

## Chapter 387 I'll Give Myself To You

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With those words, Rena ended the call.

She continued chatting with Cecilia, who was curious but hesitant to ask.

It was strange that she sometimes felt fearful of Rena. To be honest, Rena was one year younger than her. Furthermore, due to her relationship with Mark, she could technically be considered Rena's aunt. So why did she lack the courage to ask?

Cecilia despised her own timidity.

She followed Rena to the garden. The whole conservatory was adorned with blooming white roses, most likely planted by Waylen.

Cecilia felt that Waylen was quite a romantic man.

Rena used scissors to cut a few bouquets of roses and meticulously arranged them with leaves, creating an exquisite display.

She commented casually, "Waylen has planted enough for me to take care of."

Cecilia, who was innocent, finally understood Rena's implied message after a while.

Rena was essentially saying that although she loved roses, she only wanted them from Waylen.

This made Cecilia a little envious.

Rena looked up and noticed Cecilia lost in thought. She couldn't help but smile and asked, "Are you thinking about Mark?"

Cecilia blushed upon hearing Rena's question.

After a moment of contemplation, Rena inquired. "I heard that Mark wanted to take you and Edwin to Czanch. What do you think?"

Typically, Cecilia had a lot of trust in Rena.

Even though Mark was Rena's uncle, Cecilia discussed everything with her.

Cecilia, appearing somewhat reliant on Rena, leaned on her shoulder and responded like a perplexed young girl, "Rena, I haven't decided yet. I want to go, but I'm afraid of being disappointed again."

Rena gently patted her as a gesture of comfort.

Cecilia didn't say anything but snuggled closer to her.

At this moment, Waylen returned home with Alexis and Leonel after picking them up. Upon witnessing the scene, he let the children play on their own and approached the two women. He took out a cigarette, lit it, and with a smile, teased, "What's going on? Why are you still acting like a spoiled child in front of Rena?"

Cecilia's eyes welled up with tears, and she shyly turned her head.

Rena glanced at Waylen.

It seemed she was playfully scolding him for his comment, but there was also an intimate affection that only couples could understand.

Rena enjoyed watching him smoke, as it added a mature and alluring air to his presence.

He smiled gently and didn't seem to mind Cecilia's presence. He gently caressed Rena's delicate face, a gesture he often made. Rena was visibly moved by this.

She lowered her head and started rearranging the vase of flowers, emanating a delicate elegance.

Waylen extinguished his cigarette, gently caressed Rena's belly, and asked in a husky voice, "Is our baby doing well today?"

Rena nodded in agreement.

Their unborn baby was a precious girl.

With Cecilia leaving to give them privacy, Waylen's affection for Rena grew stronger and his passion escalated.

Holding Rena from behind, he cradled her in his embrace, gently stroking her belly with both hands, and whispered in her ear, "I heard someone sent you flowers?"

Rena frowned, wondering how he knew about this.

She turned around and said softly, "Don't be jealous. Albert is being useful right now."

Waylen knew she was referring to her plan involving Aline.

After some thought, he asked with a hint of concern, "Won't your plan be too troublesome?"

He appeared somewhat agitated. Rena lightly touched his furrowed eyebrows and reassured him in a low voice. "I understand what you're thinking. But Waylen, we're different from them."

Waylen smiled playfully and teased, "But I find your methods almost as immoral as theirs!"

As he said this, he paused, thinking of Jarrod.

He couldn't help but wonder that if Aline hadn't done cruel things, neither Rena nor Jarrod would have faced such troubles.

Aline's own actions would eventually lead to her downfall.

Rena looked up at him and said softly, "When people's emotions are on the edge, they're most likely to be exposed. What I'm waiting for is the moment she breaks down. At that point..."

She would face utter defeat.

Staring into her gentle eyes, Waylen felt fortunate that she loved him deeply.

Since they were alone, he didn't want to discuss people who would dampen their mood. So, he changed the subject. "Edwin's birthday is approaching. What do you want to gift him?"

Rena knew he cared deeply for Edwin and Cecilia.

The birthday gift was just an excuse; he wanted to find an opportunity to send something to Cecilia.

Together, they headed to the master bedroom on the second floor.

In the dressing room, there was a concealed door. Upon opening it, they could see a row of safes filled with an assortment of extravagant jewelry.

Rena carefully made her selections, occasionally seeking Waylen's advice.

"What do you think of this set of top-tier emerald jewelry? Or would the ruby pieces be more suitable for Cecilia? Waylen, are you paying attention?"

Rena turned around, a hint of displeasure in her tone.

Casually leaning against the cabinet, Waylen stretched his tall frame leisurely. With a lazy smile, he said, "Isn't it Edwin's

birthday? Why are you choosing jewelry for Cecilia? Don't spoil her."

Consumed by impulsive passion, he moved closer, wrapped his arms around Rena's waist, and kissed her lips.

Since Rena had become pregnant, Waylen was mindful of their physical intimacy, even with a simple kiss, trying to avoid pressing his body against her belly.

He held Rena against the cabinet, and she raised her head to meet his kiss, sharing in the tender moment.

Finally, he whispered, "Rena, you always spoil Cecilia."

Rena toyed with his shirt buttons and responded playfully, "That's because I know what you're thinking."

Waylen raised an eyebrow, his handsome face exuding a masculine charm.

Rena smiled and added, "Actually, I have my own ulterior motive. You've mentioned that Alexis will take over the Exceed Group, and Marcus will inherit the Fowler Group. But what about Edwin?"

"Mark will handle it," Waylen replied nonchalantly.

Rena's gaze softened. "But I also want to give Cecilia more gifts to back her up. I won't just give her jewelry; I'll also give a villa to Edwin as his starting capital for marriage."

She purposely emphasized this point and turned to select more jewelry.

Moved by her thoughtful gesture, Waylen hugged her from behind and said, "That's why I said you always spoil Cecilia. You've already given gifts to everyone. What are you going to give me?"

Rena paused.

After a moment of reflection, she placed her hand on top of his and whispered softly, "I'll give myself to you."

Waylen didn't say another word.

Cradling her in his tender embrace, he cherished their intimate moment in quiet serenity.

## Chapter 388 Are You Willing To Accept Me

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Cecilia was in the living room, engrossed in playing games on the sofa.

Lost in her gaming world, her phone suddenly disappeared from her hand, taken away by a hand.

She looked up, blinking in disbelief at the person standing in front of her.

It was Mark!

Wasn't he supposed to be very busy? Why was he here now?

Cecilia voiced her questions directly.

Mark had come to Duefron when he finally spared some time.

On one hand, he had visited the temple, and on the other hand, Edwin's birthday was approaching. He had been working day and night for several days, but he finally managed to make it here.

Seeing Cecilia in person, he realized just how much he had missed her.

However, this wasn't the right time or place for such emotions. He merely ruffled her hair and spoke in a gentle tone. "Don't spend all day playing games; it'll dry out your eyes."

Cecilia didn't want him to meddle, but she also didn't want to argue.

She reluctantly put down her phone and asked, "Are you here to celebrate Edwin's birthday?"

A soft smile touched his lips as he replied, "I haven't bought his birthday gift yet. How about you come with me so I can learn what our son likes?"

Upon hearing this, Cecilia flushed.

His words seemed to imply a level of intimacy between them.

They had been apart for several years, and they had only recently met a few times, with their interactions growing increasingly distant. This made her feel somewhat uncomfortable.

She reached for her phone and pretended to continue playing the game.

However, Mark confiscated her phone.

Seeing her empty hands, Cecilia bit her lip and complained, "What are you doing?"

Mark pulled her up and replied, "Come shopping with me."

She still resisted when they were in the car. "Dinner will be ready soon. The food tonight is really good."

Mark instructed the chauffeur to drive.

As Mark's trusted subordinate, the chauffeur chuckled at Cecilia's complaints.

He felt that being with Cecilia was a delightful experience for Mark. Young girls were always full of energy, and Cecilia brought out the youthfulness in Mark.

Cecilia attempted to retrieve her phone from Mark's pocket but couldn't find it.

It turned out that he had placed it in his pants pocket, and she tried to reach for it. However, Mark slapped her hand away and scolded in a husky voice, "Don't touch that."



Cecilia looked up at him, and she could see a hint of desire in Mark's handsome face.

After all, they had shared many intimate moments in the past, so she could easily recognize his current expression.

In response, she moved farther away from him.

Mark adjusted his clothes and looked at her, asking, "Are you being obedient now?"

Cecilia turned her head and avoided eye contact.

After a while, she spoke in a soft voice. "Mark, you don't want to reveal our relationship, do you?"

Mark gently patted her head, offering comfort.

In his eyes, Cecilia was still the same naive girl.

When she felt wronged, she would voice her complaints to him, which he found endearing.

In the dimly lit car, he promised softly, "I won't do that again, Cecilia. Let's be together openly."

In his heart, he added that as long as Cecilia didn't reject him.

Even though he spoke in a gentle tone, Cecilia couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness.

At this moment, her phone rang; it was Waylen. He asked her where she was and informed her that dinner was ready.

Cecilia was overwhelmed with nerves, momentarily unable to speak.

Mark took her phone and calmly said, "It's me, Waylen. I'm taking her out for dinner and will drop her off at her apartment afterward."

After a brief pause, he hung up the phone and looked at Cecilia.

For a moment, he didn't say anything. Then he gently asked, "Are you still angry with me? Would you accept my apology, Cecilia?"

Cecilia's lips quivered, but she remained silent.

Mark's heart felt heavy. He knew he had disappointed her many times, and she couldn't easily accept him.

He didn't try to defend himself; instead, he simply held her hand.

Cecilia struggled for a while but eventually stopped resisting. She had no choice but to compromise.

Not for Edwin, but for the man she truly loved.

Mark had already prepared a birthday gift for Edwin.

His main intention was to take Cecilia to a private room at the restaurant where they first fell in love.

This arrangement had also been organized by Peter, who was waiting in the room.

Cecilia's eyes welled up with tears.

Mark wiped them away and coaxed her in a soft voice, saying, "Why are you crying again? You should set an example for our son."

"Screw you!" Cecilia playfully kicked him.

Peter chuckled quietly and greeted Cecilia. "Cecilia, please have a seat here."

Mark knew that Peter was watching the fun. He took off his coat and draped it over the back of the chair, playfully apologizing. "Peter, I'm sorry you had to witness this."

Peter warmed up some alcohol for them.

Always good at lightening the atmosphere, he said with a smile, "Cecilia is younger. Mr. Evans, it's natural for you to treat her better."

Mark coughed and muttered, "You're getting more and more talkative."

He turned to Cecilia and spoke softly. "Take off your coat. Otherwise, you'll catch a cold when we leave."

Peter continued naturally, "See, Cecilia, Mr. Evans adores you the most!"

Cecilia's eyes shimmered with emotions.

She quipped on purpose, "That's because he's getting old!"

Mark was putting food on her plate. When he heard her complaint, his actions paused.

A gentle smile played on his lips, and he whispered in a low voice that only they could hear, "It seems I haven't been serving you well. It's all my fault. I promise, I will make it up to you tonight."

Hearing his flirty words, Cecilia thought he was truly shameless.

Their relationship had endured numerous hardships, and they no longer needed to hide their feelings. Peter was lightly teasing at the table, and Cecilia didn't react.

However, Mark could sense that she didn't mind it.

Mark wasn't a callous man. The more tender she was, the more he felt guilty.

He knew he owed her a great deal.

After a while, he took out an amulet and placed it in her wallet.

But surprisingly, he found that in the wallet, there was an older amulet that he had given her many years ago.

As he stroked it, Mark remarked in a soft voice, "You still keep it."

Cecilia remained silent, but her glistening gaze betrayed the storm of emotions within her. She realized that the reason she had agreed to have dinner with him tonight was that she longed for an explanation.

Seeing that the atmosphere was conducive to a more intimate conversation, Peter discreetly excused himself.

In the private room, Cecilia lowered her head and asked, "What do you mean?"

Mark's voice remained gentle, as if he were speaking to a cherished junior. "What do you think?"

However, Cecilia found his answer not clear enough.

She looked up at him with determination and asked again, "I don't know! Mark, tell me honestly, over these years, have you ever thought of me? What kind of feelings do you have for me? Is my love for you one-sided, or do you love me as much as I love you?"

Although her voice quivered, she managed to express what was on her mind.

She thought she was ready to hear his answer.

As long as Mark loved her, she was willing to give up everything.

Hearing her question, Mark gently caressed her head, just as he had many years ago.

Cecilia stared at him with unwavering determination.

He understood precisely what she was asking for. She sought his love as a woman desired a man's love and she did not want him

to see her as a little girl anymore. She also did not want him to see her as a responsibility to take care of because of her virginity that he had accidentally taken away. That was what she longed for.

Finally, Mark responded softly, "Cecilia, I never loved anyone before I met you. I admit I've admired beautiful women, but I've never fallen in love with anyone. I was even prepared to remain single in my whole life. But you're different. You've changed the course of my life. Cecilia, I can't quantify how much I love you. But if love could be measured, I believe my love for you would be off the charts."

Hearing his confession, Cecilia couldn't hold back her tears.

Since the time he had brought her milk tea on set, she had resolved not to allow him to deceive her again.

For their love to flourish, they needed equality.

After expressing his feelings, Mark sighed, "And what about you? Are you willing to accept me?"

As she continued to gaze at him, Cecilia noticed that he was still as handsome as ever.

Although there were a few more lines on his face, she remained captivated by his mature and irresistible masculinity.

She knew that many women also liked that.

"Yes, I am," she replied softly.

After a brief pause, she emphasized again, "Mark, I am willing."

Mark stood up and gently held her.

With excitement and sadness swirling in his mind, after a moment, he said, "I'll propose to you in the coming days, alright?"