympathetic towards Cecilia. After offering a few comforting words, she suggested gently, "Are you still in the car? Come over to my place then."

Cecilia's voice choked as she replied with a tearful yes.

Rena ended the call and dialed Mark's number.

In a delicate position, she approached the conversation with tact, saying, "Uncle Mark, Cecilia called me. I've invited her to stay over tonight."

Mark's voice sounded hoarse as he responded, "She didn't eat much for dinner. Make sure she has something to eat."

Rena agreed.

Hanging up, she proceeded to the kitchen to prepare something for Cecilia.

Waylen followed her into the kitchen.

He busied himself warming up milk for their daughter, and inquired casually, "Did they have a disagreement?"

Rena confirmed and gently lifted the pot cover.

As she cook, the fragrance of sesame oil wafted through the air, triggering a wave of nostalgia...

The sensation was all too familiar to her.