

Chapter 419 | Still Want To Be Your Husband

Mark quietly broke his cigarette he was holding into two.

He knew there was nothing he could say that would make Cecilia come back.

He knew clearly that he was the one who had failed her.

All Mark could do right now was to stare at her in silence.

He couldn't bring himself to say anything. But he also knew he didn't want to be separated from her.

Cecilia smiled faintly and said in a soft tone devoid of resentment, "Mark, I can't say you're wrong, and neither can you say the same of me. Even though we have different views, we wish each other well. We've done so much and even given up important things for each other. But... Maybe we're really not right for each other after all."

From the start, she had made up her mind not to shed any tear.

But now, she was choking with sobs.

Mark raised his hand to touch her face, but she avoided his touch.

"Mr. Evans, that's not appropriate," she reminded him even as she struggled to keep her emotions in check.

Mark's hand was left hanging in mid-air.

He was a little embarrassed. It took him some time before he dropped his hand.

"So what about Edwin? Do you want him to have a broken

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It would have been fine if he hadn't mentioned Edwin.

The moment he mentioned Edwin's name, Cecilia's eyes turned red and she retorted, "Edwin is almost five years old. How many days have you spent with him in all those years? Mark, I told you many times to leave Cathy's child alone, but you still went ahead and did the opposite. I'm sure everyone has different priorities in life.

And you chose moral responsibility over your own family.

So why should I suffer the consequences?"

Were the years of her youth which she had devoted to him not enough?

Wasn't it enough that she gave birth to Edwin for him?

How long would he keep her waiting?

If there was anything that needed him next time, would he leave her and Edwin behind again? He had never really considered them his first choice.

Cecilia closed her eyes and told him straightforwardly, "Mark, all the time, you tell me you love me, but that's not the kind of love I want right now, okay?"

Surprisingly, Mark's eyes turned red when he heard this.


"But I can't live without you," he whispered.

Cecilia smiled and shook her head.

"What's the point of saying these things? It doesn't matter anymore. None of it does," she told him.

When a woman began to act magnanimously, it was a clear sign that she didn't care about anything anymore.

Cecilia even added in a soft tone, "I heard you took that child to

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Duefron. Make sure you take good care of her. She doesn't have anyone else around. Her case is so pitiful."

Mark's face darkened when she said this.

"What about you? What about Edwin?" he asked.

Cecilia didn't answer this question. Instead, she looked at her watch and said, "I only have a two-hour break at noon. Take me back to the filming location, please."

But Mark hadn't finished talking with her yet.

And he didn't want her to leave.

But he was a grown-up man and he had to act maturely. He knew Cecilia had a job. It would be childish for him to keep her from going.

She might even hate him more if he did.

As they left the place, Cecilia stayed in front while Mark followed behind.

When she held the doorknob and was about to open the door, Mark couldn't help but hug her from behind, but he didn't dare to hug her too tight.

Cecilia was shocked.

Her first instinct was to struggle, but a woman's strength could not be compared to a man's.

As Mark hugged her, he brought his face close to hers and murmured, "Cecilia, forgive me, okay? I kept that child in the villa. I won't visit her very often. Let's just pick another date. What about autumn? Let's have the wedding in autumn.

My mom hasn't talked to me for days.

She misses you so much."

Cecilia was sad to hear this.

She missed Zoey too.

But... she just couldn't go back to him.

"We can't be a couple. We can only be parents to our son," she told him in a soft tone. "I'll take Edwin to visit your mom. Let go of me, Mark. I'm going to be late."

Mark was rarely impulsive. But all of a sudden, he pressed his lips against her ear and said in a hoarse voice, "I still want to be your husband."

As he said this, his eyes were full of tears.

Cecilia was the sweet little thing he had been chasing for a long time, but now, he had lost her.

"Don't you want me anymore, hmmm?" he asked under his breath.

"Don't even go there," Cecilia said in a low voice. "Look, Mark, I don't hate you. But I'm serious about what I want."

Then she wriggled out of his grasp.

Mark was left alone, standing there in a trance.

After taking a few steps out into the corridor, Cecilia stopped to take a deep breath.

She had said those final words with so much determination, but it had not been as easy to say them as they sounded.

Nevertheless, no matter how difficult it was, she had to remain strong.

Peter heard some noise, so he came out from the room next to theirs. When he saw Cecilia crying, he immediately felt sorry for her. He walked up to her and wiped her tears with a tissue. "You Two had a quarrel?" he asked in a gentle tone. "Don't stay angry for long. These things happen to couples. My wife and I also quarrel sometimes."

Cecilia took the tissue from him and wiped the rest of her tears.

Then she forced a smile to her face and said, "Well, you guys are a married couple. But I'm not Mark's wife."

Before Peter could respond, Mark came over. He looked at Cecilia's red eyes and his Adam's apple bobbed twice.

Finally, he said, "I'll give you a ride back to the filming location."

They then got into the car again. This time, Cecilia was more silent than before. Throughout the journey, she kept her focus outside the window.

Eventually, they arrived at the filming site and Peter parked the car.

"Thank you," Cecilia said and opened the door. But she seemed to remember something and she turned to ask him, "When are you free to sign the divorce papers?"

Mark had never thought about signing those papers, not even once.

He didn't want to divorce or break up with her in any way.

When Cecilia didn't get any answer from him, she didn't bother to force him to speak. But when she tried to get off the car, he grabbed her arm.

She slowly turned around and looked down at his hand holding down hers.

She sighed and told him in a calm tone that she needed to leave now. Then she gently pulled his hand off her arm and got out of the car.

Mark didn't follow her.

He just stared at her retreating figure.

The weather was nice and stable. Cecilia was wearing a casual white silk shirt over a green fishtail dress. Even though she had

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a slender figure, she still looked so mature and feminine.

But whenever she was around Mark, she was always innocent and sweet, especially in bed.

Mark felt a sharp sting in his eyes as he thought of all these.

The next few days, Mark constantly showed up at the filming location.

But Cecilia never came to have lunch with him or even talked to him at all. She just gave him the cold shoulder.

The only thing Mark could do was to watch from a distance as Cecilia talked to other people.

One day, he saw her talking to a young actor.

The actor had no connections and neither was he popular. He was just a newcomer in this industry.

But Cecilia had a good talk with him.

When she turned her head and saw Mark, her expression was one of shock, but she quickly recovered herself and went back to chatting with the young actor, making sure to ignore Mark completely.

Mark didn't feel well after this incident.

"I think it's useless for you to just watch from a distance," Peter quietly admonished in a low voice.

Mark knew Peter very well.

He was not just a good employee; he was also a very smart individual, capable of coming up with clever ideas.

So Mark shrugged in a carefree manner and asked casually, "What do you think I should do then?"

Peter looked at him and replied, "You should work on the right things. Who do you think Cecilia cares about the most?"

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Mark was no fool himself.

He was able to figure out the answer immediately.

The answer was Edwin.

Mark turned his attention to Cecilia again. She had already gone back to filming and the place where she had been standing was now empty.

He straightened his shirt and then he ordered the driver to start the car and take him back to the company.

As for Cecilia, when she was done with work, she left to pick up Edwin from school.

But when she arrived at the kindergarten, the teacher told her that Edwin's father had come to pick him up.

Cecilia went back to her car and sat down.

Then she dialed Mark's number. It didn't take long before he answered the phone.

"You picked Edwin up?" she asked him without any preamble.

"Yes. I miss my son," Mark confessed. And then he added in a gentle tone, "I've made some dishes here. I mean, the kind that you and Edwin love. Come and eat with us."

Cecilia wanted to say something, but she was choked by sobs.

After a while, she managed to suppress her emotions and said in a low voice, "Mark, we've broken up. What are you doing now?"